

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.  
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The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
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[In which is combined and consolidated:  
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.  
Every man has in him a slumbering hog.  
The history of love is the history of humanity.  
Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.  
Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.  
Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.  
Friendship is a shield that blunts the darts of adversity.  
The more honest a man is, the less he affects the air of a saint.  
The ox that arrives first at the pool drinks the cleanest water.  
An indiscreet person is an unsealed letter—everyone can read it.  
When we combat that which we love, sooner or later we surrender.  
For one virtue that makes us walk, how many vices make us run.  
Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.  
Two thirds of life are spent in hesitating and the other third in repenting.  
He who will not take advice gets knowledge when trouble overtakes him.  
Love that sometimes corrupts pure bodies, often purifies corrupt hearts.  
To discuss a subject with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man.  
We like to know the weakness of the great; it consoles us for our own inferiority.  
He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.  
The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call to duty.  
One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.  
The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.  
Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.  
We may prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not best to remain there.  
Nothing is more ruinous for a man than when he is mighty enough in any part to right himself without right.

# The Travadi Diamonds

By Walter Scott Haskell

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"I, Vishram Mawji Travadi, do hereby solemnly swear by the sacred book of India, that I am of high caste and a true follower of Buddha; and that no other gentleman of India has the same right as I have to the celebrated diamond necklace originally purchased and owned by Ishwar Gangaran Travadi, and handed down through a long line of ancestry to the present only living representative of the house of Travadi.  
"I furthermore declare that my daughter Sundari Debi who is to inherit the jewels from me when she becomes twenty years of age, did adorn herself with the family heirloom and attended a royal wedding and ball in the country province of Srigrouri on the night that the diamonds disappeared. Further than that I cannot say, but I am convinced that the diamonds cannot be found, and I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion that they were stolen by one Sriman Sasindra, a Bangaja Kayastha Zemindar of Srigrouri in the district of Sythet on the night of the 28th ultimo."

**T**HUS spoke the son of his father to an American diplomat who officiated in the capacity of private detective to his highness. Perhaps there was not a man in all India so unfit to perform the office assigned as your humble servant Guy G. Bancroft. That I attempted the role was due primarily to my American instinct of butting into every game that promised a pecuniary reward. And having met the renowned descendant of Travadi and gained his confidence prior to the disappearance of the diamonds, I was the first to be consulted as to the advisability of employing an efficient member of the secret service to trace the lost jewels. With a slight local experience as a special policeman in America; a little acquaintance with the world as a traveler; a slight connection with the government as a diplomat; native talent for putting the best foot forward; and unlimited confidence peculiar to Americans, I very naturally and easily dropped into the position that usually requires years of faithful service in a minor capacity to prepare one to fill creditably.

Having gained all the information that was possible from Travadi in connection with the disappearance of the diamonds, my next move was to start for the scene of the alleged robbery, and acquaint myself with the details of the affair at first hand. Boarding a local train I sped from Calcutta into the suburbs. At my destination—the superb country residence of a wealthy Hindu gentleman connected with the royal family by intermarriage—I was surprised to meet the very man whom Travadi suspected of purloining the gems. I recognized him at once from the description that I had of the suspect and was glad that he did not appear to know me. I observed that he talked with the Lord of the house, and, displaying an officer's star, demanded admittance to the mansion and permit to question the servants concerning the late robbery.

As soon as he was admitted, I made a similar application, with the special request to hold converse with the young lady who had lost her diamonds. She was stopping a few days with friends at the mansion, before returning to her home in Calcutta, having informed her parents of her loss by private messenger. I learned afterwards that she had delayed her homecoming in hopes of gaining some clue to the robbery; while it was fresh in the minds of the inmates of the house, prompted in this by her woman's intuition. As I asked to be admitted, the master of the house showed by his manner that he was a trifle suspicious of my motives, as most Hindus are of foreigners. But on showing my authority I was admitted and conducted at once to the guest chamber where I was introduced to Miss Sundari Debi, a charming half-caste Hindu who might easily pass for a European or American brunette. In manner, she seemed more refined and educated than the average Hindu lady, though I was but a novice in judging Indian character at that time. Coming directly to the point at issue, I began my series of professional questions something after this manner:

"Were you aware of any person being in your near vicinity at the time, or just previous to, the loss of your diamonds?"  
"Yes, sahib. The pundit Sriman Sasindra had danced with me, and as he led me to a seat in the wing of the hall I noticed that my diamonds were gone."  
"Then you suspect him of taking the necklace from your neck on the night of the ball?"  
"Yes, sahib."

"Are you aware that he is in the house at this present moment in the guise of a detective?"  
"No, sahib. I would not think that he could be a real officer, for he intimated to me in conversation that he was a fugitive from justice."

"Did he tell you that?"  
"Not direct, sahib, but indirectly he admitted as much, seemingly a slip of the tongue, unintentionally. He also said something about a contemplated trip on a what-you-call-it, ocean steamer."

"Ah! Going to run away and give us the slip, is he? Well, we'll see about that. By the way, Miss Debi, may I ask how long have you been acquainted with this suspect?"

"At the night of the ball I was introduced to him for the first time by one of the lady conductors. I cannot recall to myself the particular lady, but I am sure it was one of the bridesmaids and a lady of undoubted sincerity. I am sure and positive, sahib, that she did not know that he was a thief, and I myself would never suspect him to be other than a perfect gentleman. In truth I was somewhat in his favor with my judgment of him, and am much wrought up to think now that such a nice appearing gentleman could be so base at heart as to steal my diamonds. Oh, sahib, if the thief goes away out of the country on some foreign ship to never come back, I my diamonds lose forever, and I mourn their loss exceedingly. Oh, the precious gems that were the envy of all the court ladies, for none had their equal."

"Do not concern yourself, I pray, for in this age of rapid travel and quick telegraphic communication, a thief has small chance of escape; pursuit and getting away with under; especially if he attempts to dispose of it. So valuable a necklace would attract suspicion of any to whom the thief would try to sell, and would be sure to lead to his early capture. Trust me, lady, I shall do my best," I said, reassuringly, and with perfect self-confidence in my ability to perform the task allotted.

"Oh, sahib! Your assurance is indeed encouraging, and does give me a peace of mind that I have not had for three days. If there is that that I could do to assist in the search for the robber, I am most willing to help. I would even go in disguise and shadow the thief like a professional detective man who might teach me to work where I could do good. Yes, sahib, the diamonds are more than a common loss, for to me, they possess a spiritual value that is beyond price. My father's father owned them, and his father, and his, and all along the ancestral line they were a subject of ancestral worship and much spiritual commune; they sanctified the light of Brahma and I believe possessed a soul then, and now. Yes, sahib, diamonds such as those, have a soul that is never dying. They were one with me, the soul of each gem that sparkled, and all blended in truth."

She became so imbued with the subject nearest her heart, that her patrician face radiated the shining that she ascribed to the jewels, the spirituality, the ethical value. With something of an artistic nature, a near poet heart, I drank in the beauty of her pose, and could easily imagine that there was a subtle influence that surrounded her, more spiritual and potent for good than could be around any set of diamonds that the world has ever seen.

I returned to the subject and made this suggestion: "My dear young lady: your offer of assistance may sooner or later be acceptable to me, for with a lady of your social standing working in conjunction with myself and possibly other assistants, the chances of apprehending the thief would be multiplied considerably. As to the matter of disguise, we can arrange that when necessary, and I will feel doubly sure of success if you hold yourself in readiness to go in to service at any moment that seems fitting. I shall not allow the present suspect to get very far away without following him. I am already in touch with every center of public travel, and will be informed if a certain gentleman takes it into his head to leave the country."

Six days have passed since the foregoing, and events have followed each other in rapid succession. Sriman Sasindra has taken passage on the Hindu-Vesta, a tramp steamer bound for Australia, hence to New York with a consignment of snakes for a menagerie, a few animals of the jungle, and seven cabin passengers. The steamer is now three days from Calcutta, and I fancy that an elderly appearing gentleman who walks the deck and strokes his long gray beard and watches out of the corners of his eyes all that is going on, is a very clever fellow. And I pat myself on the shoulder as I stand

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in my stateroom alone, and I say to myself: "Guy G. Bancroft, you vosh born a detective, und I vosh proud of you. Ha! ha! Dot Sriman he no suspect dot he vosh watched from dot old German, ha! ha! Und dot little Hindu girl dot lost her diamonds, she vosh provid a good helper to spy on dot schamp. She vosh in disguise all right, all right. Dot little suit dot she wears like von boy dot was actin' as page to dot old aunt of hers, it vosh all contrived to baffle dot schemer Sriman and bring him to time."

Thus I communed with myself, and enjoyed the satisfaction of thinking that I was a very creditable representative of the sleuth who always makes good. A few hours later I had occasion to somewhat modify my opinion of myself. It was moonlight on the sea, and I was pacing the deck when a stealthy form slid up to me and whispered:

"Sahib, I have the diamonds seen. He has them. I bored a hole with my little gimlet through the thin partition of his room next to mine, and I see Sriman Sasindra take my glittering jewels from a suit case and after looking at them by his cabin light, he put them in his pocket. It was not five—ten minutes since, sahib."

"Good! Nikka, you are a jewel!" I commented audibly.

"Hush!" said Nikka, putting his fingers to his lips just like a girl. (The reader will guess that Nikka the little Indian boy that wore his turban like others of his class, and was page to his old aunt on her way to Australia, was in truth the very adorable Miss Debi.)

"Do you think he suspects?" I whispered.

"No, but sahib, it is the act of wisdom to be guarded. And he acts queerly, I half think he is crazy, or what you say, out of his head. He talks queerly. When I conversed with him this morning he referred to his passion for gems, and mentioned diamonds. He said that it was a ruling passion, because of his star, and that he could not keep what he craved, for he sometimes had a desire to throw the gems away. He talked like that sahib. Do you not think he is out of his mind?"

"It certainly looks that way," I agreed. "And I am of the opinion that under the circumstances, my duty is to go and arrest him at once, before he has a chance to destroy the gems. You best go in your cabin, for he may show fight, and it is possible that I shall be obliged to use force, perhaps there will be shooting. Of course I will not shed blood if it can be averted."

"No, sahib, do not kill him. I could never enjoy the possession of the jewels at the cost of a human life. Sahib, promise me that you will not shoot," she said in a trembling voice close to my ear, a voice that was as charming as the little figure presented by the light of the moon.

"Yes, I promise," I said almost as soon as she had asked me, for I could not deny her any request, the dear Miss Debi, who looked just as lovely in the picturesque dress of Nikka the Hindu page.

"Oh, thank you much exceedingly, you are kindness itself. And if you must go to arrest that dangerous man, I say to you most heartily, sahib, I say to you the Indian word, 'Saphalata', meaning success."

In five minutes I stood before the stateroom door of the suspect, and with a slight increase in the pulsation of my blood, a kind of "Just-before-the-battle-mother" feeling, I knocked with my knuckles on the panel. There was a shuffling about for a moment, and then the door opened softly, and Sriman Sasindra was outlined between me and the light in his room.

"Will you step outside a moment?" I said, "I wish to speak with you."

"Oh, it is not necessary," he began. "I know that sahib has come to arrest me, and when he takes off his whiskers he is a much younger looking man than the old German, and he speaks good English when he wishes. He is Guy G. Bancroft."

It was of course a surprise, his knowledge of me, and I felt that I was not so smart a detective as I had thought. However, the die was cast, and I was not the man to take back steps. With as much dignity as I could assume I said:

"You are right in your conjecture, sir, I have come to arrest you."

As I spoke I advanced and placed my hand on his shoulder. He protested with:

"Sahib should not be in too much of a hurry to arrest me, for he has no positive proof that I have the diamonds; in fact, sahib himself is the guilty person, if any, for I have the gift of my fathers to see in the astral, and my vision tells me that the lost diamonds are in sahib's pocket this moment."

As absurd as seemed his assertion, there was something in his manner that carried conviction, and before I realized I mechanically slapped my hand to my pocket and to my great surprise and chagrin I felt something that was not there before. Withdrawing my hand I held to the light a glittering mass of jewelry that could be nothing less than the lost Travadi diamonds.

"Is sahib satisfied?" came in soft dulcet tones from the Hindu as he took up a copy of the Gita and ran his eyes over the pages in an easy, tranquil manner that spoke of no apparent concern as to the outcome of our conference.

There seemed nothing for me to do but to leave him for the present, which I did, though firmly convinced that he had slipped the gems into my pocket to get himself out of an unpleasant position. Though how he had accomplished the feat without my seeing him, was beyond my powers to tell. I half feared that he would turn the tables on me, by bringing the matter to the master of the vessel and having me searched for the missing gems. Therefore, to rid myself of the troublesome necklace I hurried at once to Miss Debi's room, and, as she answered my knock, I handed the gems to her with the remark: "Here is your necklace Miss Debi. Take care of it tonight and in the morning I will talk with you about it."

Her eyes sparkled as her gaze fell on the glittering facets and she began thanking me effusively, but I made my exit as quickly as possible, for I felt that it was best to get as far from the scene of action as I could in the shortest space of time.

The next morning I was on deck at an early hour and found Miss Debi in her accustomed guise of Nikka the page, walking back and forth in an excited manner. Her attention seemed to be centered on an approaching vessel about five miles away.

"What do you make out that craft to be?"

I asked, to learn, if possible, her interest in it.

"It is the Royal Yacht, sahib, and I fear, I almost know that there is trouble for me. Oh, what shall I do to save my precious diamonds?"

"Surely none of the royal family wants your necklace," I protested.

"Oh, sahib, did I not tell you that they have been after them for years? And the gems were in the possession of the English side of the house a few years ago, and my father went to law about it, and recovered them. Oh, yes, the jewels are much sought after by the ladies at court, and all who are interested."

"But that vessel, the yacht, are you sure it is the English whom you mistrust?" I questioned as I scanned the outlines of the swift-sailing craft that came almost in our wake.

"Yes, yes," she said excitedly. "I am sure, sahib, that they come for me to take the diamonds away—but they shall not have them, I will hide them in the most secret place. Please excuse me, sahib."

She was off down the companionway, and I turned to watch the yacht as it drew nearer, careening over the big rollers that now studded the sea, for the wind had risen since the previous night. The Hindu-Vesta kept steadily on, but it was plain to be seen that the yacht was the faster sailing craft and was gaining on us rapidly. Some of the other passengers came on deck, and, sighting the approaching vessel, entertained themselves with watching her maneuvers.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Directions for Making Roll Stitch

Throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over.

## Knot Stitch

Draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot.

## Relief Crochet

**T**HIS work is different from ordinary crochet in that the heavy work or patterns is worked out in roll stitch, which makes the work very handsome and also substantial.

In the Dutch collar the rolls are combined with knot stitch, but in the hood and lace simple chain stitches form the background as in Irish crochet.

A beginning should be made on something easy, such as the lace illustrated in Fig. 1, as some practice is necessary before one can make the rolls even.

In making a roll, if in drawing the thread through the coil the needle should stick, hold the coil or roll between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and push the hook as far as possible, then pull the stitch through on the hook.

If the needle should stick when half way through, do not try too hard to force it through or the thread may break. If it is rolled too tight it is better to undo the work and try over again.

## Relief Lace

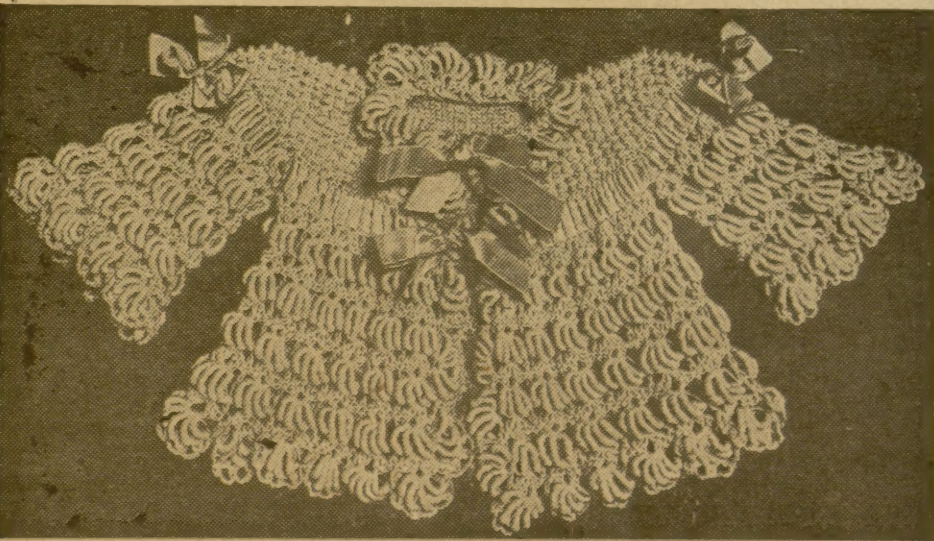
This lace is especially desirable for edging dollies as it fits around a curved edge smoothly, and is made across the width instead of lengthwise.

Begin with ch. 40 sts.

In 5th ch. from needle make 2 roll sts., thread over needle 10 times, ch. 5, 2 rolls in 10th st. Repeat until 7 groups of rolls are complete; turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, a group of 3 d. c. under each ch. 5, with ch. 2 between each group, 1 d. c. under ch. 5 at end of row.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, 2 rolls under each ch. 2 in last row, ch. 5 between each group 2 rolls, 9 rolls under ch. 7 at end of row, 1 sl. st. in 1st row so that group of 2 rolls come into the scallop, also; turn.



CHILD'S SACQUE IN RELIEF CROCHET. By Mrs. A. A. Wertman.

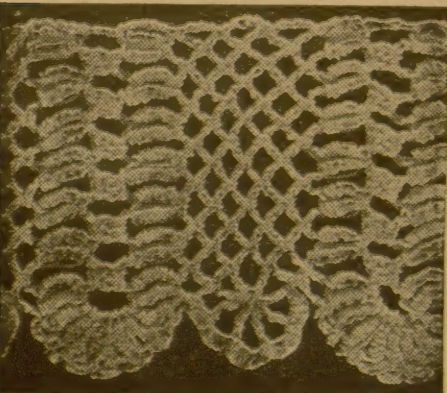
4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 sl. st. around scallop, then ch. 5, sl. st. to 1st, ch. 5, 6 more chs., 5 to end of row.

5th row.—Ch. 7, sl. st. to ch. 5, ch. 5, sl. st., 5 chs., 5 to end of row.

6th row.—Repeat 5th row.

7th row.—Repeat 5th row.

8th row.—Repeat 5th row.



RELIEF LACE. FIG. 1.

9th row. Repeat 5th row. At the end of this row make the open scallop.

Make ch. 3 and 1 tr. c. in edge of 2nd row back, \* ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in same place, repeat from

\* 3 times, ch. 3 and fasten down on next 2nd row back.

10th row.—Turn and make 5 s. c. under each ch. 3, then ch. 5 to end of row, ch. 5 and turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 2 rolls under 1st ch. 5, ch. 5, repeat, making 7 groups of rolls the same as in 1st row.

Repeat all from 2nd row.

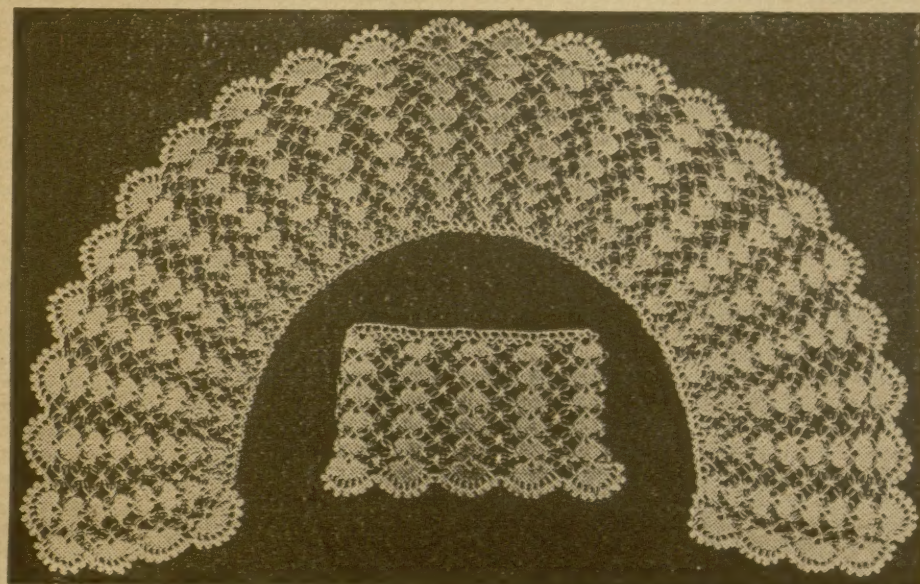
## Child's Sacque in Relief Crochet

Materials.—Six ounces of cream Saxony yarn and three and a half yards of inch-wide ribbon,



ROLL AND KNOT LACE INSERTION.

a crochet needle of bone that slants to a point and one that is one thickness all through; the latter is to use on the yoke which is made in



ROLL AND KNOT LACE DUTCH COLLAR IN RELIEF CROCHET. By Lula M. Harvey.

the Afghan stitch.

The design is for a child about a year old. The yoke is started on a side and worked toward the other side in place of at the back, over the shoulders to the front.

Around this yoke and the sleeve extensions work tr. c. that are an inch long for the ribbon. Begin on the right side, ch. 5 for 1st tr. c. after this a tr. c. in each row and at the beginning of the extensions work 5 in same st. to turn around the corner, the same on the opposite side; on the extreme point do not increase.

2nd row.—Work back on wrong side, ch. 4, \* shell of 4 d. c. with ch. 2 in center in the second tr. c., 1 d. c. in next second tr. c., \* repeat from \* to \* where the 5 tr. c. were made, skip the point and continue at the last of the 5 tr. c. on opposite side; this leaves the space for the sleeve. Do the same on the next side.

3rd row.—In this row the roll stitch is made which is in detail as follows: Wind 15 times over the crochet needle that slants to a point, bring up a loop through the center of plain shell, yarn over needle and draw through the coil on the needle, yarn over and draw through one loop. Keep the coil straight by not drawing on the yarn too tight. Begin the row with 5 chain (then 4 roll stitches 0.15 in the center of the plain shell, a double in the double between plain shells), repeat in each shell, end with a double on the end under the ch. 4.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row, only that the plain shells are made in the center of the roll shells, and the double in the double between. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows until there are four roll shell rows. Make the sleeves the same but with only three roll shell rows. Around the neck make a plain shell and a roll shell row. Finish off with scallops made of five roll stitches down the sides and around the bottom of skirt and sleeves, with a 3 chain picot between each roll.

A very pale pink or blue will now make a

dainty finish by making ch. 5 and a slip stitch in each picot.

## Daisy Relief Hood

Materials: Three skeins of light blue Germantown and four of cream Saxony, a bone crochet needle that slants to a point and two and a half yards of three-inch ribbon. The outside of this hood is of the cream wool and the lining of blue. The directions given are for a hood for a grown person and the results will be an especially warm and attractive one for driving. A handsome child's hood can be made in the same way, only smaller, of either white silk or crochet cotton.

Begin by winding the cream Saxony 10 times over the forefinger, slip off, and fasten with a slip stitch, ch. 7, in the ring work 24 tr. sts. o. 25 with tr. worked off four times. In detail it is this: wind twenty-five times over the crochet needle, bring up a loop through ring (yarn over needle and draw through two loops), do this four times for the tr., yarn over the needle and draw through the remainder of the coil. Draw up the yarn so tight that it curls the coil, make 1 ch. to fasten the coil. Repeat this 24 times and then join on top of the ch. 7.

2nd row.—Ch. 5, 1 sl. st. between each roll, turn the work with wrong side toward you.

3rd row.—Sl. st. up to the center of ch. 5 ch. 5, and a sl. st. on each space of ch. 5. Repeat this row twice. Fasten off.

## Wheel Row

Wind thread 10 times over forefinger, slip off and fasten, ch. 5, and work two tr. sts. o. 25 times, with tr. worked off twice, in the ring, fasten to the back with a d. c. in the center of any ch. 5, turn and make 2 more sts. in the ring, \* fasten in next ch. 5 with a sl. st.; 2 more sts. in ring, and fasten with a sl. st. in next ch. 5. You must see that you are going backward with the wheels and that the center wheel is always to the right when you fasten these wheels; 2 more sts. in ring, fasten on next ch. 5; 2 sts. in ring fasten with a d. c. in next ch. 5; 2 sts. in ring. This fills the ring half, now ch. 5, at the end of this ch. wind a ring again, slip off and fasten, again ch. 5, and fasten in the first of the other ch. 5, now 2 tr. sts. same as before in the ring, a d. c. in the same place with last d. c. 2 sts. in ring, \* and repeat from \* to \* eight times. Join to the first st. of first wheel. Work back with 10 sts. in each wheel.

## Network between Wheels

With wrong side toward you ch. 9 for the first, sl. st. between two sts., now ch. 5 and sl. st. between next two and so on to the second last wheel, but between wheels skip four instead of two. Leave the last wheel for nape of the neck. Turn with ch. 9 and sl. st. in first space of ch. 5, now ch. 5 and sl. st. in next space, repeat all along the line. Repeat this row twice more. Fasten off. Make a row of wheels exactly as before and also a row of network the same as before. In the last row use ch. 2 and a sl. st. in each ch. 5 to draw it together a little.

## The Lining

Make the lining of the Germantown Yarn. Begin with ch. 4 and work 14 d. c. in first ch., join on top of first d. c.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in each st., join on top of ch. 3.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in every second st., join on top of ch. 3. Repeat this row until there are seven rows, but always increase one st. back as in the seventh row you increase the sixth st.

For the front work 7 rows back and forth without increasing, leaving only 9 sts. for the nape of the neck.

When finished fit the lining and outside together nicely, and with the Germantown yarn work scallops of 8 d. c. at regular intervals all around, through both. On this scallop with the Saxony, work 2 d. c. on each d. c. with a ch. 3 p. between each d. c. this makes a full ruche. Make a pretty bow of ribbon for the top and use the remainder for the ties.

MRS. A. A. WERTMAN.

## Dutch Collar in Relief Crochet

Materials: No. 100 crochet cotton and a fine steel crochet hook.

1st row.—Ch. 6 sts., 1 st. c. in first st. of ch., ch. 6, 1 tr. c. under first tr. c. or in the space formed by making ch. and tr. c. Repeat for the length required, which should be about an inch less than the finished collar must be.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, 4 rolls 0.15 times under first ch. 6, \* 1 k. st., skip next ch. 6, and make 1 s. c. under next ch. 6, 1 k. st., 4 rolls under next ch. 6, repeat from \* across.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, \* 2 tr. c. separated by ch. 2 between second and third roll sts., a k. st. 1 s. c. in last roll, \* 2 k. sts., 1 s. c. in first roll second shell, a k. st., repeat from \* to \* to end of row. 4th row.—2 k. sts., \* 4 rolls under ch. 2, 1 k. st., draw a loop through each of the 2 center k. sts. of last row, and work off all loops. 1 k. st. \* repeat from \* to \* to end of row.

5th row.—Same as third row.

6th row.—Same as fourth row, only shells are of 6 rolls instead of four.

7th row.—Like fifth row.

8th row.—Like sixth row.

9th row.—Like fifth row.

10th row.—Like sixth row.

11th row.—Like fifth row.

12th row.—Like sixth row.

13th row.—Like fifth row.

14th row.—Like sixth row, only shells are of 8 rolls.

Now work up side of shells making 2 k. sts., 1 s. c. in end next shell, finish with 1 k. st., 1 s. c. in first loop of foundation row, turn.

15th row.—1 k. st., 2 tr. c. separated by ch. 2, in the k. between the 2 k. sts. of previous row, 1 k. st., repeat 4 times to corner, then like third row to next corner. Finish this end to correspond with the other.

16th row.—1 k. st., 9 roll shells between trs. of last row, 1 k. st., 1 s. c., repeat all around.

17th row.—1 tr. c. with ch. 1 in top of each roll st.

18 row.—1 s. c. on ch. 1, 1 roll st., draw the thread so tight that both ends of the coil will meet. 1 s. c. on same chain, repeat all around.

Around the neck work 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c. in each space.

## Roll and Knot Lace and Insertion

Foundation row.—Ch. 6, 1 tr. c. in first st. of ch., repeat to end of row. The work must not be turned while working the row. The trs. must all lie upon the upper side of the row and the festoons of chains upon the lower.

1st row.—Shell of 6 rolls, 0.15 times in second ch. 6, \* 1 k. st. sk. 2 chs., 1 s. c. in next 1 k. st., sk. 3 chs., shell 6 rolls in next, repeat from \*.

2nd row.—2 k. sts., \* 2 tr. c. with ch. 2 between, in third and fourth roll sts., 1 k. st. in top 6 roll st., ch. 1, 2 k. sts., 1 s. c. in top of next shell ch. 1, 1 k. st., repeat from \* across.

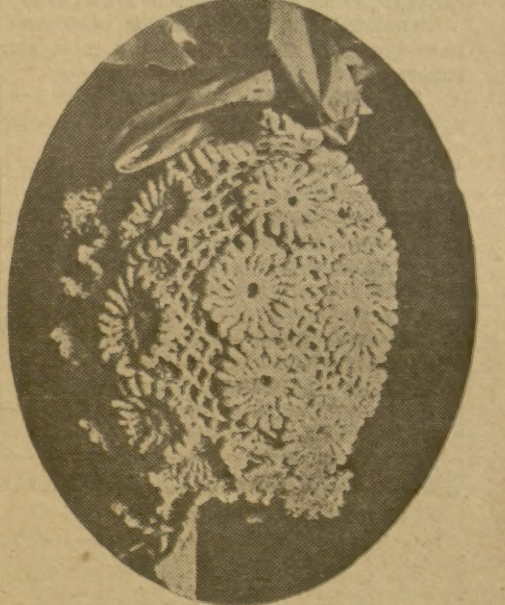
3rd row.—2 k. sts., 6 rolls under ch. 2, \* 1 k. st. pick up a l. through each of 2 k. sts. of last row, thread over, draw through all the loops., ch. 1, 1 k. st., 6 roll sts. under ch. 2, repeat from \* across.

Repeat second and third rows until you have five rows of shells or as many as desired, finishing with the second row. Then work back as follows for the scallop; 9 roll sts. under ch. 2, 1 k. st. fasten in k. sts. underneath, 1 k. st., repeat to end of row. \* 1 tr. c. with ch. 1, between in top of each roll st. of shell, ch. 3, repeat from \* across, 1 s. c. under ch. 1, 1 roll st., draw the thread so tightly that both ends of the coil meet, 1 s. c. on same ch. 1, repeat on each ch. 1 of shell, repeat across.

For the heading.—Ch. 2, 1 s. c. in next space.

## Insertion

Work like the lace until you have three rows of shells (or as many as desired), \* then work



DAISY RELIEF HOOD.

1 st. between each roll st. of shell, 2 k. sts., repeat from \* across.

2nd row.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. in the first st. of ch., ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last space, \* ch. 2, 1 s. c. between third and fourth roll sts. of shell, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in last space, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last space, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last space, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in k. between k. sts., ch. 2, 1 s. c. in last space, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last space, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in last space, repeat from \* across. Finish both sides with heading.

This pattern, though so simple, is a very desirable one. In No. 100 cotton as shown, it makes a beautiful lace for trimming dresses, aprons, sets of underclothing etc., as it may be made wider or narrower at pleasure.

LULA M. HARVEY.



# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HE importance of preserving what there is left of our forests can not be exaggerated. We have already gone too far in the wasteful destruction of trees and must now pursue a systematic and effective course of reforesting those great areas in the mountainous districts and about the sources of our rivers and streams where the forests that nature placed there to protect and regulate our water supply have been cut off. There are two reasons why this cause is absolutely imperative.

First, and most obviously, to provide a supply of lumber for building and manufacturing uses. Even the most casual observer of present conditions must appreciate the force of this argument. Twenty-five years ago lumber of good quality, of all kinds and suitable for all purposes was plenty and comparatively cheap in all parts of this country. Nearly every State then had large forests which produced an abundant supply for the home market and a considerable surplus for export to foreign lands. Since then timber of certain kinds, some of them the most valuable, has been practically all cut off; in many and large sections almost all the merchantable timber of all kinds has been cut. With the large increase of population and the growth of manufactures the demand for lumber has increased enormously and the annual cut of timber has kept increasing. This has progressed so rapidly and has wrought such havoc with our forests that where we used to export we now have to import lumber. Some kinds of lumber have disappeared entirely from the market, and it is very difficult to obtain lumber suitable for certain structural and mechanical purposes. With the increasing scarcity the quality has deteriorated and the prices have risen enormously within the last few years.

At the present rate of cutting the vanishing point of our forests is easily in sight and the lumber famine will be but a few years distant unless some general and efficient action is taken to prevent waste of our present forests and to plant trees where the forests have already been ruthlessly destroyed.

The question of how to raise sufficient crops to feed the rapidly increasing population of the world is a serious problem which we see much discussed in the papers and magazines by able writers and expert investigators. But lumber is as necessary to civilized life as is food, and at the present rate of consumption we shall suffer, and suffer severely, for lack of lumber long before we reach a shortage of food. Besides, we can increase the yield of crops to the acre by the use of artificial fertilizers and intensive farming, but when the timber is gone it takes a generation or more to grow trees fit for lumber, and for many purposes there seems to be no practical substitute for wood.

Half a century ago Germany passed through the crisis at which we are just arriving and we should profit by her experience and follow her example before it is too late. At that time, because of wasteful cutting and forest fires, the timber supply of Germany was nearly exhausted although she had vast mountain districts which had once been heavily timbered and in which lumber was the natural and most profitable product or crop. With characteristic foresight, wisdom and energy the German government stepped in with laws which not only provided protection of the remaining forests from destruction by fire, but also prevented waste by prohibiting the cutting of trees under a certain size and requiring that young trees be planted to take the place of the large ones when cut, also by encouraging the planting of trees in all sections naturally adapted to forest growth.

Germany has developed forestry into a science which she has applied with marked success and great profit during the past half century with the result that instead of destroying the remnant of her forests she has largely increased their extent and value by careful cultivation; instead of experiencing an increasing scarcity of lumber Germany is now producing and cutting more timber each year, and yet the supply is increasing also. In this country we must take similar measures for the preservation and increased productiveness of our forests, and must do it at once and on a large scale if we would escape the distress of a lumber famine in the near future.

Scarcely any class of property has risen in value so rapidly as the timber lands during the last twenty-five years, but unfortunately the immense profit of this enhanced value for the most part has gone to make the few rich trusts, syndicates and millionaires that now own the greater part unnecessarily richer while the people have had to pay the bill, as usual.

That is because these trusts, syndicates and few rich men have got hold of the larger and most valuable part of the timber lands in this country.

All these privately owned timber lands were once the property of the States or federal government, and were either given away or sold for almost nothing.

There are still many small timber tracts owned by farmers and other men of moderate means, but the syndicates and trusts are buying these up as fast as they can, which is aggravating a condition that is already deplorable, and if permitted to go on in the future as it has in the past will soon result in a gigantic trust owning the timber lands of this country and putting up the price of lumber as high as it sees fit, at the same time shutting foreign lumber out of our market by means of a high protective tariff.

They are continually buying up these small timber tracts from the farmers because they know that high as lumber now is it will soon be higher and that the price will keep on rising

year after year as the demand is certain to increase and the supply is rapidly diminishing; and the farmers sell because they do not understand the situation, and the prices offered for their timber and wood-lots seem tempting, not realizing that the purchasers are sure to make a big profit on the deal in a few years at the outside.

We advise and urge every one of our readers that owns a timber-lot or wood-lot, large or small, to hold on to it. Don't sell it at any price, because you may be sure that the long-headed fellow that wants to buy it sees a good fat profit for himself or for the rich syndicate he represents at the price he offers. If he did not he would not want to buy it. Keep the land and make the profit yourself and pass it on to your children as a valuable asset that will continually increase in value.

The thought may occur to you that you can not afford to keep it for an advance in value, and you may want to know how you are ever to get the benefit of this rise in value if you never sell it to get the money out. That is just what I wish to make clear and show you how the rich get richer by buying up the timber lands, holding onto them, never selling but operating them wisely. This is how they do it.

The wealthy syndicate sends an expert who either actually counts every tree large enough for merchantable lumber on your lot that they think of buying, or else counts and measures enough of them to enable him to make an accurate estimate. Then they know just what the trees that are large enough to cut are worth as they stand, and they offer you for the entire timber-lot or wood-lot a price that is less than the standing wood and timber of merchantable size is worth on the stump. There is no guesswork about it with them; it is an absolute certainty. The price looks big to you; you want the money, perhaps need it for improvements on your farm, and so you sell. Now what does the syndicate or trust or rich purchaser do?

If the timber is young, thrifty and growing fast he just lets it stand and grow for a few years, and each year adds two values to his property; one by the growth of the timber, the other by the rise in the market price of lumber. Then when he thinks the timber, or a good part of it, has got its growth he begins to cut, and cut carefully and wisely, or he sells the large trees standing to some lumberman who cuts them and manufactures them into lumber.

Trees, like all other crops, have an age when they reach maturity and either begin to die or nearly stop growing, and at that age they should be cut. The age of maturity or time for profitable cutting varies widely with different kinds of trees. Also on any wood or timber-lot the trees are of various ages and sizes.

It is very wasteful to cut or destroy small trees, especially those that have just reached the size and age at which they are growing rapidly; they have little or no present value for lumber if you cut them, but they have a substantial value on the land, if you leave them standing, because in a few years they will grow to a size that will bring a good price for lumber.

The shrewd timber-land owners, the big ones and the rich ones, never allow their small trees to be cut, destroyed or damaged. They sell only the larger trees and they make the lumbermen who cut them take care not to destroy the small trees and to avoid all possible damage in their lumbering operations. The careful cutting out of the large trees lets the sun in and the smaller trees that are left grow the faster, and in a few years there is another good crop of large trees to cut. A timber or wood-lot treated in this way never becomes exhausted, but continually increases in value and is a sure source of increasing revenue as the timber grows and the price of lumber and fire wood rises.

That is the way the farmers ought to manage their timber and wood-lots, but most of them do not. If they operate themselves they usually cut and slash indiscriminately, either cutting everything clean off the land and letting it grow up to weeds and worthless bushes, cutting every tree that is big enough for a bean pole, a fence rail or for fire wood, or they sell the standing timber to a lumberman. They will probably leave the brush and small limbs scattered about the lot to dry up and become a source of great danger in case of fire getting started. It often happens that fire gets in after such treatment and not only sweeps off all there is left but burns the soil and also spreads into other timber lots. Even if it escapes fire destruction, where all but the very smallest trees are cut off it takes more than one lifetime for them to grow up to be of any value, and there being no seed trees left the bare parts of the lot grow up to weeds or worthless bushes, or the soil becomes badly washed and gullied on the hillsides.

If the farmer sells his timber standing to a lumberman, the latter gives it no better treatment when he cuts, because he does not own the land and cares nothing about how he leaves the lot.

The brush and limbs left as refuse of lumbering operations should be piled in open spaces and burned when the snow is on the ground or in a wet time when there is no danger of fire spreading.

When the farmer sells his standing timber to the lumberman he should have it specified in the contract of sale that no trees under a certain size are to be cut, and that in cutting the large ones care is to be taken not to unnecessarily destroy or damage the small trees. Also be sure to leave standing enough seed trees to seed the bare places. It will also pay well to take

up small trees from the thickest part of the young growth and plant them on the bare areas.

Intelligent forest culture pays better than many lines of agriculture and is sure to become more and more profitable.

In this country there is much land well adapted to forest growth which is of little value for any other purpose, and it will pay the owner of such a tract to plant it with forest trees.

Besides the advantage that the timber-land owners would derive by forest cultivation and the interest that the people should have in preventing a lumber famine, there are other weighty reasons of nation-wide importance for preserving our forests.

The forests grow on the hills and mountain slopes and about the sources of the streams and rivers, and they prevent or mitigate floods and droughts. They prevent freshets by shading the snow and preventing it from melting too rapidly under the spring sun, and they act as sponges to take up and hold back the rain water and give it out slowly into the springs and brooks and water courses that feed the great rivers, and thus they render an immense service in regulating and equalizing the flow of water in the rivers, holding the excess of water back in heavy rains and giving it out slowly through the dry seasons.

Careful observation has proved that where the forests have been cut off the snow water and rain-water rushes immediately into the streams causing freshets and then leaving the streams with little or no water during the dry seasons. The floods and freshets not only do incalculable damage, but all this excess of water that thus goes to waste is very much needed during the dry season to maintain the stream-flow and proper depth of water for irrigation, water power and navigation purposes.

The tree roots and other forest vegetation also protect and hold the soil and prevent it from being gullied and washed away by the heavy rains. Where the forests on the hillsides and mountains are cut off, and especially where the ground is burned over, the soil rapidly washes away leaving the rocks and ledges bare so that nothing can grow there; and the soil thus washed away, or the finer part of it is carried down the streams into the rivers where it finally settles forming mud banks, bars and shoals that obstruct navigation.

Forest fires, which can and should be prevented, each year destroy millions of dollars' worth of valuable standing timber, frequently causing great loss of buildings and other property and more or less loss of human lives.

If there is any one thing that the government ought to own and control for the benefit of all the people it is the forests.

Fortunately the government still owns large forest tracts in the mountains that protect the headwaters of most of the western rivers. These national forests contain over five hundred million dollars' worth of timber, about one fifth of all the standing timber in the United States.

President Roosevelt induced Congress to adopt a wise policy of protecting these forests from destruction and of managing them in the interest and for the benefit of the people. This consisted chiefly of regulating the annual cut of timber, the planting of trees where the forest growth had been destroyed, and the establishment of a ranger service to prevent the spread of fires which included the building of roads and telephone lines.

The government receives a considerable revenue from the national forests and has been spending about five million dollars a year for improvement and protection of them. The money was well expended and the results obtained were worth many times the cost.

It is with deep regret that we note that the appropriation for forest improvement and protection recently passed by the House of Representatives was cut over a million dollars, mostly in the important matter of fire protection, and we hope the Senate will insist on restoring this item in the appropriation.

It seems strange that Congress should make this reduction in the face of the experience of 1910 when seventy-nine fire fighters and twenty-five settlers were burned to death in the national forests, and twelve million dollars' worth of timber was destroyed besides the homes and other property of hundreds of citizens. It seems false economy thus to endanger the safety of public property of immense value and the homes and lives of thousands of our people.

The Parcels Post seems to be dead for this present session of Congress which will adjourn about the time this paper reaches our readers. The House of Representatives has included in the Post Office Appropriation Bill a small appropriation for making an experimental test of the local rural parcels post on some of the rural delivery routes. This may or may not get safely through the Senate; if it does it is all there is any prospect of getting in the way of parcels post legislation at this session, and it is a very unsatisfactory measure at that. But the fight has not been in vain; the cause has made a decided gain and is gaining every day. The people are waking up to realizing sense of their interests and their power, which latter we believe they will use wisely at election and give us a Congress that will be more favorable. We are in nowise discouraged and COMFORT will renew the fight for the people's rights when Congress assembles again next December.

Comfort's Editor.

## The Travadi Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

In about half an hour the yacht was within hailing distance, and we could see the men on her deck dressed in their natty suits and looking very trim and neat, as did the vessel itself. A man stood on the fore-deck and with speaking trumpet shouted:

"Hindu-Vesta ahoy! We wish to come aboard."

"For what purpose?" asked our captain from the after deck.

"Private business in the name of the 'crown.' Can only talk when aboard. Please make ready with the ladder."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the captain, and then he gave orders to his men to prepare for visitors.

The two vessels then began to maneuver, and the yacht's crew prepared to lower a boat. We could see that they had loosed the ropes from the davits, but did not lower the boat into the water. There was some hesitation, and the cause was plainly the roughness of the sea. The wind had continued to rise until it now blew almost a gale. No sailor in his right mind would trust himself in a small boat on such a sea. So they

waited, but kept close to us, while the wind blew in our stern and drove a ship headlong through the big waves, not giving her time to rise on their crests. The result was that much water was shipped, and the deck was washed with tons of salt brine.

This state of things continued for about two hours, during which time the passengers were called to breakfast, though many were seasick and ate but little. I was in the main cabin in conversation with an Englishman who was going to Australia to start a sheep colony. He said that he had failed in some business in India, but was confident that he would make a success of his sheep venture. "Nothing like keeping up courage," he was saying, when we were startled by the captain's voice as he shouted down the companion way: "All hands on deck! Get life preservers, the ship is going on the rocks of an island!"

Then he was gone, and everyone sprang to their feet and rushed up the companionway.

There was a jam in the narrow passage, and men fought with each other for the right of way. The instinct of self-preservation was rife in each individual to the extent that each ignored his neighbor's rights and only thought of his own impending doom. I saw a man crushing a frail

woman with his big, brutish body, and I pushed him aside and gave her the precedence. He was blind with fear, and as irresponsible as a runaway horse.

Admitting that my own first thought was for self, my next thought was for those for whose safety I felt in a measure responsible. Just as I was thinking of her, Debi came from the steerage and was evidently unaware of the danger that threatened us.

"Ho, Miss Debi!" I called, forgetting for the moment that she was taking the guise of a boy and the name of Nikka. "The captain says something is the matter with the ship, and that life-preservers are a matter of precaution, put on your main saloon. Here is one under the seat in the main saloon. Allow me to strap it on you."

While speaking I had secured the buoy and approached her with it began to put it around her.

"Oh, my! I hope the ship is not going to sink." Recovering from the first surprise she murmured: "Securing another life-buoy I fastened it onto myself and then half carried my light-weight companion up the stairway. As soon as our heads came above the deck our breaths were nearly taken away by the fierce wind that swept the planks. There was a great commotion and men were trying to lower a boat. I could see that the ship

was being swept by the gale toward a low-lying land in front, with what looked like dangerous reefs surrounding it. Evidently the rudder was out of commission, for the ship was under no control. The captain was shouting orders, and doing his best to prepare for the inevitable crash on the rocks of the shore. The waves were creak over the great billows and toward her rail. As I stood irresolute by the pitching I confronted Sriman Sasindra. He was tolerably calm, though I was conscious that he was roused in his deeper self, for his eyes scintillated a peculiar light that possessed a mesmeric charm, at least to me, when he said:

"Brave American, I trust you to care for the heir of Travadi. Jump into the sea, both of you, before the ship strikes. Quick now!"

His command was so forceful in its nature that I came near obeying the impulse on the instant, but hesitated, to ask:

"Must I leave the old aunt to perish in the ship?"

"I look to the old aunt, trust me to save her. Now, get on the rail and jump as far out as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)





This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**P**ROBABLY far more women make a success of poultry raising than men, and I believe chiefly because they give more attention to detail. But what I want to tell you about is the success of two women who two years ago started in the poultry business; one a school teacher whose health made it necessary to follow more of an outdoor life, and the other an enthusiast in all farming pursuits.

This farm is situated about ten miles from COMFORT's publishing house and a mile and a half from a railroad. The principle followed was to start in a small way with the best obtainable and to improve on that. The poultry was high class with a view to making it possible to sell selected cockerels for breeding purposes, and eggs for both food and hatching.

They began with a small stock of laying hens which were the best that money could buy. For a high-class setting of eggs they were willing to pay \$5.00 and \$10.00. From small weekly shipments of eggs to a class of customers in Massachusetts, who gladly paid a high price for fresh eggs, a trade was established which far exceeded anything they had expected.

Only uniform eggs of large size were sent to market, and as their excellence became known their list of customers increased. The first shipment made was twelve dozen, and two years later the February shipment amounted to \$105. Besides this a goodly sum was realized this past winter from the sale of high-bred cockerels. The farm raises only Barred Plymouth Rocks and Buff Orpingtons.

Eventually all the feed for the hens will be raised on the farm. Last year a small experimental field of a half acre was raised. The wheat was good and took the second prize at the Seed Improvement Society. Two hundred bushels of corn were raised on five acres of land. Their yellow corn took second prize at the Central Maine Fair.

Realizing that knowledge and experience could be gained by attending the poultry shows, they not only did this but exhibited as soon as they had something good enough to show, and it was then they discovered that they really had some fine birds.

These two young women merit the great praise they receive for their accomplishments. They consider their work still in its infancy, and will improve and increase their business each year.

This tells you sisters what two State-of-Maine women are doing, and that it is just an instance of the ingenuity, good common sense, and judgment of our American women of whom we hear more about every year.—Ed.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for some time and how I do enjoy it. It is surely rightly named and I hope I will never be without it.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson is just the woman we would all love to have for a neighbor, and we would be better for it too.

I have never seen a letter from this part of Colorado, and I think sometime when I haven't so much to do I will go to work getting new subscribers.

We have lived on a homestead one year, and have our place all fenced but not much clearing done. This winter my husband is working at Tellville, a mining town about ninety miles from here; he is an iron moulder and went there because there is no foundry here. Our four little ones and I are holding down the homestead and caring for our cows, pigs and chickens.

We have two brown-eyed boys, Estel and Walter, and two blue-eyed girls, Muriel and Edna. The oldest will be six in July and the youngest is sixteen months.

We raised a fine garden last year and I hope to have still better this year. We can raise most everything except melons and tomatoes.

We live near the famous Cliffs through I have never been to see them but hope to go before long. Others say they are wonderful.

My second little girl had eczema for over two years on her face all the time, and all over her body at intervals. She wore masks made of old linen all over her face for ten months. Our hearts ached to see her suffer so and be unable to help her, as it seemed we could not find anything to relieve the terrible itching. She is right and healthy now and my how proud we are of her. We spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicine, but nothing helped her much until she got all her teeth.

Sisters, if you churn and your butter is soft leave it in the milk and keep turning the dasher now and then until it cools then take out and wash and salt and it will not be white and soft. Homesteading is not all easy that's sure, but so many go from the cities who know nothing of ranch life and when they get on a homestead with so much work and loneliness they are almost always sure to fail.

My letter is getting long and I must close and get dinner.

I send best wishes to all. I am twenty-seven years old.

Mrs. LILLIE EVERETT, Mancos, Colo.

Mrs. Everett. You pay me a high compliment when you say you would like me for a neighbor. I have very decided ideas about this subject and I will tell you some of them so you can better judge how I would really qualify as a neighbor.

Somehow it always seemed to me there was a bond between people living near enough to be called neighbors; that the interest should be more than passing. I do not mean to suggest

familiarity, but a rallying of forces in case of distress day or night; neighbors that will protect both your property and good name.

I do, and I think most women greatly enjoy taking their sewing and sitting for an afternoon with one or more neighbors. Let these be hours of real profit to each other, passing along helpful ideas. Lay plans for the betterment of school and church, and make an effort at such gatherings to discover the nearby needy ones, and never, never gossip for it weakens friendship.

A good neighbor will never try to probe into your affairs should she happen to call and find you apparently distressed, but will tactfully take her departure unless she can engage you in cheerful conversation. One can soon tell.

And last but by no means least, will the good neighbor "drop in" at an hour when she is quite likely to find you trying to do two hours' work in one, and stay until nearly time for "John" and the children to come home to dinner.—Ed.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I can't stay longer for I want to tell how I think the home ought to be made for children. Make the children happy. Do not nag or scold them; if you begin their training right there will never be any need of it. When they see your face in the morning let it be with a smile upon it, go about your morning work pleasantly and see they go about theirs in the same way. I believe in giving each and every child some little task for which they should be idle while their parents work? It is not the amount of real work they do that counts so much as the thought it is their duty to help and they are doing their share of the work that has to be done. I do not for a moment mean they are to be kept busy at work every minute out of school, but some little task that will help to make mother's day's work a little lighter. They will feel better if they think they are really helping and be sure to let them know when they do help. It is very easy to say "mother's good boy or girl; what a help to me." If you are baking it is very easy to trace the child's initial on top a cookie, or to frost the top of a few to reward them when they have done some thoughtful act.

What merry times, especially when "mother" becomes a girl again and joins in the fun and frolic! I do not mean it is necessary to play with the children all the time.

And when father comes home instead of slinking into corners and talking in whispers as many unfortunate children have to do, see that nothing shall interfere with the children's hour. Make it the happiest hour of all the day. If he loves his little ones and his home coming ends their pleasure they come to doubt his love for them.

Let little friends visit them but be sure that the child whose ways are not the right ways is not among them. Keep children busy all their waking hours; at work or play teach them to love nature as they find it in

"flowers and trees, humming birds and honey bees."

Mothers dear, love them; let them know it, and let your love mean more than covering their bodies, filling their stomachs, and keeping them clean. Be their comrade, share all joys and sorrows, send them to bed with the thought that father and mother are best and kindest in all the world.

I so much enjoy the sisters' letters to COMFORT. Would be glad to hear from any of the sisters.

With all good wishes to COMFORT readers,  
Mrs. JESSIE HENDERSON, Bloomington, Ind.

#### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I do so enjoy reading COMFORT for I think one learns a good deal by reading this valuable and yet inexpensive paper. Will soon have a few new subscribers.

I wonder how many of our sisters are Christians but unable to attend religious meetings. We live twelve miles from any church and since we have no horse it is rather a thing out of the question. How nice it is though for neighbors to get together and hold prayer meetings. Have not been here very long so of course am not acquainted with very many people beside Catholics, and I am a Baptist. We all aim for the same place though, and I think as long as we do according to our teaching one is just as much in the right as the other.

We live on a claim of three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land. This is my first experience of living in the country. Was born and reared in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, and thought there was nothing like it, until eight months ago I came out here as a "bride" to make it my future home. I do think that "country" life is far better than city life, where one lives from hand to mouth.

Country girls are attracted by the higher wages paid city girls, but don't seem to consider the fact that board, etc., takes about all one can earn. Be content on the farm girls for there you are better off in the end. Was surprised to see such good, healthy looking girls here, but not with all the fresh air and nice, fresh vegetables, etc. We live in a one room shack and although I find it rather a difficult thing trying to keep it clean, do think it might be worse. Have a very good "hubby" and am very happy, so have nothing to complain of.

I intend having a small garden this spring and trying my luck at it. Am afraid you sisters think a city girl makes a poor farmer's wife, but we can learn and so in time pass off pretty well.

Would like to thank the kind sisters who have been sending me literature. Am very much pleased with it and enjoy reading same.

Wishing all our COMFORT sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson luck and happiness, I remain,

Mrs. HENRY BURGER, Tampico, Valley Co., Mont.

Mrs. Burger. Just a word of admiration for your pluck and determination to win.

Under your clever management that garden will grow I am sure. I like your sound advice to girls who look to the cities as a place where life is made easier. Comparatively speaking, wages are much lower than in smaller places, and faded beauty tells the story of impure air, insufficient nourishment, and the pitiful struggle which the city girl encounters to keep herself neatly clad, to say nothing of suitable clothing in a changing climate.

This doesn't mean that my sympathies are not with the girl who feels the need of becoming a wage earner, for they are first and last, but sad to say, that with this need experience does not come; only time brings that. And so I just want to throw out a true though homely warning, "To look before you leap."—Ed.

#### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please let me join your happy circle? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about eight years. I could not possibly keep house without it, a fact you will realize when I say that last summer when my subscription expired I borrowed the money to renew it. My papers ran from cover to cover and then pass it on to a neighbor.

I have been married nearly three years to one of the best "Eliza's." We are poor in this world's goods, yet happy. Poor did I say? Maybe we are rich as the richest, our treasure being a little blue-eyed romping boy thirteen months old; the sunshine of our hearts and home. His name is Eliza Gerald. Mothers write more about the care and training of children. I am sure you will find appreciative readers.

My husband works on the railroad as a section hand, leaving home at six in the morning, returning at five thirty at night. Sometimes he has to be away on Sunday. You see I get awfully lonesome, so I am going to ask a favor from those who can spare reading matter, papers, novels, books, anything to help pass these long days. Also will not some of the dear sisters send me some quilt pieces of any kind or size?

With prices as high as they are and only one dollar and thirty cents per day, I have no money for papers, books or pieces.

How many sisters do weaving? I wove two pieces of carpet last spring and my baby small, but this spring I am only going to make thirty yards for myself and a few rugs to sell.

Long life to COMFORT, all of its staff of workers and readers is the wish of your sister.

Mrs. PAULINE JONES, Velpen, Ind.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for a great many years and it has indeed been a help and comfort to me. I have made so many true friends through the Sisters' Corner. I often wonder if Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie realize the good they are doing in the world!

I am seventy years old and unable to leave my room in winter, but I have my reading and house plants and the time passes quickly and pleasantly. I have received so much good from COMFORT that I hope I may help someone in return. If any of the sisters would send me a few flower seeds I would be very thankful.

Miss Bailey. We think Rhode Island Reds are the

best chickens to raise, as they lay such great big brown eggs. They are fine too, when killed and dressed for market.

Mrs. Rockwell. Did you ever try injections of salt and water for pin worms?

Mrs. Miller and others. Both of these recipes have been tried for bed wetting and found excellent. First, one package of bitter sweet and one quart of water. Dose, one wineglass three times a day. Second, grate a small nutmeg and give at intervals through the day.

N. A. Paugh, Ohio. This liniment cured me of neuralgia of the heart after everything else failed: One half ounce oil of wormwood, one half ounce of laudanum, one ounce of gum camphor. Put in eight ounce bottle and fill with alcohol. For external use only.

With all good wishes for COMFORT and its many readers,

Mrs. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ontario, E. E. 1, Canada.

#### DEAR SISTERS:

I am a widow all alone in the world. I would like to adopt a child anywhere from six months to two years old; preferably a boy.

I will give the child a fine home and education and care for it the same as my own.

Would be pleased to hear from sisters, especially in Florida and California.

Mrs. A. TAYLOR, Union, S. C.

#### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please may I step in a moment to thank you, and all of COMFORT's workers for our Household Number? I cannot express my thanks enough. In all the papers there are so many helpful things, and we are sure to find each month just what we wanted, a recipe, some helpful hint. "For just years a pattern of lace as we need." I am now crocheting lace for my little girl a skirt that I found in COMFORT. I have lots of pretty lace patterns that I would send in if I knew I had any that some sisters would use.

This is my third year of taking COMFORT, and I don't see how I ever kept house without our paper. My husband works in the woolen mill, and my children go to school. I have three; Merle age twelve, Marguerite age nine, and my baby Jasper age six, and they are all mamma's "helpers." As we live a mile from the village they all take their dinner, four dinners to put up each morning! What do you think of that? But our paper helps me solve the problem very often. Times that I have something sew for supper, when my happy band comes home you will hear them say: "Mamma's COMFORT came today I know." They all begin to see where mamma finds her extra good things to eat. And it seems to me it depends a good deal on the wife to keep the cost of living as low as she can these hard times when everything is so high.

Perhaps some of you are wondering who has entered now. Well, in years I must be classed with the young housekeeper, but by experience ought to be called a grandmother. I am only twenty-nine, have been married thirteen years, and I was no greenhorn when I went into a home of my own, as my mother's health was poor I had to help her. Now I suppose you want to know what I look like. I am one of those wee small women; five feet four inches in height, weigh about one hundred and ten pounds, black hair, and dark eyes. I have a sunny disposition and when I see anyone blue or discouraged I have to cheer them up and get them to laughing. I have received one of the many blessings; good health. I have always been able to do all my own work (am chief cook and bottle washer you might say), all my own sewing. Have earned quite a little by sewing for others. I love to do all kinds of housework, and am never so happy as when I have a few minutes to rest and do fancy work. I am now working a set of table dollys. They are in buttonhole and eyelet.

I sent in four new subscribers to our dear paper last month, and every year since I became a subscriber I have sent in a club and I do enjoy my premiums so much.

Uncle Charlie is doing a noble work for the shut-in. How I wish some of the rich men could think as he does for a while! My poor papa has been a shut-in this winter. He broke his leg just below the knee. He was in the woods at work and a log rolled on him. It's the first time he has ever been obliged to leave off his work and has always worked so hard all his life. His first thought has always been for others, and now that he needs help he finds his friends everywhere. Everyone has been so good to him. The crew in the woods where he was at work sent him fifty-four dollars the next day after they brought him home. It was so good of them. And there was only two in the crew he knew when he went into work last fall.

I should be glad to hear from the sisters. Long live COMFORT's band of workers.

Mrs. GERTRUDE LITTLEFIELD, Guilford, B. E. 2, Maine.

It is not alone the convenience, or the freshness, or the crispness, or the unusual food-value, or the digestibility, or the cleanliness, or the price, that has made Uneeda Biscuit the National Soda Cracker.

It is the remarkable combination of all of these things.

If everyone, everywhere, knew how good they are, everyone, everywhere, would eat them—every day.

Sold by grocers in every city and town. Bought by people of all classes.

Always 5 cents in the moisture-proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

#### DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about three years, and will not be without it again as long as I am able to pay for it.

Was just finishing reading my February number when I came across Mrs. Clara Bond's letter and want to say right here that I agree with her about the little ones and will say again that if anyone knows of a little boy under one year that I can get to adopt will they let me know? True, I am getting old in years but my love for the little ones is just as great as if I were younger. Dear sisters when I tell you that I have four darling little boys and one girl in Heaven and my other children all grown and gone to homes of their own except one girl of thirteen, you certainly can sympathize with me and yet I would not call one of them back. My children living are all girls.

I want to tell Mrs. Rosie M. Cecil what I did for my little girl when she was so afflicted with eczema doctors could do nothing for her, when an old lady told me to take thick sweet cream and mix as much epsom salts in it as I could and bathe affected parts. I did so and it was but a few days till she was well. Of course what will cure one won't another sometimes.

I agree with Mrs. Krupper in regards lifting up the fallen. Sisters don't understand me as upholding such; but a few kind words I think would be more Christ-like than to make them feel hurt every time they pass. How do we know when we may get the same in our own family?

I would enjoy hearing from the sisters,  
Mrs. E. J. GORR, Cowen, W. Va.

#### DEAR SISTERS:

I am an old lady of seventy years, and would greatly enjoy a set of cards on my birthday, May 31st. cards of different states.

The following lines were found in a railway station in England, and supposed to have been written by a gentleman while detained there, and are very old:

"The line to heaven by Christ was made,  
With Heavenly truths the rails are laid,  
From earth to heaven the line extends,  
To life Eternal where it ends,  
Repentance is the station house,  
Where passengers are taken in."

"No fee for himself is there to pay,  
For Jesus is Himself the way,  
The Bible is the engineer;  
It points the way to Heaven so clear,  
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,  
It does the way to glory steer."

"God's love the fire, His truth the steam,  
Which drives the engine and the train,  
All you who would to glory ride,  
Must come to Christ, in Him abide,  
The first, the second, and third class,  
Repentance, faith, and holiness."

"You must the way to glory gain,  
Or you with Christ can never reign.  
Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,  
At any station on the line,  
If you repent and turn from sin,  
The train will stop and take you in."

May we all meet a sister band in Heaven.

Lovingly yours,

Mrs. OLIVIA VALENTINE, Congress St., New Rochelle, New York.

#### DEAR SISTERS:

In answer to an inquiry: My cancer is on the upper lip. A Presbyterian preacher took dinner at my house and I told him that the "thing" on my lip was a cancer. He said if it was that one ten cent bottle of Castor oil would cure it. He told me to wet the tip of my finger in the oil and gently rub it into the cancer three or four times a day. That didn't cure fast enough to suit me, so I cut a circle of old, soft, thin, clean white cloth, wet it with Castor oil and pressed it down on the cancer. The cloth will stick until the skin absorbs the oil, then as it gets dry it will fall off. I used three or four of these plasters a day and put one on when I started to bed at night. My cancer was most as large as a dime. Now it is not as big as a pinhead and I have not used but a little over half the bottle of oil. Yes, I believe it will work a cure.

Use the Castor oil on your breast by all means. If it does you no good it cannot possibly do harm. Let us know of any cures made with Castor oil for the benefit of all.

LENORA ANDERSON, Grapeland, B. E. 2, Texas.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



# Caught in the Act Can He Ever Forgive Her?

By Stella McAllister Slack

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STRATHMORE doffed his hat and bowed profoundly. "Jove," he exclaimed under his breath, "what a ravishing beauty! Now where could I have met her?" He paused a moment in his walk to gaze after the tall girl in the blue cloth gown and plumed hat who was leading a door-mat dog by a leash, and who had bowed to him as she hurried past. "It's odd," he muttered to himself; "deuced odd. But there's a mistake somewhere—I never could have met that girl and then forget that I'd ever seen her, oh, no!" The man resumed his slow pace, switching absently with his stick at the blossoms bordering the walk, his eyes on the figure of the tall girl now some distance beyond. In another moment she had turned to the right, following a path that led past some tall shrubs, and then was lost to view. "She hesitated a moment before she bowed," ruminated he, worrying the upturned ends of his short mustache; "and I could swear there were tears on her lashes." He quickened his steps involuntarily, but at that moment a little white dog, with dragging leash, came tearing madly along the walk and ran straight between the man's feet. In another moment there was a general mix-up, dog, man and leash being in one tangle. "The Devil!" exclaimed Strathmore, lifting his stick menacingly as the tiny animal, extricating himself with an effort, rolled over and over, yelping in alarm. But suddenly Strathmore lowered the cane. He had recognized the little dog. A few moments later he had rounded the shrubbery, and was advancing toward the girl, who was now sitting idly on a park bench, chin on palm, her eyes resting dreamily on the sunset clouds. Strathmore doffed his hat again, and approaching nearer, said in his best manner: "Pardon me, but your dog was running away—I am returning him to you." The girl betrayed no surprise. Neither did she turn her head or glance toward the speaker, but as her pet sprang to her lap, wiggling all over in delight, she reached out a long, slender hand, and the man placed the leash therein. Then she spoke, a vivid blush creeping up from beneath the high collar of her blouse, slowly covering her face, and losing itself in the bright ripples of waving hair on her forehead. "Thank you—Ben!" she said very softly. Still her eyes were averted. She patted the little dog fondly. Taking the tiny lead between her palms, she said in a low sweet voice that trembled: "You are very naughty, Pete! Where have you been? I had not even missed you." Then, with an impulsive movement, she turned suddenly toward the silent man standing before her, and looked him full in the face. "Ben!" she entreated, flinging out both hands toward him. "Oh, Ben!" It was a cry of sorrow, of longing and deep pain. But before the astonished Strathmore could find his voice, she gave a great start, and leaning forward gazed at him intently. "Who—who are you?" she gasped. "I am Ben!" the man replied, folding his arms and smiling back confidently. "But not—not my Ben!" she whispered, hope and doubt struggling together in her expressive face. "Yours to command," replied he, with a bow. Still she leaned forward, regarding him intently with brown, velvety eyes in which lay a great sorrow. Her lips, berry red, were parted and trembling, and the color came and stood in her cheeks, a red flag of distress. "You have his eyes, his face, his form—yes, his voice; but you are not—Ben!" she again informed him, somewhat tremulously. "Indeed, but you are mistaken," the man persisted, advancing a step nearer, and smiling down reassuringly; "I am Ben!" "Then why, why were you so cruel?" she whispered. "Forgive me! I did not intend being cruel, indeed I did not," he exclaimed penitently. The earnest tones of the man's voice did not betray the fact that he was speaking at random, not knowing or caring to what this mysterious adventure might lead. "But you were cruel," she moaned, wide, dark eyes still searching his face; "and see how thin I've grown—" stripping the glove from a slender hand—"you remember my mother's little ring? It will hardly stay on now." Strathmore bent nearer as the white hand was extended. She gave it a tiny shake, and the ring, a thin, worn band that had been her mother's wedding ring, slipped from her finger and rolled at the man's feet. As he stooped to recover it, the door-mat dog sprang to the ground, sniffing at the stranger's legs cautiously. Suddenly he sprawled himself on the ground, wiggling around on his back, and waved his paw in the air. "Ah!" said Strathmore in a satisfied tone. "Pete knows me, he knows that I am Ben!" The girl's eyes had not left his face for an instant. He pulled off his own gloves, stuffing them carelessly in a coat pocket, and stood looking at the ring as it lay in his big palm. "To what might this mysterious affair be leading?" was his thought. "Anything," he vowed eagerly within himself, "to divert his mind from its own bitterness." "I do not know why I have doubted you," the girl went on more confidently; "but you have changed, Ben—" she lingered over the name speaking it caressingly—"in some subtle way that I do not quite understand. But, come," she commanded rather than invited, "come and sit by me!" She made room for him on the rustic bench. Strathmore needed no second invitation. He dropped down beside the girl, turning sideways the better to study that face of sad beauty. Suddenly she turned toward him a face in which a certain girlish shyness was blended with some deeper feeling that she could not quite control. A new charm seemed added to the mystery that surrounded her. "Do you know—do you remember what day this is?" she asked him softly, a little break coming between the words. "Did he remember? Ah, he had come here to forget. But he replied quite steadily: "I know, I remember. It is the fifth of June!" It was indeed the fifth of June. All that long bitter day he had been striving to assure himself that he had forgotten, and now this mysterious, sad-eyed girl had asked him if he remembered! The girl hesitated a moment, and then continued, still softly, with that charming touch of shyness: "My birthday; and it was to have been my—our—wedding day!" Strathmore gave a great start, and the dull red flamed under the healthy tan of his face. The girl seemed to feel him shrink away from her words, and lifting her head quickly, she caught the expression on his face. Almost instantly the eyes of her understanding seemed to be opened; but for a moment she was silent from the shock. Then she straightened, bracing herself, and turned to the man courageously. "Now," she said in a firm tone, "tell me who you really are. Until a moment ago I was quite deceived you are so very like—like him!" Strathmore straightened his own wide shoulders and lifted his head. His face, quite controlled now, had grown pale and he seemed vested with new dignity. "I told you truly," he affirmed. "I am Ben—Ben Strathmore, and quite as much at your service."

she murmured. "Benjamin Strathmore!" still in a maze; "and I have heard so much about you, so many things!" Her tone betrayed the nature of the many things she had heard, and Strathmore bowed gravely. "I dare not imagine what you must be thinking of me," the girl went on blushing painfully, "making such an unpardonable mistake, saying to you the—the things that I have!" "I am thinking that I should like to know a great many more things about you, if you could honor me further," Strathmore responded eagerly. "I can only excuse myself on the score that you are so—so like—him! When I passed you back there, I thought he had returned, that I saw him again!" "Tell me about it," urged Strathmore gently. "I managed after I saw you, to reach this bench, and I sank down here, waiting for you—him—to come to me!" "Yes; and I came. Now can you not tell me? I might be able to help you in some way." The girl regarded him a moment with her wide, pure gaze. "Yes; I will tell you, because you look strong and good, and because you are Benjamin Strathmore. How strangely our lives have crossed!" Strathmore, whose interest in the beautiful stranger and her mysterious allusions deepened momentarily, had not the faintest idea as to how their lives had crossed; but he assented briefly, and continued: "I have heard about you, as I said, so much. It was when—may I say it?" Strathmore, unconscious of what was coming, urged her to proceed. "I know about you, because you—you were engaged to Lorraine Ormsbee, who was once my very dear—Oh, I beg your pardon!" She paused in deep contrition, for again that look of pain had stamped itself on the man's grim features. The hand that gripped the back of the seat whitened at the knuckles. "I was, yes; but pray go on!" "I hope you will forgive me, but it is necessary to speak of her if I am to tell you my poor little story, because—because had it not been for Lorraine, I might, today, have been—" her head drooped, and he heard her whisper—"his wife!" Strathmore sprang to his feet. "No!" he exclaimed between quick-drawn breaths. "No, it cannot be true! She would not—" he checked himself suddenly, and the taut muscles relaxed. "Oh, but it is true, oh, so true!" cried the girl clasping and unclasping her hands in distress. "Please—please let me tell you."



"THROUGH A PARTING IN THE VINES I SAW MY FIANCEE IN THE SUMMER HOUSE WITH LORRAINE IN HIS ARMS."

Strathmore resumed his seat, instantly ashamed that he had betrayed so much as a fleeting glimpse of the pain that had been gnawing at his vitals all that endless day. The girl sighed gratefully as he placed himself at her side once more. "Tell me," she said, "have you never heard of Leslie Brainerd?" Strathmore nodded. "Often, very often," he replied in a natural tone. "I ought to have introduced myself before," she went on simply. "I am she—I am Leslie Brainerd." "Miss Brainerd!" Strathmore extended a hand to clasp hers warmly. "I am glad, very glad to meet you at last; and I feel that you and I should become warm friends." They drew nearer, feeling for some reason that a tie had been formed. The girl lifted little Pete to her knees, and as her hand caressed his silky coat, she went on in her simple, direct way: "It is very strange, sitting here, telling these terribly intimate things to a man I never saw until an hour ago, is it not? But somehow it seems quite right and proper, don't you think so?" She lifted her eyes, as clear and trustful as a child's, to his, and read in his face, clear-cut and strong, that she might trust him with whatsoever of her little tragedy that she would. "It's all right," he assured her, gravely. "I feel that we may trust each other." "Then," she said, "tell me this, Mr. Strathmore, do you know Benjamin Kent?" "No; I have not that pleasure. I am a comparative stranger here, and my business has kept me so closely confined since I returned to the city this spring that I have neglected even my club." Strathmore knew young Kent by reputation, however. He knew him to be a handsome, reckless young fellow who was the despair of his parents and the idol of all women. Miss Brainerd averted her eyes, and the warm color came creeping back to her cheeks. "We—I was engaged to him," she confessed with the touch of shyness that was so charming; "but we quarrelled. He had always been a particular favorite among the girls of my set. Even after we became engaged he could not cease paying some of them the attentions that should have been mine alone. I never dreamed, however, that there had been or was anything between him and Lorraine—" "Nor I!" interrupted a curt voice. "—and even though he hurt me many, many times, I cared—so much, that I always forgave him—until that night in April! We were at a garden party at the Fleetwoods." Again the man beside her gave a start of amazement, but Leslie, full of her own story, did not heed. "There was dancing, and the usual Fleetwood crush. I soon tired of it, and my partner sug-

gested that we stroll down to the lake where there was moonlight canoeing. In passing a summer-house I heard a familiar laugh. It was very low, but I—I recognized it, and glancing through a parting in the vines, I saw in the moonlight—I saw my fiancée, from whom I had not been parted a half hour, with—Lorraine in his arms!" The girl broke off with a shudder of pain, and buried her face in her hands. Pete, who had been dozing in her lap, dislodged by the quick movement, fell to the ground, and ran off yelping in dismay. The indignant protest recalled Leslie to herself. She raised her head and sat very straight, her face pale and determined. "I neither spoke nor made a sign," she went on, not glancing at the mask-like face of the man beside her. "I fancy I behaved quite well under the circumstances, for I am sure my escort did not suspect that anything had—had happened. I excused myself as soon as I could, and returned home. I wrote him—Mr. Kent—that night, returning his ring." "He came the next morning—early, immediately on receiving it; but I could not bring myself to see him. He called several times, and wrote me, beside, that he could explain; but I knew, I felt after all that had happened—and then this last dreadful thing—that we could never be happy together. I refused to see him, and returned the last of his letters unopened." Leslie paused, her head held high, her mouth very firm; but nevertheless, she lifted her hand to brush something wet and glistening from her long lashes. "I realize," she continued, with eyes averted, "that I am very weak, very foolish, but though I have been brave until now, I could not forget that today is the fifth of June; and you looked so kind and strong that I just—just told you!" Strathmore leaned suddenly nearer and placed a gentle hand on the girl's arm. "Poor girl," he said; "poor, brave little girl!" His voice was full of reverence as he continued: "I am deeply honored by your confidence, and to show you how keenly I appreciate your trust in me, I am going to tell you a little story of my own." He paused a moment. Reserved, taciturn, of great natural dignity, it was no easy thing to lay bare his heart and speak of the pain that had been corroding his life, imbibing his spirit, and robbing him of his faith in womanhood for the past two months. It was with a visible effort that he continued: "You and I have much in common, I find, Miss Brainerd. Fate must have brought us together

a calm force that robbed him of his last doubt. Before she had finished speaking, Strathmore was on his feet. "Where is she, do you know? Has she returned to the city?" he asked in one breath. Swayed by his desire to make quick reparation, and blinded by his deep remorse, Strathmore was forgetful for a moment of the part Leslie had played in opening the eyes of his understanding. For one overpowering instant his only thought was for her whom he had misjudged and wronged so deeply; his only desire to reach her side wherever she might be. The same impulse that carried him to his feet swept him again toward Leslie for further enlightenment; but as his eyes fell on the drooping head, the wistful, full-lipped mouth, it rushed over him the great thing she had done. Instantly he was bending over her, every spring of tenderness and manliness in his being touched with gratitude. But the quick, low words that came pouring from the man's heart fell unheeded on the girl's ears; for with the swift knowledge that Lorraine was blameless in the terrible matter, came the sick realization that her one-time lover was not! Whatever the cause of his action, mistaken identity it could not have been, for she and Lorraine were as unlike as sunlight and shadow. Pete dragging his long leash, had been soothing his offended dignity by chasing the chipmunks and English sparrows, when suddenly he emitted a series of small growls and barks; and dashing around the evergreen shrubs, his growls changed to joyful yelps of delight. Strathmore and his companion turned quickly, and at the same moment beheld the man and the girl who, absorbed in each other, were advancing slowly toward them. Strathmore gave a low exclamation and sprang forward. He brushed young Mr. Benjamin Kent aside like a troublesome insect. "Lorraine!" he cried, "Lorraine!" It was a cry of pentance, entreaty and passionate longing, and she, the slender, true-hearted girl of old, stood waiting with hands outstretched, as he came again to claim his own. They were in a deserted corner of the park, and there was no one to spy upon the united lovers save two old chipmunks, sitting on the high branches of a chestnut-tree, chattering and scolding at the intruders, and little woolly Pete, who was fawning and sporting around his old friend, the former, and delight of his puppy days. The order for the adjustment of quarrels was reversed: reconciliation first, explanations afterward. Leslie, however, asked for no explanations. The man she loved had come to her, and he loved her still. That was sufficient. The look that leaped into his eyes when he first beheld her sitting there pale and listless, had wiped out all the pain and the bitterness of the past two months. In her consuming joy she assumed the role of the penitent. Instead of forgiving, it was she who was begging to be forgiven, she who had doubted him. Young Kent, however, knew that a public explanation from him was due all parties concerned. As soon as he could gain the undivided attention of all present, he braced himself and commenced. "It was this way," he said, looking red and uncomfortable. "A lot of the fellows had seen you, Mr. Strathmore—by the way, we haven't been introduced, but never mind that now—they had seen you, and we looked so comfoundedly alike, that—that—" he paused, flushing all over his fair face, and then stumbled on: "You hadn't been here long, and the fact that I had a double hadn't got noised abroad much, so when the fellows saw you at that garden party they thought it would be a good joke to see if they could mix us up with the—er—the ladies, you know. We watched our chance, and when you left the summer house, I waited a moment, and then slipped in and took your place by Miss Lorraine's side, and, by Jove, she never knew it!" "I really intended staying but a moment. I didn't mean to get caught, but I swear I forgot how time was flying, and I went too—far!" Lorraine blushed scarlet at the recollection, and Benjamin junior, stumbled on hot-headed and unhappy. "I give you my word of honor that I meant no harm, only a little fun; but it was more interesting than I had counted on, playing at being another man—as it was also, I soon learned, quite unpardonable. Before I knew it, there stood Strathmore! When I saw his face, then Miss Lorraine's, I realized what I'd done; but it was too late. The wrap he had brought had fallen at our feet, he had disappeared as suddenly as he came, and I was trying to right myself with Miss Lorraine. I told her I would find him and explain; but she, who also had seen his face, forbade me, peremptorily. He had passed judgment on her, had departed, giving her no quarter. It was for him to return if he wished for explanations. \* \* \* That's the truth of the whole matter, and now you can hand it into me good and sufficient, all three of you; but, by Heaven, I reckon it's been as rough on me as on any of you!" He jammed his hands in his coat pockets and tried to look defiant; but his attempted bravado only ended in a sheepish blush. "Well, why don't you begin?" he exclaimed almost before any of his listeners could make reply. "We aren't going to begin," said Lorraine, softly. "No," said Leslie who had risen and was standing by the young man's side; "we are not going to begin because it was all my fault in not allowing you to explain to me." "Jove, but I ought to have made you listen to me. If I'd been half a man, I would have; but after that third attempt I was angry. I packed my comb and tooth-brush and left the city. I only returned today, and I went straight to Miss Lorraine to see if she would help me patch the matter up." "Well, it looks to me," broke in Strathmore, who had been waiting impatiently for his turn, "it looks to me as though most of the blame should rest on my shoulders. I judged too quickly. A man who will not give a girl an opportunity to explain a—a situation, deserves to be—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)





## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.  
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.  
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

**H**OP up on to my lap, and I will tell you an amazing story. One that makes the Arabian Nights' yarns sound dull and commonplace in comparison. Once there was a brave sailor who pushed the nose of his vessel into the unknown seas, and discovered a vast continent known as the New World, and the brave spirits of the Old World flocked to the land of promise, and might—did the new land increase in population and wealth. It threw off the yoke of a foreign king and wrote a declaration of independence, setting forth that all men were created equal and were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. And it came to pass after many years of great development and prosperity, that sundry unscrupulous

who are planning, as election nears, to do all over again what you have done ever since you first cast a vote, and that is to put men into office whose one and only object is to perpetuate the conditions which have made life intolerable for you, conditions which allow wealthy scoundrels to escape the lash of justice, and send the petty criminal to prison for the balance of his life. Take the story I have told you to heart and profit by it.

Just one word of advice to all of you who are thinking of flocking to the cities in search of employment: Stay right where you are. It is estimated that there are half a million men out of work in the city of New York. The number of unemployed is proportionately great in other large cities. Don't rush off to California with the idea that things are better there for they are not. If you don't believe me, note this: "San Diego, Cal. This city has barred the unemployed today. A camp has been established outside Sorrento to which men seeking employment are conducted. Most of the unemployed are from the East, brought here by land and railroad exploiters. The men arrive without means expecting to obtain work. There is no work, and they are driven from one town to another. Fifty were driven out of San Diego Saturday night, and took refuge in the camp. The city furnishes coffee and bread, but the men are expected to make the camp only a temporary abode." Remember there are a million immigrants arriving in this country yearly, and most of them land in New York, and if you bring your labor to New York you have to compete with people whose need is desperate, and who are willing to work for almost anything. When I tell you there are more people landing on these shores annually, looking for employment, than there are children born here, you will get some vague idea of what this mighty human influx means. The way labor is herded in San Diego and the men are driven by force of necessity from pillar to post in search of work, shows how hard is the lot of the toiler. When he has the opportunity to sell his labor, he gets little for it, and when he can't sell his labor he must go out and hunt for work, and when he is on the hunt he is dubbed a hobo, and if he doesn't hunt he starves to death! The only way to be happy in the U. S. is to be a millionaire, and if you do get too bold in grabbing people's money and land in jail, you have only got to get a pain in your big toe and you will be let out. The government should take up the whole matter of the unemployed. Land and labor are the only things necessary to create wealth. Every man who wants to work should be given the opportunity to work. Those who wish to get to the land should be put on the land, and should be financially aided until they can aid themselves. This is what is done in New Zealand, and the government has never lost a dollar by aiding and trusting the people. Here we ignore the unemployed, and as naturally as night follows day, hunger follows unemployment, and as no man is going to starve if he can help it, hunger forces men to crime. The unemployed should be given an opportunity to become useful producing citizens. Here in what should be a working man's country we force the unemployed to become criminals or tramps. Oh, I tell you we are a wonderfully smart people—I don't think.

A subscriber writes: "Uncle Charlie's Poems would make a graven image laugh," and so they would. If you have any doubts upon this question, get up a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure for yourself absolutely free of cost a copy of the funniest funny book ever published, one hundred and sixty pages of screaming fun, exquisite bound in lilac silk cloth, yours free for an hour's easy work.

June time is love time, and the best love songs you can find are in Uncle Charlie's song book, which contains twenty-eight of the dreamiest, cunning, greedy and deceitful men did arise and wrest the control of the government of this great land from the masses of the people, and did bind them to the wheels of industrial slavery, coining them into profits, the few waxing rich and powerful, the masses growing daily poorer. Thus it was that the liberties of this people vanished and countless millions groaned under the oppression of malefactors of great wealth. And it came to pass that in the burning days of summer, in the greatest city of this once mighty land, there did arise one man of wealth more arrogant and more unscrupulous than the rest, who did cunningly and treacherously corner all the ice in and adjoining the great city, and did double and treble the price thereof, so that it was beyond the reach of all except the rich. Then did the food of the poor and the milk by which the little babies lived rot and decay, and the children died like flies. Disease and sickness hung like a black veil over the great city, and mothers called for their children, but they were not, for the hand of death had taken them, and the voice of the mourner was heard in every highway and byway, and there was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof. Then did this aforesaid man, greedy for lucre, gain control of many banks, and his methods were such that the sheep like people did revolt, and the government of this once mighty land deaf and indifferent to the wall of its once proud citizens, was forced by public opinion, to send the unscrupulous man of wealth to prison for the crime of helping to wreck one of his banks and bringing ruin and distress to innocent people. And it came to pass after a few brief months of imprisonment that ye malefactor of great wealth did develop ye bad pain in ye big toe, and a slight attack of ye housemaid's knee, and ye head of this once great nation did send sundry wise and learned leeches and doctors to examine ye malefactor of great wealth, and the leeches did report that ye housemaid's knee and ye pain in ye big toe might in a thousand years cause ye patient's death. Then did ye sympathetic ruler of this once great land, break down and weep, and set ye malefactor free, and ye dying malefactor did promptly stand on his head in ecstasies of great joy and hike to Europe to hatch further schemes for again despoiling ye long-suffering people. And it came to pass about this time that the body servant of a man of great wealth, did appropriate sundry small articles of the stick pin variety, and being only a hireling, a wage slave, and one of the down-trodden masses, the foxy and servile lawyers of ye great man, with the aid of a judge, kind and obliging, did hike the hireling of ye great man to a dungeon cell for thirty long, terrible years. And the governor of ye great state (grown rich by manufacture of wall paper by ye wage slaves), refused when the hireling had been imprisoned for four years and ye people clamored for his release, to pardon and free him. And thus in this once mighty land did a once great people, have it brought home to them with stinging force, that there is one law for ye rich and another for ye poor, that it is an honorable and profitable pastime, to steal a stick pin from a wealthy man, and you rot in a dungeon cell for thirty years. There, my dears is the amazing story, and if you are not amazed you ought to be. You will all say with a feeling of intense satisfaction: "Such things could never happen in the United States." What you should have said, and then you would have been near the truth is this: "Such things could never happen anywhere else but in the United States." And to the eternal shame and disgrace of this nation, the incidents I have related above have happened right here and now in this boasted home of the free and land of the brave. In my thanksgiving talk, one of the things I said we had to be thankful for, was that two unscrupulous financiers who had despoiled the people had been sent to prison. The ink was scarcely dry upon the paper when both these men were released. Who is to blame? Not the courts, not the officials, not the wrong doers, but you, the thoughtless, heedless, senseless public. You



COUSIN ELMER W. DAVIS (29), MARATHON, N. Y.

And they are such splendid comrades as well as pets and saddle ponies.

Wishing all lovers of COMFORT good luck, I am,  
Your Chickasaw girl,  
OLETA LITTLEHEART.



COUSIN FRANK S. HART, HAINES ST., PITTSVILLE STATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

loveliest, funniest and best songs ever written, complete music for voice and piano. Get up a club of two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and this superb song folio, worth five dollars, is yours free of cost. A club of six secures both these gorgeous books. Work for them today.

League members who lose their club buttons can secure new ones for five cents. When applying for duplicate buttons give your league number.

Now for the letters:

SULPHUR, OKLAHOMA.  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND PALFACED COUSINS:  
After a long absence here comes your Chickasaw cousin again trailing into your midst with three heap big warwhoops for COMFORT for being all the time a better magazine; three warwhoops for Uncle Charlie, too, for his being all the time such a heap jolly fellow, and a dozen warwhoops for his able, instructive and progressive conduct of COMFORT'S League of Cousins.

In his exposures of governmental graft and the graft tactics common to the selfish, non-progressives of every tribe and nation, Uncle Charlie is superb. Heap super, I think. Don't you, pals, agree?

In arousing, instructing and advising us—in leading us and urging us to progress along the trails of government, and in pointing us to progress, vital to our interests as individuals, along other trails of human thought and effort—the words of our great paleface Chief, Uncle Charlie, are clear and ringing for the right, and for humanity's right to progress along all trails. They remind me of the words of my own great Chief, Douglas H. Johnston, the present ruling Chief of the Proud Chickasaws, when stirred to earnest oratory while instructing and advising his tribe as to our future course and conduct, now that we have become citizens of the United States, and now that our tribal government is passing away. (Our tribal government, and the tribal governments of the other of the Five Civilized Tribes, will probably pass finally away by an act of the present congress.)

We Indians are to the front in this awakening—in this great world-wide forward movement along all trails. In giving up our Indian language and ways and adopting the language and ways of the paleface, we cast forever behind us the prejudices and customs which held us so long a primitive people. In our transition from the civilization of the Red Man to that of the Caucasian, we acquired but few if any of the prejudices of the paleface. We are therefore free to progress. The fakes and false teachings of the selfish, non-progressives in the new civilization which we have adopted—fakes and false teachings designed and calculated to thwart, hinder and retard progress along the trails of human thought and effort—are as abhorrent and repulsive to the cultivated Indian mind as are the fakes and false teachings of our old-time medicine men.

These, too, were grafters, these old-time medicine men of ours. Grafting in the name of religion, medicine and politics, they officiously assumed the right, claiming it as a gift from the great spirit, to physic us with their herb concoctions when we were sick; and the right to thrust upon us, in a ministerial way, their own interpretations of the Great Spirit and his happy hunting grounds when we were sorrowing or dying. Knowing that if our tribe progressed the people would come to disbelieve their teachings and to discredit their medicines, and that they would lose their mystery, power, and Indian ease and luxury, they planted themselves in every trail leading to progress sternly and viciously fought against every step forward. They thrust keen and cutting ridicule upon all opposing individuals and forces, threatening them with dire calamities in this world and with tortures in the next.

This bogey of ridicule, of threatened disaster, panic and tortures, is as old as the tribes of men, and is not common to anyone race. In olden times it was the chief source of the power employed by ambitious grafters in religion and politics to acquire authority and to maintain their power and rule over the people. And even yet, in this day of boasted high civilization, this same old bogey is as potent as ever. It is just as barbarously in efforts to keep the masses down and credulous, and the subjected to the teachings and will of those who would rule them and extract high tribute from them. Though this barbarous old bogey is still being used in the same old barbarous manner, it is losing much of its magic. A sound business planter, this same old bogey is as potent as ever. It is just as barbarously in efforts to keep the masses down and credulous, and the subjected to the teachings and will of those who would rule them and extract high tribute from them. 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# In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

By Charles Garvice

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into the valley of the river. He picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the stable, where she cares for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed to a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuress, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds him he would help her. He cannot understand what he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Striple meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unusually white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him, and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerlessness to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlish.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was only such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes unloosed. Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied. Entering Porlish Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household. Mr. Trunton, the Newsworthy lawyer calls; that evening she tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Mark. Reaching a small farmhouse she meets Mr. Hodges, a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shuffley who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising flees to the farthest part of the island.

Elliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Striple he offers Elliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Elliot, hearing the word Australia looks up. Striple catches the steady look and inquires if he was connected with a place called Wally Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into confidence Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wally Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Striple realizes that Sir Joseph has the Wally Hollow estate in his grip, that it is worth £100,000 and belongs to Elliot Graham. Elliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall inquires for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora, who leaves the day before with her friends, and her special friend—it's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall requests he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away calls on business. He wants a place to place a valuable estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Elliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey the island. Cyril who puzzles him. Mrs. Ryall returns to find her husband ill. Sir Joseph calls, offering assistance. Mrs. Ryall signs the deed. Giving it to Sir Joseph she claims that Nora signed it and has gone abroad to be married. Elliot risks his life to secure rare eggs and Nora discovers how much she loves him and she sets sail with Captain Marks. The "Happy Lucy" is run down by a larger vessel. Nora is picked up, landing in London. Before leaving the ship she writes to Elliot and Miss Deborah. Elliot grieves when he hears that Cyril has gone without any message for him and finishing his work leaves the island and learns of the wreck of the "Happy Lucy." Going to Moorcraft to see Miss Deborah Ralton he is amazed to see the picture of his father. Returning to London he meets Mr. Wedderburn, an old neighbor and friend who invites him to a reception, telling him Sir Joseph is one of the richest men in the city.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY FERRAND stood just within the handsome room to receive her guests. She carried a bouquet almost as large as herself, and looked half-dead, as she shook hands, smiled mechanically, and murmured the parrot-like formula:

"So glad to see you! So good of you to come!"

Elliot saw Sir Joseph standing in a corner of the room, the center of a group of men with "City" written large all over them. He was engaged in wondering how soon he could get away from the place, when he happened to tread on the skirt of a lady's dress. He turned to apologize and saw that the lady was Miss Florence Bartley. She raised her eyes, held her breath for a moment, and said:

"Mr. Graham!"

"You are surprised to see me here," he said, smiling. "I am about as surprised myself."

"Yes, I am," she admitted. "Tell me—take me out of the crowd and there is a little room over there."

She put her hand lightly on his arm, and he led her into the ante-room.

He told her about his meeting with Wedderburn, and the reason of his coming to the reception. "You must come and see me," she said. "I am staying with my father in Jermyn street. Oh, there he is!"

She beckoned him with her fan, and introduced him. He was an elderly young man, with a bald head, and prominent eyes. "I am trying to persuade Mr. Graham to come in to tea tomorrow afternoon," she said.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Terence. "Unfortunately I shall be away, but you must come and dine with us, Mr. Graham. Come, come, we can't take a refusal," he added gushingly, for he was quick to read the signs on his daughter's countenance.

"My father's an awfully busy man," explained Florence, after he had moved away. "They say that he's Sir Joseph's right hand. By the way, have you spoken to Sir Joseph yet?"

"No," said Elliot. "I see that my friend is making his way to him."

"Let us see if we can succeed in doing so too," said Florence.

Sir Joseph was welcoming Mr. Wedderburn when they got over. "This is the friend I brought with me," Wedderburn said, "Mr. Graham."

Sir Joseph's eye fell on Elliot, he turned white, and his eyes opened widely. Florence watched him keenly. He recovered himself in an instant, and held out his hand.

"Ah, Elliot! You here! This is quite a surprise—a pleasant one, of course!" As he spoke he looked at Elliot with a covert scrutiny. "You must let us see a great deal of you. Drop in whenever you like—you'll always find a knife and fork."

Elliot thanked him and turned away, unconsciously obeying a slight pressure of Florence's hand. Wedderburn looked after him admiringly. "Splendid young fellow that, isn't he? Fine man his father!" He sighed. "That trouble killed him. I suppose things have turned out all right again?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Sir Joseph, "at any rate they are on the mend. Elliot's all right; I'm looking after him. By the way, I don't think I'd mention the matter to him; he's rather sensitive about it."

"Certainly not," assented Wedderburn. "I shan't speak to him about it."

As they moved about the crowded rooms, Florence laid herself out, as only a clever girl can, to amuse and interest Elliot; and she succeeded so well that Elliot promised quite readily to go round to Jermyn street to tea.

He found her alone next afternoon, her father had had to go out, she said. The whole room had an air of genteel shabbiness, but Elliot did not notice that, and he again felt the irresistible charm of Florence's manner. He stayed some time, and, as he held her hand—or she held his—he promised to meet her at a dance the following night.

Next morning he received Nora's letter with a joy and relief beyond description. It raised the heavy burden from his heart—but where to find him, that was the question.

After the dance the following night he found himself engaged to go for a drive with Florence next day.

They went into the park and did the usual round. Again he found himself enchanted with her conversation, and was genuinely sorry when the victoria turned out of the park into one of the big thoroughfares.

The road was crowded, and the carriage had to pull up. As it did so an old lady and a boy came out of a shop opposite. Nora looked up and saw Elliot. For a second she had no eyes for anyone but him; then she saw the beautifully dressed lady at his side. Her face grew crimson, she caught her breath, and quickly stepped back amongst the crowd.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Jealousy smote Nora as with a dagger. "Let us go home," she said to Miss Deborah. Miss Deborah thought the girl was ill, and when they got back to the hotel, fussed about her in a nervous fashion. Nora assured her that she would be all right after she had rested a little while.

But Nora could not rest, for she was racked by jealousy. She had recognized Florence, and, hating her before, she hated her now with a greater hatred. She would wear her boy's clothes no longer; the claims of her womanhood called aloud to her and insisted on a hearing. She tried to think of some way in which it could be done, and at last an idea began to take shape in her mind.

Miss Deborah came in and suggested having a doctor, but Nora would not hear of this. "I should be all right if I could get out of London for a little while," she said.

"Of course," said Miss Deborah, "you must go to Moorcroft. I wish I could come too, but I can't leave London just now."

"I don't like leaving you alone," said Nora, with genuine reluctance. "Suppose I send someone, would you let them take my place?"

"You silly boy! You seem to think that I'm a baby or a lunatic!"

"But if I send someone, you will let them stay," begged Nora. "I'll come back as soon as I am well enough. If you will agree to that, Miss Deborah, I'll go; if you won't, I'll stay."

"There, there! have it your own way," said Miss Deborah, absently.

So Nora bade Miss Deborah an affectionate farewell, and left the hotel.

Her heart was beating fast as she reached the street, for she was aware that she was playing a difficult and dangerous game. She took a cab and had herself driven to one of the large draper's establishments in Oxford street, but the great display daunted her, and she drove to a smaller street, and a less pretentious shop. Here she purchased a complete outfit for a girl—she mumbled something about making a present to a sister who was going abroad, to make her purchase seem less strange to the shopwoman. She had them packed up and put into a cab.

With a sigh of relief she drove back to the hotel. Fortunately for her purpose it was evening, and there was no one in the hall excepting a page boy. She got her parcels conveyed to her room, and locked the door. Then came the pleasant part of her adventure. The very touch and feel of the things were an exquisite delight; the color came and went as she put on one article after another. When she had put on her hat and coat, she went to the glass—and started back with a commingling of emotions.

It was so long since she had seen herself in her proper raiment that she was struck by a sense of unreality; but presently she began to glow with satisfaction. Nora was the least vain of girls, but she would have been worse than an idiot if she had been unaware of the fact that the face that looked out at her from under the becoming hat was beautiful.

Presently she regarded her face fixedly; would Miss Deborah recognize her? She ventured to think not, for the change of attire, and different arrangement of the hair, had metamorphosed her completely.

She walked about, for the pleasure of feeling her skirts, and discovered that she was taking long steps and carrying herself like a boy. She spent the rest of the evening endeavoring to get back to woman's gait, and the hundred and one indescribable little movements which mark her sex.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Nora got up early in the morning, hid her boy's clothes in the bag, and stole unseen out of the hotel. She had breakfast, and a walk, and then came back.

She knocked thrice at Miss Deborah's door, then heard "Come in." Miss Deborah looked up from her book at the tastefully dressed young lady, with evident astonishment.

"Miss Deborah—Miss Ralton?" asked Nora. "Yes; I am Miss Ralton. Who are you? I seem to know you—and yet, I can't remember."

"I'm Miss Merton," said Nora. "Ada Merton—Cyril's cousin. He sent me to you. I am to take his place while he is away—if you will let me?"

Miss Deborah leaned back and still stared. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed at last, indignantly. "The impudence of that boy! To think of his audacity in sending me a girl! And he knows I don't like them, that I never have anything to do with the hussies."

"I'm not a hussy, I assure you," said Nora, with a smile.

"Yes, you are—all girls are hussies! You'd better go back to where you came from. I've no use for girls—can't bear them!"

"I should be afraid to go back," said Nora. "Cyril would be very angry with me. You will find that I shall be very useful—please let me stay with you!"

"I'm sure I don't know what the world is coming to," she remarked, peevishly. "I wish that boy were here. I'd teach him to play his monkey tricks on me!"

"He did it for the best," said Nora gently. "He is very fond of you Miss Deborah; and I am not surprised, for you have been very, very good to him."

"Oh, well, now you are here, I suppose you had better stay for the day at any rate," said Nora. "You knew that the battle was won. Thank you very much! Cyril will be so pleased."

Nora was amazed and delighted at the success of her plot. But even this did not make her forget Elliot and Florence Bartley. It was well that the old lady demanded a good deal of attention, and left her little time for thought.

Next morning Nora took Miss Deborah's wardrobe in hand, and persuaded her to come out to do some shopping—she wished to see her dressed as became a lady of her position. In one of the shops Nora left her poring over a book, and went to the mantle department, secure in the belief that she would find her in the same position, however long she might be detained. Imagine her dismay when she returned and found the chair empty. She was told the lady had left some minutes ago, and Nora hastened out in search of her. She searched, fruitlessly, for an hour, and returned to the shop—here she found the truant, her skirt and cape smeared with mud, and her bonnet well over one eye and ear.

"Oh, how could you, Miss Deborah!" she exclaimed.

"Why did you leave the shop without saying a word?" demanded Miss Deborah. "It's like a girl; my boy Cyril wouldn't have done it."

"I only went to another department. But how did you get into such a mess?" she enquired, anxiously.

"I met with an accident," replied Miss Deborah, serenely. "I was crossing Oxford street when a carriage came along, and I slipped and would have fallen if a policeman had not saved me. There was a lady and gentleman in the carriage—the lady was very much upset. She is coming to inquire after me tomorrow."

After some hunting, she produced the lady's card. Nora carried it to the light, and read:

Lady Ferrand,  
109 Kensington Palace Gardens.

Nora sank on to a chair and stared fixedly above Miss Deborah's head. Here was the long arm of coincidence indeed! The name recalled old days and the past she seemed to have left behind her.

Would Lady Ferrand recognize her? It was not very likely—but Sir Joseph might.

She made Miss Deborah go and lie down; and made up her mind that she would never leave her alone again.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The following afternoon Nora saw the Ferrands' car drive up to the hotel in state; with relief she noted that her ladyship was alone, and presently she was ushered in.

"I am so glad to see you up and about!" she said. "I was afraid I should find you laid up by the shock."

Miss Deborah introduced Nora, and Lady Ferrand looked at her admiringly. After a little conversation, Lady Ferrand left, having impressed upon them both to come and see her.

Two days later Miss Deborah received a card for a fancy dress ball at Kensington Palace Gardens. There was also a note from Lady Ferrand asking Miss Ralton to bring her charming young companion to the dance.

Miss Deborah took them up and pored over them.

"I was once at a masked ball," she said, looking dreamily before her. "We'll go, my dear."

"But—"

"All young hussies like dancing, and I suppose you're no different to the rest—though you're not so bad as some. Yes, we'll go. I should like to see a ballroom again."

The next few days were very busy over the getting of costumes to wear at the ball. Nora decided to go as Night. The dress was somber enough, though somewhat relieved by silver stars and a moon; it gave the impression which, half unconsciously, Nora desired—it hinted at mystery, at concealment, at something impenetrable.

Lady Ferrand recognized and remembered Miss Ralton.

"So good of you to come!" she said. "And I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear," she said to Nora.

So they sailed into the unknown sea of the ballroom. It was Nora's first ball. She had learned to dance at the parties given by the farmers at Byworthy; and almost at her first moment of entrance her feet had unconsciously beaten time to the waltz that was playing, and her color rose and remained in her cheek.

There were not only city people present, but persons of actually good standing and rank. Sir Joseph was playing a big game just at this time. For a while Nora's brain almost whirled with the unaccustomed splendor of the scene, while her senses were stirred by the exquisite music of the best of London's bands. Cavaliers, monks, piers, every possible costume, made a brilliant show. She was lost to herself in watching them.

But suddenly she looked towards the entrance, she saw two male figures bending over Lady Ferrand's hand. One was attired as a jolly monk—Friar Tuck, perhaps—the other in a costume of black satin of that vague period described as the "Middle Ages." As her eye caught the second, she was conscious of a thrill of surprise, of some more subtle emotion. It recalled to her the figure and bearing of Elliot Graham. A few minutes later she saw him pass her in a waltz, with a lady exquisitely dressed as a Watteau shepherdess. There was something about her also that seemed familiar to Nora; and she watched her curiously.

"How hot it is!" she heard her say; and in an instant knew the voice—it was Florence Bartley's. Instinctively Nora leaned forward to catch the tones of her partner, but he did not speak, and they passed on.

As is the rule at masked balls, no introductions were necessary, and presently a gentleman, wearing the costume of a crusader, came up to Nora and asked her for a dance. Nora forgot herself in the delight of the motion, and came to herself with a start when her partner said, "Tremendous, this affair of old Sir Joseph's, isn't it? All London will be talking of it. Got some big coup in hand, of course; you don't find our friend doing this kind of thing for nothing. Well, I'm in with him, as most of the people here are."

The dance over, he took her back to Miss Deborah, who commented on her good dancing. Nora leaned back and fanned herself. She hoped that someone else would come and ask her.

In a corner of the ballroom stood the Friar Tuck and the young man in black satin.

"Fine sight, isn't it?" said Friar Tuck, who was Wedderburn. "Why don't you dance again? Waiting for the fair Florence? Well, you couldn't have a better or more beautiful partner. By the way, have you noticed that girl with the silver stars on her black dress, and the filmy domino? I've an idea that she's pretty, though of course you can't see with the confounded masks; but she can dance. I've just been watching her, and by Jove! I wish I could take a turn with her myself. Go and dance with her, my boy."

Elliot made no response for a moment, then he made his way across the room and stood before the "Night."

"Will you give me this dance?" he asked. Nora had seen him approaching her, and her heart had begun to beat unevenly. At the sound of his voice the beat seemed almost to stop; for it was the voice of Elliot Graham.

She felt as if she could not move, could not speak. The moments passed, leaving her absolutely statuesque, apparently as lifeless as if she were deaf and blind. With surprise, with some little confusion, Elliot bowed gravely and was turning away, as if accepting her mute refusal. But as he turned she rose, and her little hand fluttered like a bird on his arm.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Love is a strange, mysterious thing! As Elliot put his arm round the "Lady of the Night," an indescribable thrill ran through him, and he was conscious of a sense of familiarity, as if he had known her before this evening. He looked down at the face near his shoulder; but there is no disguise so complete as a half mask; it not only conceals the upper part of the face, but, so to speak, confuses the lower portion. Notwithstanding this he felt sure that the face was a beautiful one, as plainly as he was aware of the grace of the girl's figure.

She had not spoken a word, and Elliot also was silent as they glided down the ballroom. She wondered whether he could feel the tumultuous beating of her heart as he held her to him; it seemed to her that he must be conscious of the tremor which every now and then shook her. And yet, notwithstanding her dread of discovery, she was full of rapturous joy.

To see him to be near him again, was good; but to have his arm round her, to be dancing with him to the heavenly music, filled her with an indescribable joy. What did it mean, she wondered. Had Sir Joseph acknowledged him, provided for him? And Florence Bartley: was Elliot going to marry her? She caught her breath with a little gasp, and her smooth, gliding step, faltered.

"Sorry! My fault," said Elliot, and as he murmured the conventional words, he too came back from a reverie.

He was ill at ease and almost unhappy. He tried to tell himself that he was having a good time, and he was not insensible of the fact that he had found favor with one of the most beautiful women in London. He could see Florence at the other end of the room, and knew that her eyes were every now and then turned upon him, and always with a smile, as if they had had some understanding between them. Why could he not accept the gifts the gods were holding out to him? Why did his mind hark back to the night when he had held Nora Ryall in his arms? And why on earth, he asked himself impatiently, should he be in this scene of brilliant gaiety think of the boy Cyril?

They had got into a crush, and Elliot stopped and drew aside for a moment, with an apology. "I hope you are not tired, hot?" he asked. Nora replied in the negative, and they went on again. Presently they passed Miss Deborah, who looked up and smiled to Nora.

"Is that your mother?" asked Elliot.

"No," said Nora.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling. "I forgot for the moment that you were masked, and that it is bad form to ask questions. I suppose that is the rule, at least—do you know?"

"No, this is my first ball."

It was the first time she had really spoken audibly, and she knew by the sudden pressure of his hand that her voice had in some way affected him. He looked down at her with a sudden keenness.

"You don't mean to say that! You dance perfectly! I hope you like it, are you enjoying it?"

"Yes," said Nora. "Are you enjoying it?"

He laughed shortly, the laugh she knew so well. "Certainly wasn't a little while ago—this sort of thing is rather out of my line. But I am enjoying it now."

"What is your line?" Nora asked, with the audacity which would never leave her.

Elliot laughed again. "Well, I suppose it's work. I am only waiting in London until I can get some business done."

"Where are you going when it is done?" asked Nora.

He looked at her with a smile for her feminine curiosity.

"Abroad—Australia, perhaps. I suppose you think you have a right to ask me questions because I don't wear a mask. It's a little unfair, isn't it? I ought to have my 'innings.'"

"You ought," admitted Nora. "Well, then, I too, am out of my sphere. My 'line' also is work. I am the companion of the old lady who smiled to me just now."

There was silence for a moment or two, when Elliot said, more gravely than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"I wonder, if I told you my name, whether you would tell me yours? My name is Elliot Graham."

"And my name is—'Night,'" said Nora. And he had waited with a strange anxiety for her reply, and he laughed shortly with a touch of disappointment.

"I can't understand why you shouldn't tell me your name; but of course I can't press it. Will you come and have some wine, an ice—Night?"

"An ice, please."

Elliot got an ice for her, and a glass of champagne for himself. While Nora ate her ice slowly, Elliot leaned against the table and looked down at her thoughtfully. He could not get over the feeling of familiarity which was strong upon him.

Nora toyed with her ice, because she wanted to spin out the precious moments with him. To have him standing near her, was a joy too sweet for words. It was all like a dream, from which she knew she must wake presently, to part from the man she loved with a passion that thrilled and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



# Kidnapped in the Park

## A Thrilling Tale of Mystery

By August Vetterlein

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### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.

A temporary sojourner in the city of M—, I took an early morning walk in the large public park, and while resting on a bench near the drive partly screened by shrubbery I chanced to be the sole witness of a blood-curdling tragedy. It was about sunrise of a June morning and only the birds and squirrels were supposed to be stirring at that early hour, but an elegantly dressed gentleman of dark, unprepossessing features, accompanied by a pretty, golden-haired girl about three years of age, not noticing me, appeared on the other side of the drive. The man became absorbed in reading a paper while the child played near the drive. A large touring car stopped close to the child and a beautiful young woman jumped out and seized the little girl; the man came to the rescue and the woman shot him down, apparently dead, and then escaped with the child in the automobile. I ran shouting after the automobile in the hope of attracting attention and causing her arrest. With an imploring look she motioned to me to desist. I fell and sprained my ankle severely. After bandaging it I limped back to attend to the corpse, but no trace of the murdered man could I find. Had he been spirited away by friends or had he suddenly recovered to get away unaided? No one was in sight. I started to report the affair to the police, but I was so fascinated by the extraordinary beauty of the woman and by the imploring look she had given me that I changed my mind, considering that probably mother love had driven her to commit the desperate crime; if alive the man could make his own complaint, and if dead the person that had removed his body could do it. I was consumed with curiosity to learn the names of the parties and the motive for this kidnapping and murder. I expected the papers would be full of it, but to my amazement none of them ever mentioned it and the public never heard of the crime. For some mysterious reason the victim or his friends had kept the secret from the police and seemed not to wish to prosecute the woman. During the three weeks that I was laid up by my sprained ankle I brooded over the mystery until I was a nervous wreck. Awake and asleep the beautiful face of the murderer was continually before me and I seemed under the spell of her enchantment. As I was about to leave town I hunted up Major D—, an old friend and former army comrade of my deceased father, and called on him. I found the Major a delightful old gentleman making the best of life on a very small income. He seemed to idolize his daughter, who had been his housekeeper since the death of his wife, and he took pride in telling me how previous to her mother's death she had earned good pay as governess in Banker Veltheim's family in the city of B—. She was not at home. As I was about to take my leave I heard a woman's voice in the adjoining room, and the Major exclaimed, "There she is now!" The door opened and I rose to meet the lady, but I nearly fainted for before me stood the lady of the park tragedy, young, blooming, beautiful, with the light of innocence and happiness in her large, clear eyes. I saw that she noticed my agitation and felt that she recognized me as the man who had chased her in the park.

### CHAPTER II.

WITH perfect self control she suppressed all outward signs of emotion and with admirable grace extended her hand in welcome as her father introduced us. I trembled, and I thought she shuddered as our hands came in contact. The next ten minutes were the most embarrassing of my life, and of what I did and said I have no recollection, but no doubt I behaved awkwardly enough. The strain was too much for me, and excusing myself on the plea of meeting an important engagement I left as soon as decency would permit. The Major gave me a cordial invitation to call again at my earliest convenience, and Alice—I did remember her name—modestly expressed her pleasure at making my acquaintance, her regret at having missed the most of my call, and her hope that I would come again.

It was a long distance to my lodgings, but I walked it to allow myself time to recover from the shock and to collect my scattered thoughts. As my senses returned I began to see the absurdity of my hasty assumption that the Major's quiet daughter was the beautiful criminal of the park mystery. To be sure there was a most striking resemblance; the same in age, figure, hair, eyes, and even in expression, so far as I could judge from the brief time and opportunity I had of observing each; however, it was not only highly improbable but it seemed, the more I thought of it, impossible that they could be one and the same person. Such deceptive resemblances are not infrequent, and could I have had more time to study them or had I been under less excitement on both occasions undoubtedly I might have noticed differences, so convinced was I now that they must be, that they surely were different women. Her apparent recognition of me and the slight shudder which I thought I detected as I took her hand must have been the work of my imagination. This dutiful daughter devoting her life to caring for her dotting old father looked and seemed the embodiment of innocence and purity. Indeed it could not be otherwise, as I reasoned and I satisfied myself, such a beauty! If I had been bewitched by the murderer's charm was now broken and with a clear conscience I could make this girl my idol. I had despised myself for the tender sentiment I had entertained for the fascinating criminal, but I was elated at the discovery that I was now even more deeply in love with her innocent double. Then my spirits fell as I remembered what a fool I had made of myself at our first meeting and considered what a poor impression I must have made on her mind. I determined to call again as soon as possible and try my prettiest to find favor in her eyes; to win her was my heart's desire and became my cherished hope.

With burning impatience I waited a day and then Alice opened the door for me, but, strange to say, the instant my gaze fell on her the old doubt arose within me and I was overwhelmed with suspicion, fear, dread that she might be, that she was the woman of the park tragedy. I rebelled at the thought and tried to reason it down, but the impression was irresistible and all my anticipated joy vanished like a frightened bird.

She seemed oblivious alike of my condition of mind and of its cause, and chatted gayly as though her heart were free and her conscience clear as a child's. It would have been an hour of unalloyed bliss could I have believed that her apparent innocence was not all put on, that she was not acting a part, though indeed acting it most superbly. Four times I called and each time I passed through the same extraordinary, unaccountable experience. That I was desperately in love with her I knew, and that she was not unfavorable to my attentions I believed, while her good old father encouraged my suit, and I should have been the happiest man on earth but for the unconquerable doubt that her presence invariably inspired. When away from her I fairly worshipped her and at the same time every dictate of reason and common sense told me and I was convinced that she could not possibly be the woman of the park mystery, and yet each time I beheld her and every minute I was in her presence I was possessed with the same dread, yes, more than dread, an overpowering intuition that she actually was the same woman. There is something about personality that you cannot analyze, cannot explain, it can only be felt, and in my inner consciousness in spite of my reason I felt that hers was the same personality that had exerted such a strange influence over me in the park.

The day after my first call I had written my brother in B— about the Major and his charming daughter and asked if he knew the Veltheim family in which she had served as governess for a year or more? A week later I received his reply saying that he was well acquainted with the Veltheims, but that I was mistaken about the young lady having been governess in that family, as they had no children and had never employed a governess.

I was stunned by this information. Here was deception. Why had this girl lied to her father about her whereabouts and her occupation during her year's absence from home? What dishonorable conduct was she covering? What disgrace was she thus hiding from her parents? Evidently the Major knew nothing of her shameful career, and for his peace of mind I hoped the dear old man might never discover it.

The horrible truth, as I seemed to discover it, the solution of the mystery, flashed through my mind in an instant. Four years ago she had left home and remained away more than a year under false pretense of serving as governess at the Veltheims. The little blonde angel whom she had taken from the black bearded man in the park with the desperate courage of a mother was about three years old. Unquestionably she was the woman; I had always felt it though hoping against hope that I might be mistaken; this explained all; the reason for her act seemed clear and was of such a nature that, so far as I was concerned, it mattered not whether she had killed or only wounded the man. I was done with her now and forever.

So my sense of honor told me, but my poor wounded heart said no—a thousand times no! If this sweet, lovely, modest, refined girl had deceived me there was nothing in life for me, no woman worthy of faith and love.

In agony of mind I passed a sleepless night and the next day I called at the Major's, determined to have a private interview and get the truth from her.

Alice met me at the door, but the sweet smile died on her face as she looked at me.

"Heavens! What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed. "Have you met with an accident?"

"I hardly know how to express myself," I replied, "but I think it is time for me to tell you that I have discovered your secret."

She could not hide the terror that my words produced. She pressed both her hands to her heart and her voice trembled as she asked:

"My secret? Which secret?"

"I know you have never been governess at the Veltheims—do you deny it?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she whispered, "it was a lie. I had to say so, because—"

Without letting her finish I broke in, "I have no right, nor do I care to know your reason, but let me say that I am astonished that you have not recognized in me the fool who followed your automobile in the park one morning and—"

My words had the expected effect. For an instant she covered her face with her hands. Then her arms sank down and I saw in her eyes the same imploring look that had haunted me since the morning of the tragedy in the park. "No, I did not recognize you," she almost sobbed. "But I beg of you with all my heart to keep my secret. Papa would never—never forgive me for what I did."

I felt as though my heart was dead, but I answered coldly enough, perhaps cruelly:

"Fear nothing from me, Miss D—. I will keep your secret for your father's sake. I leave M— tomorrow. I only called to say good by."

I did not wait for her reply, but I shall never forget the depth of sorrow in her beautiful eyes as I turned to close the door.

Sick at heart I traveled for a while in a vain effort to forget my lost love. Then I plunged into a sea of work, but I could not lift the shadow that had blighted my life. I was becoming morbid. I distrusted all mankind and became a woman-hater. I know not to what depths of despondency my condition of mind might have led but for the cheering influence of the little son of my landlady, a bright seven-year-old boy. Crown people tired me, but his childish innocence soothed me. Children, like animals, instinctively recognize their friends and quickly come to love those that love them, and so a bond of friendship sprang up between us and the little fellow, who called me "uncle," became my companion during leisure hours and accompanied me on my many walks. The only times I forgot my trouble was when I tried to be a child again with little Eddie.

On one of our walks my little friend paused in front of a vaudeville theater to look at the show bills.

"How I would like to see that show!" he said. "Mamma took me in there once and it was the best show I ever saw."

I could not resist such a plea and so I took him in.

The crowd was uncongenial to me; the clog dancing and the comic songs grated on my nerves; the moving pictures had no interest for me until one that had a familiar look was thrown on the screen. It was the bend in the road in the city park in M— where I had witnessed the tragedy. To my astonishment the black-bearded man and little girl appeared on the scene and I seemed to know just what was going to happen. Sure enough, he seated himself on the bench and began to read his paper while the child played near the drive. Then came the big touring car and in it the beautiful young woman, my lost love, Alice; the car stopped, she jumped out and picked up the little girl; the man interfered, she presented a pistol to his breast, a puff of smoke and the murder was reproduced on the canvas as I had seen it enacted in real life in the park.

Up to this point the audience followed the tragedy with breathless interest. But as the woman made her escape with the child a frantic man broke through the bushes into the road and ran jesticulating wildly after the car. His ridiculous antics brought a roar of laughter and round of applause from the spectators, and none laughed more heartily than I.

"Uncle, that funny man chasing after the automobile looked like you," remarked my little friend. I took his brown curly head between my hands and kissed him, and told him it was time for us to go home as I must catch the night train for M—.

I got a berth on the sleeper and although I rested, sleep came not to my eyes, and the train that was speeding me back to my love, my lost love, seemed to drag on at a snail's pace. "My lost love," I thought, "had I indeed lost her forever? Could I hope to win her again?"

I expected a cool reception by the Major because of my abrupt and unceremonious departure, but would Alice condescend to see or speak to me?

The train arrived early in the morning, and such was my anxiety to know my fate that I hastened to the house before breakfast.

The maid who opened the door said that the Major had not risen but the young lady would see me. Then Alice came in, confused and blushing, but joy in her eyes that meant hope for me.

Such was my excitement that I could wait for no formalities, and as I grasped her proffered hand I exclaimed:

"Why, Alice—why didn't you tell me that the tragedy in the park was only moving picture acting?"

"Why! Didn't you know that? Did you suppose it was a real crime you had witnessed? Didn't you tell me you knew my secret?"



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I could not find words to express my shame and humiliation, and I made no effort to excuse my stupid blunder and still more foolish conduct to the girl I had loved and now almost worshipped. Instead of expressing any resentment the dear creature sweetly smiled her forgiveness as she replied:

"If you took that play for reality, what a wretch I must have been in your eyes!"

As she started to explain I protested that

I was satisfied, that it mattered not how she came to be acting the part and that I was unworthy to be told the details of her personal affairs; but she insisted that, as I had been deceived by appearances, I should know all now. "You will remember," she began, "that when you declared you had discovered my secret, I asked you which one. By your reply I understood that you knew both, for I had two secrets."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will the COMFORT sisters step aside, and make room for a girl from the Empire state? The COMFORT is certainly a grand paper, and people who do not take it are missing a whole lot.

I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday school, and president of the Epworth League. Our motto is "Look up, lift up."

Many crops of onions, celery, cabbage and beets are grown here; also peach orchards.

I was eighteen the 28th of April; am five feet five inches high, have brown hair and eyes, and weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds.

I am the baby and the only one at home to comfort father and mother, but at times it is rather lonesome for me, would love to hear from the sisters.

Do any of the sisters know of a cure for biting finger nails?

Will close, wishing old COMFORT all success, especially in the noble work for the shut-ins.

Your sister,

Miss Amy F. Brown, Florida, Box 207, N. Y.

Amy. As you are eighteen years old of course you do not bite your nails, but are asking for someone else.

The cause is usually nervousness, and most prevalent among small children, and to overcome is a hard battle for both child and mother. Each case must be handled differently, depending on temperament. Never punish.

I knew one little girl of seven years who was cured in this way: Her mother would daily take this little maid on her knee and tell her what an unclean thing she was doing. When the little hands were soiled the mother improved the opportunity to show her what went into her stomach if she kept her nails in her mouth; possibly carrying disease. It was simply an appeal to the child's pride, and months of persistence on the mother's part.

However, the next child will forget all this, although impressed at the time. Quinine is harmless, and if rubbed on the fingers its extreme bitterness will act as a reminder. Sometimes this works together with the appeal for cleanliness.

It must ever be remembered that after the habit is established that these little fingers are sore and uncomfortable; hence a constant desire to relieve the itching which the saliva of the mouth does. So it is all important to keep the hands absolutely clean, the first step in the healing process. Each night, and oftener is better, apply just a little warm turpentine, or boiled water to which a little glycerine has been added.

Self-control is the real secret of overcoming nail biting, and this attention to the hands is of great aid to the child.—Ed.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Knowing that you will appreciate any news in regard to my little girl who was stricken with that dread disease, infantile paralysis two years ago. During our short stay at Moclips by the sea, a beautiful summer resort in the state of Washington, Melissa used to enjoy watching the Indians ride on the surf. It was a beautiful sight, those richly ornamented boats, their gay colors flashing in the sunshine as they glided over the waves like phantom ships. I can shut my eyes and see my strange little girl laughing and shouting for joy during those fearful storms, the rushing waves tumbling and roaring over the beach. What a change has come over our lives! It seems an awful sad thing when one so young, only eleven years old, to go through life a helpless cripple. Melissa is in Mammoth hospital of this city. The operation was not a success. Every week letters come from COMFORT friends who live in the country, bringing some of the sweet simplicity of country life and cheer, something like a breath from heaven. The sound of my little girl's voice, the tears, the waving of her handkerchief as I leave her at the hospital are the things that try my soul. I have a chance to be respectable, reflection that comes to me in my solitude. The love of human companionship can never be so dead in the human heart that the voice of kindness may not call it back to life again. As a rule, there is no duty we so much neglect as that of bringing joy to others. All human beings hope for salvation, but the way to that end is approached by many paths, and all are free to select which they like. What is more cheerful than children at play? When families move to a strange city, the children hustle around and become acquainted, but the mothers wait until people call on them. Fallen women might often be reformed in the great world if Christian women would do as the little children do, give them a chance to be respectable. I often think when civilization goods all classes to live beyond their income is the cause of many a poor girl falling by the wayside. When one has reached a certain age time seems to go very fast. 'Tis then we understand the meaning of such terms as "the uncertainty of life."

Friends let me again thank you for your kindness to my little girl. I have four children; two grown up daughters, one is married, the second one is a stenographer who does what she can to help us exist. Elliot, our thirteen-year-old boy is very fond of books and attends school. My husband is nearly sixty and his hearing is defective and also his eyesight is poor.

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from life's stormy blast,  
And our eternal home."

Mrs. M. E. Oades, 688 Clinton St., Portland, Oregon.

### DEAR SISTERS:

I see no many inquiries about California, I thought I would tell you something of our dear beloved valley. We are located away down on the very line, our post-office is a border town on the line between N. S. and Mexico. Such a lovely village of about twelve hundred inhabitants. This you know is the largest irrigated section in the world. Ten years ago this was nothing but a desert, a vast, open, flat, arid plain. Most of the valley lies below sea level, some of it on the north is as much as two hundred and sixty-two feet below. We seldom have any rain. Just last week we had the first shower for two years. We do not like to have rain, as it makes the roads so bad.

While I have never traveled a great deal, my husband has been almost all over the American continent, and says this is the best climate he has ever lived in. We never have any snow, but can see it on the mountains around us. It is always dry and warm. We have flowers and vegetables the year round. I now have in my garden, cabbage, onions, beans, lettuce, cauliflower, turnips, radishes, rhubarb, strawberries and just big, big, big watermelons. North where I was reared are suffering from the cold, while I sit out on our veranda and sew, and the children play barefoot in the sand and pick lovely flowers.

And I must tell you of our "biddies." This is the best place in the world for poultry of all kinds. Just this morning I saw off a pair of very lovely chickens. I have almost a hundred young ones now. We have such a nice pasture of alfalfa for them to run in and get bugs and all the green feed they want the year round. From our door we can see acres and acres of beautiful alfalfa all in bloom now. Such a beautiful sea of waving purple.

This is also a great dairy country. We ship carloads of butter and honey and early vegetables from the valley. I see our asparagus is selling in New York for one dollar per bunch, while we get only twenty-five cents for it here, but even at that we make as much as three and four hundred dollars per acre. But must pay the help and all other expense out of that which leaves a neat little balance. When all our oranges, grapes, apricots, berries, vegetables, dates and everything we raise come in the market a month or six weeks ahead of any other fruit and vegetables we get good prices. Our winter broilers and fryers bring from twenty to twenty-eight cents per pound in local markets, and everything grows fast here. We stuck out cottonwood twigs not larger than your finger two years ago and now they are four or five inches through and such delightful shade. They are about twenty feet high.

How I do wish all the sisters could have as nice a climate to live in. I know they cannot all live here but there is room for many more as this is a new country and mostly large farms of one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty acres. They are beginning to cut them up into smaller tracts and we have several near neighbors now. In the last year people came from cities as far north as Seattle, Oakland and Los Angeles and many from Eastern states. This is the only country to avoid lung trouble, asthma and such like.

With love and best wishes for all, I remain,  
Your loving sister and friend,

Mrs. J. M. McCoy, Calexico, Cal.

### MRS. WILKINSON AND DEAR SISTERS:

I have often thought I would join your happy circle and enjoy your columns and read much good from them. And Uncle Charlie. God bless him and keep him from pain; and may he look about him for an Eliza to cast his mantle upon.

We hear so much talk of high class literature and one dollar journals, while there is much that is commendable, yet they have never done one tenth the good COMFORT has. It is worth one dollar but at that price some would be debarred, and as it is, it reaches so many.

I wish to say I think we should be Christians and members of church for as a band we can do more good.

How long would our good sisters who believe one can have Christian out of the church, live in their state if there were no churches in it? They answer at once, not at all, yet if we all were like them, there would be no churches, for I infer they do not think it necessary to attend if not members.

One may live a Christian out of the church (though I doubt it), neither have I ever seen one that did. We should pray often, study our Bibles daily and attend all services of church regardless of weather, even this is not all of a Christian life.

If anyone wants a good spring tonic here is one "tried and true," sarsaparilla, burdock, dandelion, hops, wild cherry tree bark in equal parts boiled down and put in enough pure alcohol to keep.

May the COMFORT live long and happy to continue its good work!

Mrs. CHARLOTTE DAY, 42 York Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. Day. In defense of our good sisters and my reply in the January COMFORT to Mrs. Smithburger's question whether "one can be really a true Christian without belonging to a church," will still contend that early training and opportunity so govern most lives that we must judge broadly if at all.

I and every sister will agree with you that this United States would be unlivable without churches and Divine worship.

Now let us define the word "Christian." The church teaches us that a Christian is one who has been baptized and confirmed into the faith; that is, Christian is a name given to a member of the church. To use a simile, a man belonging to the order of Masonry is called a Mason.

Again it is common teaching that only those living Christlike lives merit the name of Christian, and here is where I base my defense of the multitude who are living exemplary lives out of the church. Occasionally we read a letter from some dear sister whose fortunes have taken her to parts where there is no church, and on a Sunday, in the home, she gathers her little family about her in holy worship. What say we of her sisters?

I wish with all my heart that everyone could be an active member of a church, for you need the church and the church needs the strength you could give it.

As I sit writing the word is brought to me of the arrival in New York of the Carpathia, a ship of gloom, bearing the survivors of the ill-starred liner Titanic, which sank off the Grand Banks of New Foundland on the morning of April 15th, carrying to a watery grave 1601 souls; 750 were rescued by the Carpathia after drifting on rafts and in lifeboats for hours.

On Sunday a little before midnight the Titanic struck a giant iceberg which ripped open her side, causing her to list and two hours later to sink.

Toward the end the ship's string band gathered in the saloon and played, "Nearer my God to Thee," as the ship went down, telling us that in those hours of untold anguish they turned to their Creator.—Ed.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit another letter to the "Sisters' Corner"? I've been in thirteen years and have been in the city home, or that institution that Uncle Charlie hasn't any love for, for ten years. But enough of my afflictions. I want to talk of something more cheerful.

I can sympathize with the sisters who said sometime ago that she had had no opportunity to get an education, but had always craved for education and knowledge. I forget her name. I had no opportunity but have greatly desired knowledge, especially of history though know little about it. I read everything I can get on that subject, both religious and secular. I think the life of the great missionaries must be very interesting. I always wanted Livingstone's life in Africa. I don't condemn it as bad, though no doubt some is, while some is interesting and instructive. I like what little I've read of Tolstoy. Never read any of his books.

Sisters I don't want anyone to understand me to be asking for those books. That would be a great deal indeed. I don't want you to think you might know my taste in literature.

I also enjoy doing crazy work; that and reading is all I can do, my few correspondents are also great company and comfort. I enjoy the sisters' letters and Uncle Charlie and the cousins, and I am reading the John Paul Jones' articles.

Sisters I am going to ask a favor, and that is if some who have magazines, the kind that contain special articles, as I don't care for fiction, will pass them along to me when you have finished them. I also would like one of those big Sunday papers. I would thank you with all my heart. Reading sent me will be passed to all the inmates, white and colored, about two hundred of us.

We are six miles from the city and have very few visitors and it is a very, very lonesome life we lead. I am, and many others are still interested in the outside world, so please remember us with any reading you can spare.

I would be glad to get letters from the sisters and will try to answer all who include a stamp, though I would gladly answer without a stamp being included if I could.

With best wishes to all, I remain your shut-in sister,

Mrs. KATE HARRIS, Norfolk, Care City Dispensary, Va.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just finished reading the March number of COMFORT and like all the sisters think COMFORT is a grand old paper and I shall never be without it if I can help myself.

As you sisters have sent in so many valuable remedies and recipes, I will try to help a little by sending a tried and true remedy for a bad cold or pneumonia, and if you will use it there is no doubt suffering. Take a half pint of milk and put it on the stove to melt. When melted take from the stove and while hot add a quart of turpentine, then take a wooden blanket and wet it in the lard and turpentine while warm, and wrap around the body from the waist to the head and keep the patient warm. Don't be afraid to cover arms and throat for this helps all healthy glow spreads from the stomach over the entire body. If the patient is in a wooden blanket, use any cloth but be sure it is big enough to cover the body from waist up.

In case of common cold just place a small pack of the above on the chest and it will cure it.

Dear sisters, no doubt there are some in our big COMFORT family that have a husband, father or brother or someone very dear to the who have that awful drink habit, and themselves would like to be cured of it, if they only could be. And for this reason I am sending you a cure for the drink habit, which I cannot say whether it is a sure cure or not, but I advise that you try it as it is perfectly harmless.

Take two pounds of bayberry bark, one pound of ginger root, and two ounces each of cloves and cayenne pepper, pulverize all, mix well and it is ready. When it is to be served, put one third of a teaspoon of this powder and a teaspoon of sugar into a teacup, fill the cup half full of boiling water, and let it stand until the strength has been drawn from the powder, which only required a few minutes, now fill the cup with hot milk (not boiled) and serve hot. A warm healthy glow spreads from the stomach over the entire system, accompanied by a desire for food instead of liquor. This can be taken several times a day. And will probably be called for as often as that at first. But the dose should be gradually lessened as the patient becomes stronger and the craving for drink less intense. There is no doubt that anyone who really wants to break the habit of the drink can do so by means of this tea. This remedy was advised by an old doctor and was sent to a paper by a woman who did not give her name. So I take the pleasure in passing it on. Please try it and let us know if it cures.

Now sisters I am going to ask a favor of you and then I will move on and let someone else take my place. I want you to please send me a few scraps of your dresses, as I want a COMFORT quilt. Be sure and

put your name in with the scraps so I will know who sent them. Would also like to hear from the sisters.

An old subscriber and sister,  
Mrs. FLOY KINCAID, Long Creek, Grant Co., Oregon.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of your dear paper since a mere child and I do enjoy reading the sisters' letters about different parts of the country and think perhaps some others may enjoy hearing about this country.

I am a farmer's wife. We live on a farm of six hundred and forty acres, or rather four hundred and eighty acres is a homestead. We came here three years ago from South Dakota. We live six miles from Dalton, Cheyenne County, in the southwest corner of the state. Many people imagine all of western Nebraska is sand hills, but this is a mistake. This part of the country has good soil and very productive. We raise potatoes, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and some alfalfa is being raised the last few seasons. We also raise all kinds of garden truck. Watermelons are common that weigh thirty pounds. I have raised musk melons that would not go inside a fourteen quart pail. We can be very proud too of the water which is just as soft as rain-water. The wells are all drilled and usually average from one hundred and sixty to four hundred feet deep. Everyone has a windmill.

It is also a very healthy climate. I know several who are living here that came to get relief from asthma. Even our doctor moved here for that reason, his wife having asthma. One of our neighbors moved here from Ohio this spring to find relief from asthma. I have never heard of a contagious disease since we have lived here except whooping cough and measles. A few years ago there was a case of scarlet fever, but it was very light.

Some of this country is nice and level, and in other parts it is rolling. All those living where it is rolling have a section. When we came here we got our four hundred and eighty acres as a homestead, but there are no more homesteads left now. The level land sells from thirty to forty-five dollars per acre, while the rough or rolling land is much cheaper. But there is not very much of it indeed, and what is only sells by the section.

Our place is quite lonesome as we built in the middle of our section. So you see we are off the road and seldom see any travel. We have a country telephone, but can talk to all the neighbors, also with town. We keep horses, cows, hogs and chickens, also have four turkey hens and a gobbler. This summer I will make my first attempt at raising turkeys, and would appreciate any helpful hints.

I have four little children, six to one year old. I do all my own work including washing and sewing. Also make my husband's shirts. They wear better and I have the pieces to mend with.

Will some sister give a recipe for salting down sweet corn. How many parts corn and what part salt?

With best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Mrs. LOUIS SIEMER, Dalton, Cheyenne Co., Nebr.

### DEAR SISTERS:

It is with a sad and aching heart I enter the band of sisters, yet I know I will receive the comfort my heart longs for. Typhoid fever entered our once happy home taking my first born, just verging from boyhood to manhood, and then another the idol of our home. I know God does all things well, but, oh, how lonely, how sad is my life.

Will some of the sisters who have passed through similar afflictions write me some cheering letters; also send me a few flower seeds in their letters, to help pass the long, lonely, sad days. I will certainly be thankful.

Mrs. MARTHA SEFORD, Ulla, N. C.

### DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

I have for a long time been interested in COMFORT and its work.

We too want to take a little child; would prefer a girl not over four years, but as young as possible. It is like a lot of children. When we read Sister Stenson's letter in March COMFORT, oh, how our hearts did ache for that dear baby, but it was too far away for us.

Would like a post-card shower in June. Will be twenty-three years old the 23rd of June, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds, and was married four years to a Christian.

We think dear old COMFORT the best ever. May God bless Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers is the wish of

Mrs. MABEL WALLACE, Wabanc, R. 3, Ind.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I felt as if I ought to write a few lines to let you all know how heartily I agree with Mrs. Clara Bond of Albany, Ind., about adopting children.

In Dalton, Cheyenne County, we have had and have none of their own should take a little one from some Home. What difference does it make about their parents, for with good home training you can control their future.

I never had any babies of my own, but as I dearly love them, I thought I would take one that needed a mother as bad as need a baby. So I entered an adoption notice in the Children's Home in Trenton and got a dear little baby girl sixteen months old, and such a poor baby; she only weighed fifteen pounds and could not even creep. I have only had her a year but I wish you could see her now she runs everywhere and is just as fat and rosy as she can be and does not look very much like the baby they brought me a year ago.

Now I don't know anything about my baby and I don't care to know, but this I do know that I would not part with her for anything.

Now sisters, those of you that want to adopt children, take one of these little ones and give it a mother's love and never mind about its parents, for there is no reason why one of these little ones should turn out just as good as any other. And if some do, never talk about them; it does not help them or you any, and I know it has been the means of pushing them farther down. It is easy to say what we would do, but we do not know what we would do if we were in another's place.

I do not think enough can be done to help these little ones and the Children's Homes are always full of babies that need a good home and a mother.

I should advise anyone taking a child to take it as young as they could get, for I think the younger they are the more they get attached to you and you to them.

I hope my letter will find its way in print and that it will be the means of some poor baby getting a good home.

Mrs. Lillian E. Stinson. I hope that dear baby will find a good home by the time this is in print.

Best of wishes to all

Mrs. W. E. FERNALD, Vineland, N. J.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Again I come to you after two or three years' silence on my part. This time I am sadly in need of comfort for my poor mother passed away on February 5th, and I am very lonely indeed. Some of you may remember us as we had a letter printed in COMFORT two or three different times and made several pen friends thereby, and poor mother was always grieved that she did not keep up the correspondence. She enjoyed the letters much, but her health was so poor it became an effort for her.

Mrs. Battie E. Abbott, Flushing, Mich. If any of our sisters see this I should be pleased to hear from them as I am all alone when my husband is at work. We have no children. Yesterday I was agreeably surprised to receive a telephone from an old COMFORT friend. She lives at Curtis, three or four hundred miles north of here, but was visiting in the country near by and it seems had not forgotten me, although we had never met personally.

"How wisely God our cup has filled,  
With mingled joy and grief,  
To teach our hearts that mortal things,  
Though bright are only brief."

Yours lovingly,  
Mrs. MABEL ABBOTT FERNALD, Flushing, Genesee Co., Box 156, Mich.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been a reader and dear lover of COMFORT for a long time, and so often thought I would write but feared I could contribute nothing worth printing until having rheumatism. It all sounds so nearly like my own sufferings when the pain in my hips and limbs would extend to the ends of my toes, and become so great I would fall to the floor.

A neighbor told me to take oil of wintergreen which I did with the result that it cured me. These directions must be carefully followed. Take three drops three times a day for two days, and then three times a day and continue until cured.

In buying this oil of wintergreen from your druggist, inform him that it is to use internally, as I believe there are two kinds.

Here is a liniment that is good for rheumatism: Take one half pint of good apple vinegar, one half pint

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Our million-dollar corporation stands back of every machine we sell. Legal, iron-clad Bond of Indemnity insures you against any dissatisfaction. We guarantee to repair free any Domestic that gets out of order in 25 years or to replace it with a new machine. This is positively the strongest and broadest guarantee ever given by any sewing machine concern in the world. We build every part of the Domestic so perfectly that we know it will last a lifetime.

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We want to place the Domestic in your home and make it prove its worth to you. We want you to put it to every conceivable test! We want you to try it for 30 days absolutely FREE. If it is not what you want, or if you are not satisfied, no matter what the price, simply return it to us at our expense. Then if you find that you want to keep it, you may pay the rock-bottom factory price of less than half the cost of other machines and on terms as low as \$1.00 a month. We'll take your old machine in exchange at a liberal allowance.

### Why We Make This Offer

The Domestic was formerly sold throughout the world by our representatives. We are now selling direct to the consumer at the bed-rock factory price, cutting out all agents' and salesmen's profits. You, madam, get the benefit! You deal direct with us—you pay only the actual factory price.

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Dept. 305-A—19W,  
Jackson Bldg.,  
Chicago, Ill. (U.S.A.)

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NOTE:—The above offer is made by the only original Domestic Sewing Machine Co., manufacturers of the old reliable Domestic for 45 years.

of turpentine, four tablespoons of coal oil, a big handful of table salt, two tablespoons of hartshorn and two eggs beaten till they begin to foam. Put it all in a quart bottle and shake four or five times in about twenty-four hours and then it is ready for use. It will also be good for the sister with a numb stiff finger and is good for backache or sprains.

When your chickens have a cold, mix together two tablespoons of vasoline, one teaspoon of turpentine and two drops of carbolic acid. Grease the nose and throat, and give them a piece as large as a pea three times a day.

Well I can't say too much in praise of dear old COMFORT, and I watch for it as one of the family. It is like a "Solid Comfort and Best," for that is what I get out of it when I am so tired and worn out. I just take the baby and COMFORT and I am soon rested.

Well sisters I do so much appreciate your advice about children. I have five living, but on one chilly April night God took our little blossom that was so sweet and bright. How we miss her. My only comfort is in meeting her when called to Heaven.

I want to rear my four boys and one girl properly, and I try to ever be a good example.

It may interest you to know that we live about three hundred yards from the mouth of the wonderful old Mammoth Cave, and can see the hundreds of people

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# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

not only in the home but after they leave that home to enter a man-made world filled with traps and pitfalls for the destruction of youth, purity, virtue, honor and innocence. Thank you Oleta, for putting us all wise to the fact that you have gotten rid of your medicine men. In a few years the white people will get rid of theirs, and when that glorious day comes humanity will emerge from the shadows and God's sunshine will illumine the faces of a nation that is no longer a victim to the avarice, greed, selfishness and inhumanity of the privileged few who have, ever through the ages, by the might of dollars made life a bitter struggle for the many. Oleta, I take this opportunity of paying my respects to Senators Gore and Owen. The latter I regard as one of the greatest men this or any country has ever produced. Well may the Indian race be proud of him. Give my regards to him and tell him I admire and love him, and accept a great deal of love for yourself and your progressive people.

ATWOOD, KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you let a little girl of nine come into your chicken coop for a little chat? I am going to school now and our teacher's name is Bertha Vernon. I have one sister and three brothers. We milk four cows in our school there are only ten scholars and I am in the fourth grade and my sister is in second grade, she is seven years old. We only have half mile to go to school. We didn't raise very much in garden this year. We raised only some cucumbers and some onions, pumpkins, tomatoes. We planted some potatoes but the bugs got them.

With good wishes to you all. I'd like to see this in printed. Your new niece, ROSIE MUEK.

Rosie, if you ever let the k off your name, you would have an interesting name would you not? Your letter is remarkably well written for a little girl of your tender years, but you have left all the punctuation marks out, with quite some alarming results. For instance you say: "We milk four cows in our school," and then add "there are only ten scholars." I never heard of cows being milked in a school. I always thought that cows were milked in a barnyard. If your school is built to accommodate only ten scholars, and you milk four cows in it, you must be all standing in milk ankle deep or swimming in it. I can't imagine what object they can have in milking cows in a schoolhouse, unless they are giving you an agricultural course, which I believe includes dairy farming. I should imagine it must disturb your thoughts terribly when you are making C-A-T spell dog, to have the process of milking four cows going on around you. It has struck me that possibly the ten scholars in your school are delicate, and that the county has ordered you all to be put on a milk diet. Four cows, however, seem too much for ten scholars. You will all be milk sops if you get away with the amount of milk that four cows can produce. You say this year we raised some cucumbers and some "unions." I am wondering what kind of vegetable a union is. Billy the Goat says he thinks maybe you are raising union suits for winter wear, and if so he would be very glad if you would send him one. Unions is quite an ingenious way of spelling onions, and is all right for a little girl of nine. I don't mind when little girls get all balled up in their spelling and punctuation; it is only when high school girls and girls who are old enough to know better, get murdering our language and displaying a lamentable amount of ignorance, that I think it is time to call a halt.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I come to you this fine morning for one word of comfort. It seems to me that my friends have all forsaken me, my heart is almost broken. One year ago I met one of the sweetest boys in all the world. We were to be married Nov. 1911, but his brother came in and parted us. Oh, dear Uncle, it seems so awfully hard to give him up. Life looked so bright to me, but now it is so dark. We have planned our honeymoon and looked forward to a bright and happy life, but I am afraid that's one sweet dream that will never come true. I am twenty-two years old and he twenty-eight. He is now gone away. I haven't heard from him. I prayed God to send him to me again. Uncle Charlie do you think that Christian Science could help me? If you do kindly give me the address. I want you to ask God to send him to me again. Now Dear Uncle I must bring my sad message to a close. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Your Comfort friend,

VIOLET.

Violet, I feel awfully sorry for you. Your heart has been sorely wounded. Your pride has had a rude jolt, and no doubt you have been humiliated in the eyes of your friends. All these experiences are enough to make you feel as sore as a boll, and as raw as a piece of freshly cut porthouse. Though your sufferings have doubtless been intense, please do not regard your condition as hopeless, for it is not. You have been called on to patch up many a broken heart in my time, and have always succeeded in doing the job neatly and efficaciously. I've had about twenty steen love affairs of my own, and what I don't know about bleeding hearts, busted hopes, fractured dreams and elusive honeymoons, isn't worth knowing. Old Father Time is a merciful healer and in about three months you will have that little heart of yours all cemented over with a plaster of hope, joy and happiness, and the cheap skate who "trun you down" will have vanished from your memory or you will recall him with indifference and contempt. As a matter of fact you ought not to be grieving over the loss of this little clown, but instead you should be congratulating yourself on your lucky escape. The man who would allow a brother to come between himself and the girl he loves, is not a man but a mutt, and you are well rid of such a poltroon. If he had told you he had tired of you, that your blonde or brunette beauty had palled on him, and that he now had a violent crush on an inflammable young thing with red hair and green eyes, I could have forgiven him. Of course you girls are all so beautiful and irresistible. It's mighty hard for a fellow to anchor his affections to one. It's like trying to be content with one plate of ice cream when you have capacity for two or three hundred. I've a deal of sympathy for the man who buzzes around in the garden of love, extracting the honey from every beautiful flower that comes in his path, ever finding it impossible to permanently take up his abode in the heart of any particular bloom, owing to the fact that other and more distractingly beautiful buds keep looming up before his enraptured vision, because I've done just that very thing myself, and though some of the flowers hung their heads in a dejected way for a moment or two because of my inability to make a definite and lasting selection, still they all quickly recovered their poise and were ready to welcome any other human bee that happened to buzz along immediately after I had made my disappearance. But I have no patience with these miserable, microscopic human jelly fish, these mischievous invertebrate human shrimps who allow a brother or a sister or some other unimportant relative, to butt into their love affairs and part them from some good girl whose affections they have won. Such microbes in human form ought to have an automobile trip on a rail carbed in a spring suit of tar plentifully sprinkled with feathers. Violet, you had a lucky escape I congratulate you. You don't need any science, Christian or otherwise to save your wounded feelings. All you need is a counter irritant to cut this fellow out of your heart and memory. Bury him amongst the cabbages. He'll make excellent fertilizer, and set your cap for the first real man that comes along, only be sure it's a man this time and not a mannikin and monkey like the other fellow.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl of sixteen, sweet and fine, so says my beau. He is a spiritualist and is very much studded up on this subject.

I am fair and have many freckles. My beau is

two years older than I. He claims he can kiss my freckles off if I'll just give myself up and have faith in him. I like his kisses fairly well, but lack faith. Can you give me advice on such?

What too does a boy mean when he closes a letter with: B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K.? Hoping to see answer in print, I remain,

Yours truly,

Puzzled Girl.

Puzzled Girl I was going to consign your letter to the waste basket, as I never publish anonymous letters and don't care particularly to answer letters when persons hide their identity under a nom-de-plume. Occasionally, however, people address me on subjects of such extreme delicacy that they naturally shun the use of their names, and I am obliged to publish them. Lots of wives with drunken and unfaithful husbands write to me for advice, in fact the whole world when it gets into trouble writes to me to get it out, with sublime faith in my ability to solve the heart-racking problems of worried souls. This is exceedingly complimentary and flattering, but it adds a weight of responsibility to my overburdened shoulders that is hard to bear. I am sorry to hear, Puzzled Girl, that your sweetheart is a spiritualist. It is not wise to indulge in spirits. Gin, whiskey, brandy, rum are poisons, and the man who imbibes them is a dangerous man to have around. Billy the Goat says you don't mean the man who imbibes spirits but the man who sees and communicates with spirits. I am sorry your beau is a spiritualist. I am sorry for people who waste their time trying to poke their inquisitive noses through the veil that hides us from the spirit land. People who engage in this kind of business have too much spare time on their hands for their own good. I am intensely practical. There is so much work to be done in this work-a-day world, so many problems to be solved, so much ignorance, superstition and folly to be fought, so much crime to be combated, so much wrong and prejudice to be overcome, that I have no patience with those who knowing there are so many things in the here and now needing attention are eternally trying to stick their noses through the veil that hides us from futurity. Life is as brief as a summer's day, and when it is all over we shall know all there is to know, without wasting the brief hours of our existence, which ought to be used in adding to the sum total of human happiness and in improving ourselves and the world we live in, without nosing around trying to peep behind the curtain which separates the present from the future life. My motto is: "One world at a time." There are some people if they had a million worlds to go through would never get an atom of good out of any of them. They would be continually trying to poke their noses into the next world, and when they got into the next world they would be trying to poke their noses into the world beyond. It reminds me of a hogish kid I once took to a six course dinner. He had no sooner got his spoon in the soup than he wanted to jab his fork into the fish. He had barely swallowed a mouthful of fish and got three bones lodged in his throat, then he was spearing a chicken croquette. Ere he had got a mouthful of the chicken croquette swallowed he was pushing his face into the roast beef. After he got one swallow of the roast beef, which nearly choked him, his hungry eyes fell on the ice cream, and he had no more use for the roast beef. He shoveled one mouthful of ice cream into his face and pushed it aside, and made a dive for the figs, grapes and oranges. He was momentarily contented with these until a big cut glass bowl full of candy appeared on the scene. This made him forget all about the fruit, and it did look as though he was really going to be contented at last, but after he got his face filled with chocolate creams, he turned as white as a sheet. His little tummy revolted, and we had to put him to bed, and dose him with Castor oil. That was his punishment for trying to hog everything at once, and that will be the punishment of those who are trying to hog a dozen worlds at once, for the people who are trying to nose into another world while in this trying to nose into nose into another one beyond that as soon as they reach the one adjoining without getting any good out of any of them. Now if the hogish boy had eaten and carefully masticated each portion as it came along, he would have enjoyed his dinner and would not have suffered from indigestion. There is a lot of good to be had out of this world, and if God did not mean us to enjoy it He would not have made it so beautiful. People who live this life properly, taking advantage of no one, thanking the Creator for all His mercies, thanking Him for the privilege of existence and for all His goodness, making their life a song of thankfulness, instead of a dirge of mourning, making use of every hour while here for self improvement and world improvement, need have no worries about the future. A life lived that way is one long prayer, it is not a wall at the mourner's bench but a daily psalm of thanksgiving, a fresh gathered rose full of fragrance, placed daily upon the altar of faith and duty. Everyone of those roses will be woven into a garland of immortality by angel hands and placed upon the wearer's brow as he steps from this world to the brighter world beyond. While it is the church's duty to point the way to higher things, it is even more its duty to teach mankind how to live and work in this world. Practical religion for every day needs a religion for seven days a week instead of one is what humanity is looking for. Christianity supplies this need, but the church prattles of nothing but the sweet by and by, utterly ignoring the glorious here and now. It's the here and now that I am chiefly concerned in, for what right have I to expect that I can fill my place in a higher life if I am a miserable and horrible failure in this one? If the world would work more and pray less, put its religion into deeds, be more Samaritan and less Pharisee, this would be a better world for all concerned. Now Miss Puzzled girl, if your beau thinks he can remove your freckles by swallowing them let him go ahead and do it. They say faith will remove mountains, and faith that can remove mountains certainly ought to be able to get away with a bunch of freckles. You had better look out though, for if one of those freckles gets lodged sideways in his throat, and he chokes to death, you will probably get arrested for murder, and your spiritualistic beau will be hammering tables, rapping on the walls, and trying to use the conventionally absurd and preposterous methods of communicating with the living that spooks are usually supposed to resort to. Spiritualists must admit that the denizens of the other world who try to communicate with them must be a sorry crowd, for at the best they are nothing but a bunch of "knockers." If my friends in the other world cannot communicate with me without making nuisances in my furniture, I shall be exceedingly obliged to them if they will remain silent. You ask what a boy means when he closes a letter with the following hieroglyphics: "B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K." I'm not quite sure, my dear, what he does mean, though I have often used these abbreviations in the palpitating days of youth, when writing to the empty steen girls who had cozy corners of various dimensions in my capacious heart. In looking up this love code of yore I find that B. B. D. C. U. Y. S. K. probably means: "Beautiful baby darling, cough up your sweet kisses." Billy the Goat on the other hand is of the opinion that these letters properly interpreted mean: "Boston beans daily chewed upset your system completely." I hope, my dear little Puzzled Girl as the result of my lengthy letter you are puzzled no longer. By the way if your beau does not succeed in removing your freckles with his kisses, Billy the Goat will remove them without charge.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I was almost sick from laughing when I read your reply to the question, "What makes a hero?" That

was certainly grand. I just love to read your replies to the cousins. I have your book of Poems and Song Book and think them fine. I don't think I could do without COMFORT. I go to English school in winter and to German school in summer. I am in the eighth grade. I expect to graduate next spring. I am going to high school next winter, if I graduate. My father is a minister of the gospel. We live about three miles northeast of Modesto, Papa preaches here and in San Pierre which is seven and one half miles northeast of here. I can do most all kinds of housework, play the piano, and work outside. I like to do outside work. I also like to ride horseback. But papa won't let me ride our horse, as we don't know if she will let anyone ride her. We have one horse, one cow, seven pigs, four cats, and about one hundred chickens. I am four feet eleven inches short, am thirteen years young, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Have gray eyes, dark hair and am dark complected. I would like to correspond with the cousins, will try answer all and cousin, Your loving niece and cousin, EMMA BRENNON. (No. 34,222.)

I am glad you extract some amusement from the replies I make the cousins' letters, Emma. You say you go to English school in winter and German school in summer. What kind of a school do you go to in the fall and spring? I think if I were you I would just stick to an English school all the year round. It's all very well to have German taught in schools for those who have time to acquire a knowledge of a language other than our own, and who think that a knowledge of that language would be useful to them in the business world, but I hardly see what is to be gained by American children spending half the year in a German school, unless they want to be half American and half German, and want to be half American that is a very laudable ambition. I don't believe in Anglo-Americans, German-Americans, Swedish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Chinese-Americans or any other form of hyphenated citizenship. We want Americans, pure and simple, and nothing of the hybrid type. I understand there are certain sections of this country where grown children of foreign born parents can't speak a word of English. They go to schools where the parent's language is taught and read only newspapers printed in a foreign tongue. These people are forming foreign colonies upon our shores. They have no idea of being assimilated. I would give such alien colonies twenty-four hours to assimilate or go home to the lands from whence they came. People who refuse to be digested and transformed into the red corpuscles of American citizenship that re-vivify and strengthen the national life blood, are a menace not a help to our institutions. There is much in our national life that disgusts foreigners, especially those who come from the best governed and most democratic countries of Europe. The way to overcome these national ills, however, is not to stand aloof and criticize, but to butt in and alter and reform. I feel sure all our readers will agree with me in this matter. Emma, it must be awfully nice to have a minister in the house all the time. Think what nice sermons you can listen to without going to church. My father used to be constantly delivering sermons to all of us children, and I often wondered why he did it, for though your father gets paid for preaching, my father didn't, and it was wonderful that Pop was so generous with his sermons as he got no pay for them. Billy the Goat says that he doesn't wonder the old man had to preach if I was in his family. Talk about riding horses, Emma, some years ago I was commissioned by a gentleman by whom I was employed to ride a mule to a town which was about ten miles away. After we had gone about three or four miles, the mule came to a dead stop. I discussed the matter with him, and tried to impress on him the reprehensibility of his conduct but without effect. Then I argued with him for about half an hour, still without effect. Then I called him names in several languages for half an hour, still without effect. Mr. Mule said he was going to stay right where he was and grow up with the country. He said he had been reading a stand-pat republican paper that positively did not believe in being progressive, and having discovered that there were stand-pat human mules, he had decided to be a stand-pat human mule, and had made up his mind to stand pat right where he was and no power on earth could or would budge him. Just about this time a colored gentleman came along with his wagon. Seeing my predicament he said: "Say Boss, I can make that yah mule move." "Well, Rastus," I said, "if you can do that, I'll hand over the contract and engage you to do the moving at once." Rastus got down from his wagon with a can of some kind of liquid, and sprinkled a goodly portion of it on the mule's back. In about three seconds that mule let out a snort you could hear all over the state. He let fly with his hind legs, and then beat it like a lightning flash, his tail sticking out so straight you could have played checkers on it. "Say, Rastus," I said, "what did you put on that mule's back?" "That was carbolic acid, Boss," was Rastus's reply. "Well Rastus," I said, "get busy and put double the quantity on my back that you did on the mule's." "What for, Boss, what for?" said Rastus. "Why you darned chump," I said, "because I've got to catch that mule." There, Emma, you can tell that story in the German school next summer. It ought to sound good in German.

Box 14, OUBAN, S. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my membership card and button and like them fine. We live on a Dakota ranch, six miles from a railroad. For pets we have one cat, two puppy dogs, both as cute as they can be and quite lot of stock. I have four brothers, three of them go to school and one works for Uncle Sam. He is sixteen years old and drawing two dollars and twenty-four cents a day. I received Uncle Charlie's book of poems and think they are just grand, we nearly die laughing at the funny poems.

Well, I guess I had better tell about myself now. I go to school every day. I am fifteen years old, have light brown hair, gray eyes. I can cook and do all kinds of housework; can milk and do some outdoor work. I can play the organ some. I want to correspond with all of the cousins, will answer all cards. I hope Billy the Goat is nowhere to be seen when you receive this letter.

Your Comfort cousin,  
MISS OLIVE GURWELL.

Olive, I have not the least idea what your name really is. You make your e's without a loop, and your r's have no dingbells at the top. The result is your e's and r's look like undotted i's or half of the letter u, while your u's and n's are exactly the same, and your m's look like a u' with an extra loop, your a's too are not joined at the top and also look like u. Your i's are undotted, and yet you write a good, but scandalously careless hand. If you had not put your box number and lived in a city of small size you would have the mortification of seeing your letter in print without receiving the hundreds of letters that are usually sent to those who are fortunate enough to get into print in these columns. You say you live on a "ranch". I trust that ranch is a great improvement on a ranch. By declining to close your a at the top you are compelled to take up your earthly habitation on a ranch, and heaven knows I pity anyone who has to live on a ranch—that would be some punishment all right. You say you have four brothers and that three of them go to school, and one works for Uncle Sam. That reminds me of a man, who said he had four brothers, three dead and one in Philadelphia. That joke would go over the head of an Englishman but I think you will get it. Those who can't get it can send a dollar and an addressed postal card, and I will draw a map, so that they can get wise to it. I am glad to know your brother is working for Uncle Sam. I worked for the old gentleman once myself and found him a nice old guy to work for. He does not pay large salaries, but the dough wagon comes around on time every month, and it keeps coming and no matter whether you are gray-headed

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or bald-headed, Samuel pushes out the dough every four weeks as long as you do your work. Your brother of sixteen who is drawing two dollars and twenty-four cents a day is a lucky boy. Would you very kindly inform me where he is drawing it to? It must need a mighty strong truck to hike away with all that bodie every day, no ordinary vehicle could ever carry all that boundless wealth. I'll bet Pierpont Morgan, Rockefeller and Carnegie won't have a wink of sleep when they get wise to what your brother is lifting out of Uncle Sam's bodie box. I never deemed it possible that there could be so much money floating around loose in this world, and above all things I never dreamed that a boy of sixteen was getting next to it. Now, Olive if you will kindly use your influence with your brother to draw that two dollars and twenty-four cents in my direction I shall be exceedingly obliged. I don't want the odd twenty-four cents, that is more wealth than I could ever get away with. I will let your brother have that, but that two dollars honestly looks mighty good to me, and right down dead in my breast I believe Uncle Sam meant me to have it. About sixty per cent of the men in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, the majority of them with large families, draw fifty cents a day less than your brother is doing, Olive. If Uncle Sam only

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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THIS THIN MODEL 20 WATCH \$3.75  
Elegant hunting case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem and stem set with 12 jewel American made lever movement guaranteed 20 years, with long gold finished chain for ladies, rest of set for men.

\$3.75  
20 Year Guarantee  
DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it C. O. D. for examination. If you are not satisfied, return it for a full refund. The express agent will collect \$1.00 gold finished watch, the express agent will collect \$2.75. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc. AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO. 793 Nehoe Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

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This beautiful Bracelet, our latest style, hand-engraved with your own initials, made with patent catch in two sizes for either child or lady. Is an exact duplicate of \$3.00 Bracelets. All the "rage" at present.

To introduce our "Bullein" Jewelry Novelty. Bracelet sent postpaid for 20c. (coin or stamps.) COLLETT & CO., 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. DEPT. F.



*By Sherman E. Bishop*

th' last Fourth of July I tuk me little Patsy to a picnic where there was iverything in th' way o amusements to plase th' little felloy, includin a display of day-fireworks, a bathen invintion

"Sure," says Mrs. O'Hanerty.

Only too happy to have you join our delightful group, May. You have quite some good things to eat haven't you? Lucky girl. Amongst the things that you have to eat I notice an lemon, figs, grapes and horses and cows. That

"There is no region except the far Northwest where forestry is so simple and the results so sure as in the South. It is entirely practicable to secure from the area which should be permanently in forest from 20 to 30 billion feet

duce it. Walton Supply Co. Dept. 3 St. Louis.

**Fish Bite** Like Hang  
Wolves a  
keep you b

if you use **Magic Fish Lure**. B  
bait known for attracting all ki  
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## Home Dressmaking Hints

### Early Summer Styles

By Geneva Gladding

**C**OLLARS, V necks and edges of revers are very stylishly piped with even black and white stripes, and inside of this another piping of cerise.

Embroidered linen hats, belts, collars and cuffs, parasols, bags, and ties are fashionable, in fact, 'tis the touch of handwork that gives elegance to a costume.

A patch pocket may be worn on the left side of tailored shirt-waists, and on the right side of cotton, linen or wool walking skirts. A great convenience is the pocket fitted to the inside of belt for coins, small kerchief, or any small necessity.

Pretty, plain pearl buckles suitable for embroidered belts may be bought for twenty-five cents.

Clinging, supple silk in plain and two-toned weaves is considered very choice this season and makes a lovely background for lace. It is an excellent material for cool summer days, for traveling or church wear.

Waist lines are two and three inches above normal and decidedly becoming to most figures, giving a youthful round effect. Stitching and pipings finish the top of skirts.

Narrow lace collars are often worn over deeper ones of dress material.

The newest jabots are made of net. They are laid in vertical plaits and with a warm iron pressed into shape. A pretty effect is in two sections, one over the other, the upper one being white over one of black. A flat velvet bow finishes top of jabot.

Black-and-white combinations are very desirable in hats, suits and dresses.

Cotton ball fringe, straight fringe, puffing and quilting are the newest trimmings, and very quaint and pretty.

Black velvet ribbon belts with long ends give a smart finish to muslin and dimity gowns.

### Description of Practical and Up-to-Date Fashions

No. 5691—Ladies' Empire Dress. Another attractive model with the let-in sleeve which is without fullness at top. As the small cut shows it may be made without yoke and worn with guimpe. The skirt is three-piece.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5719—Misses' or Small Women's Dress, closed at left side of back and with four-gored skirt. This very handsome dress can be developed from a variety of materials. Buttons with simulated buttonholes form the trimming with either an edge of coarse lace or silk plaiting around collar and cuffs.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, age 16 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5716—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing at left side back. Worn as a suit or separate skirt, or attached to a waist making a one-piece dress and the opening changed to the front gore. Around lower edge skirt measures three yards.

Cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires two and three quarters yards of 50-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5739—Ladies' Empire Dress. The dress with the high waist line continues a very popular style as it is becoming to most figures. The graceful shawl collar crosses in surplice fashion and is edged with wide braid trimming.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over, and three yards of braid. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5784—Ladies' Dress. This pretty dress for summer materials is a very popular one and very easily made. The armhole is cut large giving great freedom to the wearer, and the sleeve sews in without fullness. The six-gored skirt is finished with a box plait at the back and is sewed to the waist if preferred. The waist and skirt open at the left side-front.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three yards around lower edge and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5794—Ladies' Shirt-waist with or without nursing feature. As a nursing waist this model is found very practical. It may open on one or both sides.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and three eighths yards of 27-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5731—Ladies' Dress. This stylish model can be developed in several ways. Instead of the yoke facing it may be finished square and worn with a washable guimpe, which if made with sleeves, should extend three inches below waist sleeve showing same material as neck. The skirt is the new three-piece style and may be stitched or piped onto waist. A pretty touch of trimming is a piping around the armhole of color used elsewhere on gown.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure,

size 36 requires four and five eighths yards of one of the season's features and very becoming.

The collar and V yoke is made of lace. The skirt is two-piece with tab front.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five yards 44-inch material, five eighths yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-4-27-T—Collar and cuffs of linen or plain gingham, with row of embroidered dots near edge and edged with lace. Patterns with perforation for dots. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12-1-28—Embroidered Yoke for Infants. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5023—Boy's Suit. This becoming little suit is somewhat of a novelty, the blouse being made to slip on over the head and opened at the front like a shirt. The trousers are of the knickerbocker variety. Made of dark blue linen, with a patent leather belt, this suit will look charming on any little boy.

Cut in sizes two, three and four years; age three requires two and five eighths yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5636—Boy's Russian Suit. A practical model of this popular style is here given which can be put together by the most inexperienced. Flannel, galatea, percale, linen or plain dark gingham are suitable materials. The belt may be leather or made of same.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; age four requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5372—Children's Dress. This dainty yet simple little frock can be made with long or short sleeves and with high or low neck. French lawn, mull, organdy or swiss trimmed with embroidered bands would develop this model prettily. A ribbon rosette on each sleeve band and one to left side-front of belt would be attractive.

Cut in sizes two, four, six, eight and 10 years; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5795—Children's Dress closed to left side of front. This simple, easily made dress is very suitable for summer materials. If a short sleeve is preferred the full section may be omitted.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch con-

trasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3545—Boy's Shirt Blouse with yoke facing. Slips on over the head and is fastened by either an elastic or tape.

Cut in 14 sizes; three to 16 years, age nine requires one and three quarters yards 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5638—Children's Dress. Attractively made of plain brown gingham and trimmed with striped. The skirt may be plaited or gathered; the gathers being easier to iron. Body and sleeve are cut in one.

Cut in sizes four to 12 years; age eight requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4238—Girls' Bloomers. Every girl should be fitted out with bloomers to wear underneath the dress. To wear with wool dresses nothing is better than those made of black mercerized cotton of a good quality, while to wear with gingham or other cotton material, they are better made to match. These garments are a great saving of laundry; in fact they have to a great extent taken the place of the white, trimmed and starched drawers and skirts. This model has just the right amount of fullness to hold the dresses out a little.

Cut in sizes two to 10 years; age six requires one and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5706—Girls' Dress. This smart little dress buttons straight down the front and has the new style collar and cuffs. The stand at neck may be omitted.

Cut in sizes six to 12 years; age eight requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5722—Children's French Dress with long or short sleeves. This little design is one of the favorites this season. The skirt may be plaited or gathered.

Cut in sizes two to eight years; age eight requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

### Questions Answered

**MENDING.**—MRS. HUNNIWELL, as voile is so difficult to darn and the long tear is on the underside of plait, I would place a piece of same underneath, machine stitch down each edge and then zigzag across the tear both ways. Catch the edges of patch over-and-over on the wrong side. This is an excellent way to mend long tears or breaks in an inconspicuous place.

**RESTORING COLOR.**—The fruit acid had taken the color from your red voile dress. Possibly by sponging with a strong solution of ammonia and water it may be restored. If you are not successful, follow with an application of chloroform.

**INFANTS' CLOTHES.**—Six day slips, three night slips, three petticoats, four bands, four dozen diapers, two pair of white stockings and two long outing flannel wrappers should be included in baby's first outfit. Put no more cloth than necessary into these garments as it only brings discomfort by twisting about the child. If you have the time, finish necks, sleeves and armholes by hand as the seams are much softer. Avoid hard edges which roughen and make sore the tender flesh.

Long cloth is very soft and makes durable slips.

White cloth petticoats are not necessary, so put all your money into flannel ones. Use silk and wool, or cotton and wool in rather a thin quality, as with the frequent washings it will thicken. Gather these into fairly close fitting bands with shoulder straps.

The bands should be of a little heavier weight of



trasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

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flannel than the skirts, cut about six inches wide by twenty-seven inches long. It is better not to even hem them so to avoid the hard edges. After one or two washings they will not fray. Or the edges can be snapped.

Twenty-seven inches is a good length for baby's slips, the petticoats one or two inches shorter.

One dress with a yoke is sufficient for baby until it is several months old. No. 12-1-28 in this number is a very dainty design and with a bib of narrow lace at neck and wristbands constitutes the trimming. Finish lower edge with a deep feather-stitched hem, or hemstitch. The yoke is done in solid embroidery or in a combination of solid and eyelet work. It is always best to make the center of the tiny flowers an eyelet, even though the petals are worked solid. The embroidery should be done with a single thread of stranded cotton, and if worked in French or solid embroidery, the stitches on both petals and leaves should be laid across from side to side. The stems are best worked in over-and-over stitch on a single padding thread. A fine seam heading should be used in joining the yoke on the shoulders, and also in setting the yoke into the dress. Nainsook, lawn, batiste and handkerchief linen are all suitable materials.

**COAT SET.**—MISS ALICE MURRAY, No. 12-4-27-T would be smart with your serge suit. It is so very simple that it can be made up in a few hours. The only embroidery is the row of padded satin-stitch dots which outlines the edge. These dots may be

## A Roadside Game for the Children

By Emily Rose Burt

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**"W**HEN'LL we get there?" asked Lillian in a tired little voice. "I wish pretty soon," said Paul, wriggling and twisting uncomfortably on the seat.

You see they had started early, oh, very early in the morning from home, in the surrey, to drive to Grandpa's house. They had had their lunch of buns and bread and butter and olives and apples and grapejuice from the Thermos bottle, and they had taken turns sitting on the front seat with papa and holding the ends of the reins. Now it was eleven o'clock and still there were many miles to go and old Billy, the horse, was very slow and Lillian and Paul were so tired of sitting in the carriage. It just seemed as if they could not endure it another minute.

Mamma had seemed to be thinking for some time. Now she spoke. "I know a game to play," she said. "It's great fun—there are sides to it and I think you'll like it."

"Oh, tell about it," shouted Lillian and Paul together.

"Give me time to explain," said mamma. "In the first place, we are divided into sides, and as Paul and I are on the left-hand side of the carriage, we'll be on the same side together in the game. Lillian and papa, as they are both on the right-hand side of the carriage, can be together on the opposing side."

"I see," cried Lillian, "papa and I are partners."

"And mamma and I," said Paul.

"Yes, that's the idea," said mamma. "Now Paul and I will keep watch of the left-hand side of the road, and Lillian and papa, of the right-hand side. Whenever, anyone of us sees, on his or her own side of the road, any animal with four legs, it means four points for that side; anything with two legs, counts two, and a cat in a window counts twenty-five. At the end of the trip we compare and see which side has the larger score. Do you understand?"

"Yes," cried the children eagerly. "Let's begin now."

"I see a cow!" called Lillian.

"Oh, there's a white horse over in the pasture!" shouted Paul.

In a moment they were all breathlessly watching the roadside and fields, while the carriage rolled along. As they passed a farmhouse, some hens scuttled squawking in front of them, and it was some time before anyone knew which side of the road they would choose. Then what a task little Paul had counting up the legs.

In a field on the right, a man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen. "Two and four and four," reckoned Lillian.

Little Paul wanted to count in a scarecrow that stood flapping its arms in a cornfield, but mamma thought that would not be quite fair.

Everyone was so interested and excited that almost before they knew it, they were at the signpost that said, "1/2 mile to South Hackley Center," which was the town where grandpa lived.

"Whose side has won?" asked mamma.

"We have fifty-two," cried Lillian.

"And we have sixty-five," squealed Paul, triumphantly, "but then you see, we saw a cat in a window, and that made our score bigger."

"I think we've all done well," said mamma. "When you get to grandpa's, why don't you write down a list of the animals each of you saw, and compare? I think grandpa would be interested."

So that afternoon Lillian and Paul sat on the piazza steps and made out their lists and here is a copy of them.

LILLIAN.

1 cow..... 4

5 sparrows on telephone wires (2 legs each)..... 10

1 man (ploughing)..... 2

2 oxen (4 legs each)..... 8

All at one house..... 4

1 cat (not in window)..... 2

3 pigs (4 legs each)..... 12

1 baby in carriage..... 2

1 mother..... 2

1 lamb..... 4

1 horse..... 4

52

PAUL.

1 white horse..... 4

8 hens (2 legs each)..... 16

2 little boys with two legs each..... 4

1 robin..... 2

1 farmer..... 2

4 crows (two legs each)..... 8

1 cow..... 4

1 cat in a window..... 25

65

Don't you think that was a nice game?

don't in white or in a color. For wear with tailored suit of dark blue, the dots are very effective if worked with blue to correspond. The design may be stamped on linen, linen lawn, batiste or mercerized cotton

or torchon lace.



36-inch material, one half yard of 18-inch all-over if yoke facing is used. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5699—Ladies' Dress with body and upper part of sleeves in one. This smart collar is

### Special Offers.

Send and send one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each secures three patterns. These must be bona-fide subscriptions, not year own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size or age.

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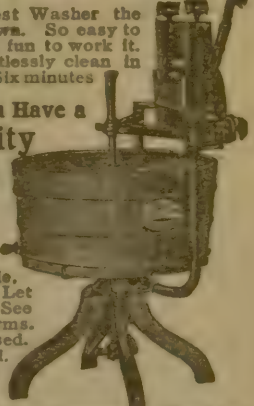


## Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

This is the grandest Washer the world has ever known. So easy to run that it's almost fun to work it. Makes clothes spotlessly clean in double-quick time. Six minutes finishes a tubful.

**Any Woman Can Have a 1900 Gravity Washer on 30 Days' Free Trial**

Don't send money. If you are responsible, you can try it first. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to **1900 Washer Co., 702 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.** If you live in Canada, address Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 335 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.



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New Invention! "Easy" sold from door to door. Easy to operate. Iron in half the time. Low in price. Fully guaranteed. Does big ironing for one cent. Quick easy sales—big profits. Mrs. Hammel, Wash., says: "Would not take \$25 for mine. Women wild, agents getting rich. Brant, Mo., sold 36 first week. Fitter, Iowa, sold 4 in three days. You can do as well. Write quick for special terms. Foote Mfg. Co., Box 418 Dayton, O."

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\$5.50 Sample Outfit FREE

To start with on a deposit of \$2.00. When you have sold \$25.00 worth we refund you the deposit and you keep the Samples. 10% percent profit. Goods free for Expressage.

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**DR. SCOTT'S** Magnetic Spinal Supporting Corsets

Relieve lame backs, nervousness and other troubles. Prices, \$1.00 to \$4.00. Write for Sample Catalogue of appliances and other items.

Est. 33 years. Pall Mall Electric Co., 128 W. 34th St., N. Y.

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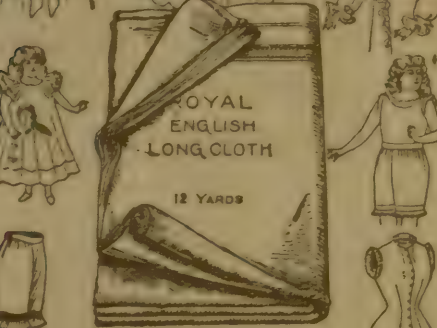
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Big bargain package of clean new cuttings from finest silk cloth. Beautiful colors. Assorted designs. Price ten cents postpaid. **PARISIAN SILK CO., 720 ROSE BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

## LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN

From your own patterns and ideas of fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



**ROYAL ENGLISH LONG CLOTH**

12 YARDS

Suggesting some of its practical uses. Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

**COMFORT** has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for women's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

**CLUB OFFER.** of this First Quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. **Mrs. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

who every year visit this place. Sometime I want to tell you more about it.

Wasn't Uncle Charlie's Easter sermon splendid? With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

Your friend,  
Mrs. ANNIE COATS, Mammoth Cave, Ky.

Mrs. Coats. Thanks for the attractive postcard of Mammoth Cave, a place I have never seen. I should be so glad to have the booklet. Thanks.

I want to say just a word about your excellent remedy for rheumatism and give a word of caution.

In cases of weak or diseased hearts, oil of wintergreen must be taken in small doses and the heart's action daily observed.

There are so many forms of rheumatism, each requiring different treatment, that unless the oil of wintergreen was effective after a reasonable time, I should suggest discontinuing it. I have heard of this remedy curing very stubborn cases of a certain form of rheumatism.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please make room for a new member in your cozy corner?

I always turn to the Sisters' Corner first, for it is that in which I am most interested. I derive so much benefit from the letters.

Uncle Charlie must be a fine fellow, judging from his witty replies to the cousins' letters. They will surely cure the blues.

I am greatly troubled with rheumatism and know what it is to be sick. I cannot stay on my feet more than twenty minutes at a time but manage to do the housework for husband and three small children. It gives me the blues sometimes, but I just take COMFORT and sit down and read a while and forget all about my troubles.

If any of the good sisters know a remedy for rheumatism, will they please write me?

Will tell you something of myself, I am twenty-six years old, five foot tall, weigh about one hundred and ten pounds, and have dark hair, and fair complexion. I was born and reared in Meade Co., Ky., and lived there all my life until nine years ago, when I came to Missouri with my parents.

I have been married nearly seven years to a dear good Lewis. I was a public school teacher before I married and afterwards about two years.

With success to COMFORT and dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie.

Mrs. J. L. PORTLOCK, Caruthersville, Box 650, Mo.

Mrs. Portlock. It is so helpful to me to find that our corner carries assistance and cheer to so many homes, and all because we are banded together in our common interest.

Please notice Mrs. Coats' remedy for rheumatism in the above letter. I do wish you might find relief therein.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will do my best to tell you all I can about this country. We have only been here two years and so of course have a great deal to learn yet. We are doing fine and since my last letter we have fenced forty acres of grain; also a fifteen acre piece of subirrigated land.

We have cleared two acres of it which is covered with water, moccasins, something like willows. We got water at ten feet. We are going to move our house on the place so we can be close to the garden. When we get it cleared it will be a valuable piece of land. In this part of the country subirrigated land is very scarce. Everybody has to irrigate or lose most of their crops. We like this country better all the time because we enjoy better health.

Now you sisters who have good health and don't have to irrigate, stay where you are, unless it is for your health you have to sell, for nothing grows well here unless it is irrigated. The summers are so hot it burns everything up. Don't let anybody make you believe you can "dry farm" in this part of Arizona, for it is wrong.

Now I will tell you what grows well here: Corn, melons, pumpkins, onions, peas, beans, chille pepper, cabbage, beets, spinach, lettuce, radish, sweet potatoes, early rose potatoes but not late ones, sorghum, tomatoes do fine, strawberries do well where you have lots of water, also blackberries and figs.

Now about the climate, which I don't think could be better for anyone troubled with asthma, rheumatism, catarrh or lung trouble. We have fine water; all we have to do is to keep our wells clean. So far as I understand this has been the coldest winter in twenty years; the coldest being sixteen above zero in January. It has also been a very dry winter and we are having a late spring. We had no rain from October, 1911, till March, 1912. Everything is beautiful and green; lots of grass for pasture. In the summer there is the Mesquit beans which cattle get fat on. The hottest weather is July and August. We have very few thunder lightning storms; there are very few sand storms.

Hunting is pretty good. When the season is open there are quail, duck, geese, deer, and any amount of rabbits all the time.

Now about reptiles: There are lots of them, but after they find out there are people around they try to keep away, but of course we are always on the watch during the warm weather. There are all kinds of snakes, the rattler being the most dangerous. Then there is the centipede and tarantula which are quite bad; also scorpions and skunks, but all kinds of glia monsters are pretty bad, but don't let all these things scare you if you want to come to Arizona because they don't hunt for you; they are glad to get away. Very few people get bitten with them, and we always keep medicine on hand in case of bites. We have never used any yet, except for ant stings on the children.

Wickenburg is a small town with almost five hundred inhabitants. There are a few mines outside of the town. Vulture mine being the largest. I think about sixty or seventy families live there.

Everything has been very dull here this winter. There is no land to be taken up in or around Wickenburg, being most all taken up as mining claims. The railroad runs right through the town, and is located fifty miles north of Phoenix. Our little town is in the churches, and one school which is attended by two teachers, two blacksmith shops, one tinner, one lumber yard, lumber forty dollars a thousand, one printing office, three stores, one meat market, one baker shop, no saloons, they had to close down.

All of you who are sick and wish to come to Arizona I think if I can help you in any way I would go to Phoenix, or around Salt River valley. It is a beautiful place and very healthy.

Mrs. J. E. HILL, Wickenburg, Ariz.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one sister of fifteen and mamma. We live alone as papa was killed in a wreck when I was a tiny baby.

Sister and I work and go to school when we can. Mamma works too, but it is hard, very hard to get along sometimes. We have no nice clothes like many other girls, for that would cost more than we make. Mamma has worked and kept us with her, as she says she loves her babies too well to give them up. Mamma is a good nurse, but there are good many here, making it hard to get work all the time.

We often wish we could get a home with someone where mamma could be housekeeper.

I wish the sisters would write to me,  
Miss GRACE BAIN, Roanoke, Va.

MRS. WILKINSON:

Dear friend, if you will let me address you so, I am a subscriber of your most excellent paper and having read your appeal for curing bed sores on some poor, little suffering boy, I wish to tell you my experience. Years ago I helped care for a dear friend who was suffering with consumption and had bedsores across her hips. There was no rest at all for her. We took beeswax and linseed oil, added a few drops of camphor and carbolic acid, a very little for fear of irritating the sores, and boiled it. Then spread it on heavy cloth (oiled silk would be fine), about one half inch thick, leaving plenty of space near the edges, to keep it from spilling out on the bedclothes, as it will stain. We applied it carefully, being very careful to smooth out all the creases. It stuck just as we left it and she said that it was such a relief. She lived a week or ten days after and died, and when we were preparing her for burial we removed the plaster and the sores were healed and well. Hoping this will help someone else I send it. But unfortunately I don't remember the proportions.

I remain yours truly,  
Mrs. ANDREW CARROLL, New Boston, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have been a subscriber of COMFORT for over a year and think it the best investment I ever made. Have gotten so many good ideas therefrom.

Sisters wasn't the Household Number just splendid?

Some of those devices are going to be installed in my home. But I especially appreciated that article on house painting, but it was all good, every bit from cover to cover.

We find the farm page very helpful as we have only lived in the country a little over a year. My husband having been reared on a farm always longed for the fields and the brown earth, and I want to say to Mrs. Hartman of Brooklyn, that the city could not offer inducement enough to make me want to go back there to live. We are happy here. I have never found time to be lonely. It is a joy to watch things grow; to tend the fluffy little chicks. I can have all the flowers I want and I have lots of them. My table in summer is supplied with good, fresh things from the garden. I can turn my children out to play in the bright spring mornings and take deep breaths of pure fresh air it makes me glad to be alive; yes indeed, the farm for mine.

Do any of the sisters know how to prepare nasturtiums for the table? Have heard of nasturtium salad and pickles, but have never found anyone who knew how to prepare them; this summer I shall have a big bed of them. I love the bright clean looking blossoms, but would value them doubly if they could be made pleasing to the palate as well as the eye.

Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. WM. BYRLEY, Merville, Sunnydale Farm, Iowa.

## Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

**MACARONI.**—Break into short lengths enough macaroni for two, drop into salted boiling water and cook until real tender, drain off water, add one half cup of butter, butter size of a walnut, salt and pepper to taste. Add one beaten egg, and stir until egg is cooked. Serve with grated cheese, although it is very good without.

**NEW POTATOES AND GREEN PEAS.**—Boil scraped, new potatoes until partly cooked, add equal amount of shelled green peas as you have potatoes. Chop up a small bunch of green parsley and add to potatoes, also one green onion and several slices of bacon. Season well with salt and pepper and cook until potatoes and peas are done. Should not be too dry when finished.

**EGGS AND ONIONS.**—Slice three onions very thin, season with salt, pepper and parsley and fry until done. Then pour over them four eggs well-beaten, stir until egg is set.

Would like a recipe for pickling green walnuts.

Mrs. B. C. WOODRUFF, Ceres, R. 1, Box 84, Cal.

**CREAM POTATOES.**—Peel and cut in half potatoes enough for the meal. Boil and drain. Add cream enough to almost cover, a large lump of butter, salt and a dash of pepper. Set on back of stove and simmer down till thickened.

Mrs. JAS. A. RICHARDSON, Adrian, R. 5, Mo.

**DROP DUMPLING.**—One egg, one pint of sweet milk or water, half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder and flour enough to make batter that will cling to the spoon. Sift the baking powder with a portion of the flour.

Mrs. IVA B. MCKEN, Hicksville, Ohio.

**RICE PUDDING.**—Put one quart of fresh milk in pudding dish, add three tablespoons of rice, two tablespoons sugar. Set on stove till it comes to a boil. Then put it into your oven and stir it about every fifteen minutes. Let bake very slowly until rice is well cooked. Flavor with vanilla. Eat when cold.

**FEATHER CAKE.**—One cup of sweet cream, two eggs, one cup of sugar, two pinches of salt, two teaspoons vanilla, two teaspoons baking powder and two cups of flour.

**RHUBARB PIE FILLING.**—Peel and cut in one half inch pieces two cups of rhubarb, pour over it two cups of boiling water in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved and drain immediately. Cool and add one beaten egg, one quarter teaspoon of salt, one and one half cups of sugar, two tablespoons of fine bread crumbs from toasted or dried bread, a little nutmeg, a grating of lemon peel and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Make a lattice upper crust by cutting the paste in strips, and putting it on crisscross; or use two egg yolks in filling and make a meringue for covering. The meringue is made by adding one cup of powdered sugar to each beaten white and slightly browning it in a hot oven.

**WHITE CURRANT PIE.**—Wash two cups of currants. Add one cup of sugar, two egg yolks, two tablespoons of butter and one half cup of water, or use no water at all if the currants are quite juicy. Bake and cover with meringue. Sour cherries and gooseberries may be used in the same way. In using huckleberries or blueberries, less sugar is needed, and a little lemon juice should be added. If currants and huckleberries are procurable at the same time, a delicious pie can be made by using half of each and leaving out the lemon.

LINA BELTZNER, Grand Island, R. 4, Box 59, Nebr.

**INEXPENSIVE ICE CREAM.**—For a gallon freezer full, take two and one half quarts of sweet milk, put on stove in granite or porcelain kettle and heat to boiling. Dissolve six tablespoons of corn-starch in a little cold milk, add to hot milk and let come to a boil again. Next add a small pinch of salt, about one and one half cup of sugar and remove from stove. Then add a cup of cream or more if you have it, and two teaspoons of flavoring. Let the whole get cold and then freeze. This makes a rich cream, which children may eat without fear of being sick.

MISS MARTHA SCHMIDT, Ableman, Wis.

**BUTTERLESS, EGGLSS, MILKLESS CAKE.**—Boil in saucepan for five minutes the following: One cup of brown sugar, two cups of raisins or part currants, one cup of hot water, one half cup of lard or fryings, one half teaspoon of ground nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, and one half teaspoon salt. Remove from fire and when cold add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little warm water, and two full cups of flour with one half teaspoon baking powder.

Mrs. SARA REYNOLDS, Othello, Wash.

**CREAM CAKE.**—Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two teaspoons of sugar, one cup of sour cream, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda. Add the whites the last thing before the flour, and stir that in gently without beating.

Mrs. KATHIE SHEPHERD, Kealing, Oregon.

**DRYER'S FOOD CAKE.**—Yolk of one egg, one cup of sweet milk, two tablespoons of cocoa cooked till creamy. Then take from stove and add one cup of sugar, one heaping tablespoon of butter or lard. Dissolve one small teaspoon of soda in a tablespoon of hot water, and stir into the mixture, then add one cup and a half of flour, and a small pinch of salt. Beat the white of egg and put in last or Beat all together for a few minutes and bake. Use thick frosting of chocolate. This makes quite a large cake.

Mrs. ALICE M. JAGUES, Sequim, Wash.

**MINNEHAHA FOR LAYER CAKE.**—One cup of powdered sugar and four tablespoons of water boiled until it threads. In a tiny stream add well-beaten white of one egg and one cup chopped raisins. Use white warm.

**BANANA FILLING.**—Boil one cup of sugar with one third cup of water until it can be blown from fork in feathers. Pour in a tiny stream over the well-beaten white of an egg, and beat until cold. Rub four bananas through sieve and stir into icing. Put between layers.

Mrs. IRA GAINES, Weston, R. 2, Box 31, W. Va.

**LEMON CREAM PIE.**—Stir into the well-beaten yolks of two eggs one heaping teaspoon of corn-starch or flour, six tablespoons of sugar, a small piece of butter, and moisten with a little cold milk and beat all together until perfectly smooth. Stir this into one cup of rich milk that is boiling hot and cook thoroughly. After taking from the stove add one teaspoon of lemon extract and pour into a baked crust. Frost with the beaten whites of two eggs and one tablespoon of sugar. Brown in the oven.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Slice thin eight cold potatoes and cover with this dressing: The yolk of one hard-boiled egg, mashed fine; one teaspoon of prepared mustard, four tablespoons of melted butter, the same of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Some finely chopped onion may be added if desired.

**POTATO ROLLS.**—Take well-mashed potatoes and add pepper, salt and butter and a little milk. Add one well-beaten egg to every six potatoes. Make in rolls, cover with flour and fry brown in butter.

**EGGLESS CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, scant one half cup of shortening, one cup of sour milk, one cup of chopped raisins, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda in milk, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one half teaspoon of grated nutmeg, one quarter teaspoon of cloves.

Mrs. ROY GRAY, Flint, Mich.

**CREAM CHEESE.**—Put rennet into thin cream and when set, break the curd and pour off a part of the whey. Then work into a smooth paste and salt.—Ed.

To CAN ASPARAGUS.—Select only perfect stalks and wash them thoroughly. Put them on the fire in boiling salted water and cook rapidly for ten minutes. Then pack them in glass jars, using as many stalks

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

## Portable Stove

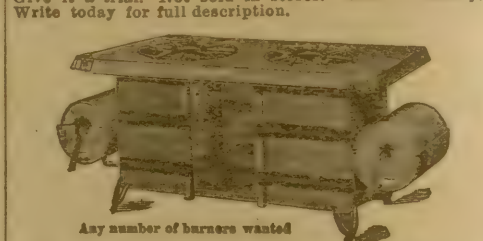
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We have them in a great variety of lovely color combinations, every taste can be suited. Large and small roses, roses in clusters and wild roses, all in delicate shades of pink with green leaves, or ground of contrasting color, the edges of each scarf to depth of six or more inches are thus ornamented, the centers are all white, and the whole scarf has stripes, coils, rings and dots of satin white, so there is a variety of color and design for all tastes. Express your color preference, we will send it.

In the cities the stores all show these scarves and everyone is wearing them. Usually retail for one dollar and a half, while we give you for only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

**Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Certain Vegetables add to Woman's Beauty

I THINK I have told you oft before that if one longs for a perfect complexion and a lithe well-rounded figure, one must eat for beauty as well as for the purpose of keeping intact the thread of life. Dull, spotted skins and frail constitutions come, often as not, from eating unwisely.

At this time of the year, more than any other, the girl who wishes to add to her good looks should place the ban on heavy meats and rich pastries, and, instead, pin her faith to uncooked vegetables and fresh fruits. Such a diet, if adhered to until fall, will improve the health amazingly, and this is one way of saying that the complexion and figure will improve in a corresponding degree.

Praise be unto the railroads that make it possible for each and everyone of us to indulge in green vegetables from one year's end to the other. Instead of worrying the live-long day about your figure or your complexion, give them a chance to improve by eating lavishly of whatever fresh vegetables you can obtain. This is a sane way of beautifying, and costs but a little. The price you would be charged for a jar of skin food or a bottle of hair tonic would buy many vegetables. Remember that!

Take the tomato, for instance. There is nothing more appetizing to my mind than a few slices of cold tomato, slightly salted. What about vinegar as a dressing? Well, if you are a wise little maiden and wish to keep your skin white as snow, you will refrain from deluging your tomatoes with vinegar. Vinegar, I would have you to know, is credited with making the skin sallow and the eyes dull. Eat your tomatoes in their natural state, plus a wee bit of salt, as in this way you will receive the most benefit.

Perhaps the seeker after beauty is curious to know just what raw tomatoes can do for the girl who is minus good looks. In the first place, they purify the blood and this means pimples will not intrude upon you. This is something worth working for, is it not?

Secondly, they give a normal hue to eyeballs that are faintly tinged with yellow, owing to a refractory liver. Now, no girl in her senses likes to have eyeballs the color of mustard, so this little hint will be appreciated, I am sure.

Tomatoes, in their raw state, have also been found to do wonders for the complexion when applied externally. This is a beauty secret that your great-grandmothers knew full well, although I very much doubt if they realized that they were equally as beneficial when taken internally. That is as it may be.

With tomatoes to the right of you and tomatoes to the left of you, there is no chance for tan and sunburn to make a long visit. As soon as these unwelcome visitors put in their appearance, rub half of a ripe tomato hither and thither over your face, and let the red juice dry on the skin, then wash off. Do this thrice daily for one whole week, and you will be rewarded by seeing the hideous brown tints disappear.

The juice of a raw tomato also makes a famous stain remover, which is a bit of information that the young housewife will be glad to hear. No need for ugly stains on pretty fingers if a ripe tomato is kept within reach.

Who wants pink cheeks? What, all of you? This is quite a surprise. Evidently pink cheeks are popular. Since you are so emphatic about it, I would advise you frivolous maids and matrons to eat—what? Carrots! Every woman who wants to take the trouble, can have lovely blush rose cheeks simply by eating a certain number of raw carrots daily. If you are wise in your day and generation you will fall into the habit of eating a huge carrot every two hours of the day. Do as I tell you and midsummer will find you with cheeks like a pink rose.

You have doubtless often heard that "parsley is the broom that sweeps the stomach," but I doubt if you have ever given this treatment a trial. Why not do so now? If you will eat a number of tiny parsley sandwiches oft and on through the day, your complexion will improve amazingly. This is an easy way of adding to your stock of good looks, so do not disdain it.

You can also call parsley to your aid if you ever forget yourself so far as to partake of onions or garlic. After you have taken several nibbles of the parsley, your strong breath will be a thing of the past.

Used externally, parsley has magic qualities. Listen, and I will tell you the secret!—It makes a good bleach for a yellow skin. An unique parsley lotion can be made by boiling a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water and then, after filtering, add fifteen grains each of powdered alum, pulverized camphor and powdered borax. Shake and apply to the skin twice a day, until the unbecoming tints have vanished.

I must not forget to say a good word for lettuce, as it has many beauty virtues. Whether used externally or internally, it is a wonder worker. It makes a good stomach regulator and cleanser. It cools the blood and for this reason should be partaken of lavishly on those days when the thermometer stands at ninety.

It quiets the nerves, therefore the sleepless girl should eat two or three lettuce leaves before slipping into bed. Did you ever use a lettuce cream? If not, then you have something pleasant to look forward to. The lettuce cream that I am particularly enthusiastic about is most effective when applied to an irritated skin. I am giving the recipe for this, my favorite cream, below:

### Lettuce Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; lettuce juice, one

ounce; white wax, one half ounce; almond oil, two ounces.

When ready to compound this dainty cream, put the oil, spermaceti and wax in a double boiler and warm until they mingle smoothly. The lettuce juice should now be added drop by drop, the mixture meanwhile being beaten steadily with an egg beater.

Last, but most assuredly not least, comes the radish. Make a friend of this vegetable, those of you who will never see thirty again, as radishes are enemies to a wrinkled skin. Just think of that! This is not a fairy tale, but a fact. Radishes build up the tissues, and it is the shriveling away of the tissues that brings into existence those horrid lines. You can't eat too many radishes.

### Questions and Answers

Anxious Miss.—I know of no way to make the finger nails grow. If you will coat your nails with liquid quinine, you will have no desire to bite them. Your nails will look longer if you will keep the cuticle pushed down at the base of the nail until the half moon shows. Do this every day and I'll guarantee that in a month's time your nails will be long and much prettier than at present. If you would like me to print full directions for taking care of the nails, so they will be rosy and glossy, etc., etc., let me know.

J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J., Katie Jean and others.—If you are too stout, give the following treatment a trial as it generally gives good results.

### Epsom Salt and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use.

At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

I am giving below a remedy for removing superfluous hair in which I have a great deal of faith. Just two days ago I had a letter from a young girl who had been using it, under my direction, for eight months and she said that the hair on body and face had entirely disappeared. Doesn't that sound pretty good? Of course this treatment requires a great deal of patience but you can all have that if you really want it. If you will moisten hairy growth several times daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen, and will continue treatment for a number of months the hair roots will eventually die. Peroxide of Hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and causes the roots to decay.

Mrs. Nettie, Mrs. E. M. P. and others.—Is this the formula you referred to?

### Egyptian Face Lotion

Dissolve one teaspoonful of flower of sulphur in a half cup of sweet milk and let stand for several hours, then strain. With this novel liquid go over the face and neck twice daily.

Discouraged Josie.—I do not know of the lotion you refer to. Please refer to my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J.

Rose Marie, Hyacinth, Agatha and Regina, Christine and others.—You should subject your too fleshy nose to a severe kneading with dry fingers for ten minutes daily. This treatment, if given after the nose has been steamed for ten minutes, will break down the fatty cells. It will take several months for your lashes to grow the length you mention. Try lemon juice, rubbing it into the spots every night and letting it dry on. Your mother is a young woman. I think it probably is the blood. She should be careful not to become constipated, as that will cause brown spots to flock to her face. I also wish to impress upon her the necessity of drinking two quarts of fresh water daily, as the system needs that amount of liquid.

Hilma, N. E. S. B.—Steam the scars for several minutes every day, then immediately rub a little cream into them and knead and rub the unsightly spots with the tips of the fingers for several minutes. If you persist with this daily treatment, the scars should be gone inside of a week, or at the most, two weeks.

L. S. O., Lena, Miss Guss and others.—I suggest that you try the hot water treatment, using, if you must, sugar and cream in it. You should also see to it that you are not in any way constipated, as this evil brings liver spots in its train. Endeavor to keep your skin in a healthy condition by massage and frequent scrubbing. A good face bleach, would not be amiss.

### Almond Meal Face Bleach

Buy a fifty cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep

this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks when your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

Worried Girlie, In Despair, Anxious and others.—Your red nose may be caused by tight lacing or tight cuffs, collars, sleeves, shoes, stockings and belts. Indigestion or constipation would also cause it. I am printing a nose bleach below and would suggest that you wear snug but not tight clothing. Watch out for constipation and refrain from eating candy, cake, pie, rich preserves, fried foods, especially meats, ice cream sodas, etc.

### Nose Bleach

Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces. Shake bottle before using and mop lotion on nose night and morning.

Marian, Mulkeytown, Ill., Too Thin, Miss Berna and others.—You live right near my old home, Herrins Prairie, which is not so very far from Mulkeytown. As to your case, I think you might try the milk diet. If you have no heart trouble, but you must expect to get fatter as milk is a great flesh producer as well as a blood purifier. In the beginning you had better try one quart of milk daily, then, when you are used to this amount, increase to two, then to three and finally to four. You will have to persist with this treatment for several months, and in the meantime try to get out of doors as much as you can, sit out in the sunlight in your yard and walk around a little. Do not go to bed. As to the milk the richer it is, the better, but if it being so rich sickens you, why skim off some of the cream. Take a glassful at a time, and spend five minutes swallowing contents of glass, each mouthful should be swished around in the mouth for several seconds, so it will become salivated and not cause indigestion. Milk is a food, remember, and needs to be chewed just as much as beefsteak. If you swallowed beefsteak without chewing it, you would have indigestion, and precisely the same thing happens if you swallow milk without "chewing" it. When you are on the four quarts of milk, begin on this when you first get up in the morning and take a glassful every half hour through the day until your milk is gone. Your one meal should be at night, after you have finished with your milk. It should consist of broiled, roasted or baked meats, not pork, which is very hard to digest, fresh vegetables, cocoa, soup if you like it and desserts such as custard, rice pudding and baked apples. Pie and cake, hot biscuits and breads and fried meats or potatoes must not be eaten as they are bad for the digestion and the fried things, in particular, have had most of the nutriment fried out of them. Bake, boil, roast and broil your foods.

Unhappy, Smartly, In Haste, Miss J. John's Sweetheart and others.—You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, your waist should not measure more than twenty-five inches and your bust should be thirty-eight, although forty would be possible. I refer you to the reducing treatment spoken of in my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J. If this treatment does not appeal to you try the following:

Rosemary.—The toilet vinegar should be diluted one third with water, if it irritates the skin, otherwise, not.

Miss Mary C.—I dislike to give you a bust reducing lotion as your bust is not at all large. I suggest that you let it alone.

L. A. A., Tennessee, Carlotta, Margaret, Sadie and others.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you do not wish to fall a victim to a lumpy face, and course you don't, taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. The hands will remain soft and white if you will hold them for ten minutes daily in a bowlful of warm sweet almond oil. Warts can generally be banished by dampening them with water, then rubbing them with salt and letting salt remain on for ten minutes. Do this several times and it is said the warts will disappear. Use a good rice powder. Wash your face every night in warm soapy water, then rinse off the soiled lather with tepid water (clean) and dry the skin thoroughly. Next massage into the face a little bit of skin food.

### Orange-flower Skin Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; linoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

## STAIN YOUR HAIR

A Beautiful Rich Brown

Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain will do it. Just apply once a month with your comb, and you will give an natural color to your hair. A perfect remedy for gray, faded or bleached hair. \$1.00 at first-class druggists. Send direct for a 25c trial bottle today. MRS. POTTER'S HYGIENIC SUPPLY CO., 1157 GROTON BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## FRECKLES

IT IS EASY TO REMOVE THEM

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst case of freckles today. Address Mrs. E. C. WHITE, Box 11, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We want to advertise and introduce our home study music lessons into all parts of America, and will give you absolutely free instruction if you will simply recommend the International Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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Write today for our FREE booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 346 D, New York.

Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or Credit.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold. In the morning, wash face in tepid water, then dash cold water over face, then dry skin. Naturally you do not want a mustache, so read my reply to J. L. B., Jersey City, N. J. You should brush your teeth after every meal and just before going to bed. It is best to use a tooth powder or paste. Short skirts are fashionable, but be careful not to get them too short. Coffee is very bad for the complexion, as it makes it sallow. I am giving below a simple freckle lotion.

### Simple Freckle Lotion

Ammonium chloride, one dram; distilled water, four ounces. Apply at night after face has been bathed in hot water. Wear a hat out of doors, but indoors, unless you are dusting or sweeping—in which case wear a mob cap—it is not necessary to cover up the hair.


Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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Straight or wavy hair switches 22 in. long, \$1.45; 24 in. long, \$2.45. (Compare these with other prices.) We guarantee our hair goods are all long, genuine human hair, which will not fade with washing, or your money back. Beautiful fashion catalogue sent FREE. Daily Mail Order Hair House Importing Goods Direct. PARISIAN COMPANY, 1008 Leas Bldg., Chicago.

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## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

M. S. B., Chester Springs, Pa.—It is quite proper for a young lady to accept a box of candy from her "gentleman friend", but she shouldn't call him that.

Girls, Proctorsville, O.—No etiquette on earth can tell what peculiar hieroglyphics a tender swain will use in closing his letter to the girl he likes. You will have to ask him what they mean, for he alone knows.

J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—There is no rule of time when a boy should put on long trousers, but the fifty youngsters take off their trousers as soon as they can. Nor is there any set age when boys shall "mingle with girls." Some begin to mingle early, while others don't get nerve enough till late, too late, sometimes.

Troubled Girl, Vivian, La.—Sixteen-year-old girls do very foolish things, and your loving this married man who doesn't want your love is about as fool a thing as one can do. Gather some sense into your silly noddle and quit it.

Miss Cousin, Pine Valley, Miss.—Etiquette does not permit a fifteen-year-old girl to write to a young man she has never met, even if he is her brother's schoolmate. Wait five years.

M. A. W., Boise, Ida.—If the seventeen-year-old girl is through school, etiquette permits her, with her parents' consent, "to keep company with a nice moral boy of twenty."

L. J. M., Lord's Valley, Pa.—If you were the lady's friend and called her by her first name before she was married, you may continue to do so, unless she asks you to call her "Mrs."

Two Girls, Cattaraugus, N. Y.—All your young men callers should be informed at what hour they should go home in the evening. Then you need not hint. It is not safe for a girl to have her picture taken with a young man, except in a group. If a sixteen-year-old girl's mother does not want her to go walking or riding with a young man, she should not do so. It is not proper to accept presents of jewelry on birthdays, or other days from young men.

True Boy, Hazleton, Ind.—You go right ahead loving this good little fourteen-year-old sweetheart of yours till she is twenty and you are twenty-five, and then tell your mercenary parents to go to Hell with their rich girls. Maybe in five years neither you nor your little sweetheart will think as you now do. It's mighty safe to wait and see.

Mistletoe, Milton, N. C.—The young man did properly in breaking the engagement as you are in love with another young man also. Neither etiquette nor man can tolerate that.

Bridget, Rivesville, W. Va.—What may be said in passing conversation among several people "jollifying" each other should not be taken seriously as it is not so intended. The person who does is sure to be in social difficulties always.

Troubled, Elliott, Ia.—If the young lady invites you to stop at her house in the country during your visit to her, it will be proper for you to do so.

Darling, Peabody, Kans.—It is good manners and good religion to write asking the forgiveness of anyone whom you have offended or injured in any way.

J. A. R., Hope, Ark.—Men who tip their hats to ladies on the street whom they do not know should be treated as mashers, and not by the ladies, but by good-mannered, husky men. This should be the rule in small towns as well as big ones.

Ignorance, Flagler, Colo.—When a gentleman asks to see a lady home she should tell him she will be glad to go with him, if she wants to go. If not, she may say she is sorry, and give him any excuse she may have to offer. Arriving at her house she may ask him in if it is not late, and she should tell him it was very nice of him to come with her. These elementary things are not to be done by rule, but in any pleasant way that will suggest itself to an intelligent and appreciative person. The finest politeness is natural politeness.

Butter Cup, Baird, Texas.—The engagement ring, usually tells of the engagement without questions being asked. If there is no ring, you may do as you please about telling of it. If you tell one thing, you should tell it quite permissible to kiss your fiancé good night, but don't tell that.

Mischief, Brainerd, Minn.—There are no rules of etiquette in love affairs and young men and women may treat each other's emotions any old way they please and still be good form.

Puzzled Girl, Nortonville, Kans.—If you visit at the house of the young man you must do so as the guest of his mother or sister. You cannot go to his town and stop at a hotel unless you want to lose your reputation. His visiting you at your home is quite another matter. It is wise to learn what his financial ability is before marrying him, though you need not necessarily ask him. He should tell you without asking.

Lill, Dowagiac, Mich.—Etiquette provides no rules controlling the meeting of a young man and young woman who have not met before, but expect to meet and become acquainted. Such meetings are irregular and you must make your own rules.

Subscriber, Altin, Minn.—Engaged couples must govern their conduct according to the wishes of each other. So long as they are fully agreed what each may do separately, they should get along very satisfactorily. Harmony is the chief consideration.

Lesion, Virginia, Ill.—The return of your letter with the article you ordered was not an insult, but a busy man's way of sending what you wanted and your letter to show that your instructions had been followed. It is not good manners, but it is considered good business.

M. F., Graham, Texas.—When one goes into any business place and asks to see the manager, without knowing him, it is not customary to shake hands with him. If he offers to shake hands that makes a difference.

W. B., Manchester, N. H.—Ordinarily the man tries to keep to the outside when walking with a lady, but it is not necessary to change sides if the street is frequently crossed. (2) Take the "eating utensils" off of the plate when "passing it to the server."

Carefulness, Concord, N. C.—It is quite proper for a lady to ask an unknown correspondent if he is married. It is still more proper for a lady not to take the risk of writing to people of whom she knows nothing.

Three Chums, De Smet, S. Dak.—Sunday evenings have become, in some parts of the country, the most popular for receiving men callers. It is unsanitary to kiss, but it continues just the same. An engagement ring may be worn as long as the wearer pleases to wait to be married. Gentlemen may smoke in company with ladies if the ladies do not object. But a gentleman should never smoke on the street with a lady, at least, until late at night when the streets are deserted.

M. D. S., St. Louis, Ill.—Moved by a passing fancy to sit one man and marry another, both decent men, too, as it happens, you are now, though a mother, pining for the first one and all we can say is that it is your kind of half-baked women who make so many marriages no more than a mockery and bring infinite sorrow and pain to many innocent men and children. Try to redeem yourself if you can and be true to your husband and child.

Anxious, McCook, Nebr.—Etiquette knows no rule by which a girl shall answer "Yes" to a young man's proposal, yet we know of no record of any girl ever losing a man when she had him that close. Don't say a word, just fall into his arms and hide your face upon his manly bosom. He'll know what that means.

We girls, Wakefield, Nebr.—There being two girls and one "friend"—masculine is to be inferred—who has a preference, it is the best manners for the unpreferred to accept none except absolutely necessary invitations from either to accompany them anywhere. The two may really want the one to go with them, sometimes, but they'll manage somehow to get along fairly well if she does not.

Blonde, Choteau, Mont.—It is entirely the lady's privilege to say whether the man shall smoke or not in her presence and any man who resents her saying he shall not, should seek the company of ladies who do not object to smoking.

Blondie, Harrisburg, Pa.—When a box of candy is brought to you by a young man you should open it at once with every show of appreciation and let him help you nibble at it as you talk. (2) Addressing a letter to a young man as "Kind Friend," sounds as though you had got it out of a "Polite Letter Writer" and didn't know any better. "Dear Mr.," or "My dear Mr.," is the usual form and answers unless you know him well enough to call him by his first name, then you put it "Dear Harry," or something like that and send it in the friendly form. If the man has a title you may use that, as "My dear Doctor." "Friend" has become rather old-fashioned and stiff.

Wilber, Aurora, Ill.—It is very bad form for an eighteen-year-old girl to ride on delivery wagons with young men she knows, unless she happens to be on a country road and the young man gives her a "lift". It is not only bad form, but it is positively coarse and common.

D. E. F., Arlington, Wash.—It is quite proper to propose to a young lady by letter, especially as you live half the width of the continent away from her. We should say that your one hundred dollars a month would be ample to support you both and it is more than most young fellows of twenty-two are earning.

Rose Cheek, Minto, N. Dak.—If you do not have your new address when leaving, so the young man could write, you should send it to him as soon as you want to hear from him in the new place. As a rule, though, the young man should write first. No kissing at the station when you go away or come back, unless you are engaged. That is the usual sign that people are engaged, or married.

Lonesome, Butler, O.—If the young man is formal and is not a skilled letter writer he will address his letter to the young lady: "Dear Friend." Otherwise he will write "My dear Miss Kitty," or "My dear Kitty," according as he may know her.

N. B., Maxwell, Colo.—In any church, theater or other public place of meeting the man precedes the lady, except in the church which she attends and knows better than he the location of her pew. The rule is that the man should always precede the lady unless she wants to lead the way herself and he defers to her.

R. O. D., Evergreen, Fla.—A lady may do as she pleases about rising to shake hands with a young man in the house, but in a street car she certainly should not rise. It is proper for her to shake hands on parting with a young man she has just met, unless the meeting has been very casual, or on the street. What people should say to each other when introduced is a matter between them and set rules cannot be given, any more than what they should talk about after they have been introduced. The usual style is to say: "I am glad to meet you."

## The Travadi Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

you can. The waves will carry you ashore. Now!"

The next moment I was floundering in the sea with Miss Debi in my arms.

Why did the Hindu thief urge, and use his mysterious hypnotic influence to impel Bancroft and Miss Debi to jump into the raging waves so far from the island and before the ship struck, even before it was certain that the ship might not pass the rocks in safety? Why not have waited?—and if the ship should strike would they not stand a better chance of reaching the island in the life-boats? Is the ship wrecked, or does she escape? What becomes of the Hindu thief? Where are the diamonds? Was it the genuine necklace or a paste reproduction that Bancroft found in his pocket? What is the fate of Miss Debi? The situation develops a most un-

## GRAND PRIZES PAID

### COMFORT'S Great Subscription Prize Contest Closed April Monthly Prizes Paid

COMFORT'S Fourth Great Subscription Prize Contest which opened October 1, 1911, and closed April 30, 1912, included a separate list of prizes awarded and paid each month ranging from \$50.00 to \$1.00 each, doubling and tripling to those who won them month after month, and including 34 Grand Prizes ranging from \$250.00 to \$5.00 each covering the entire seven months' period.

We have paid these monthly prizes month by month, as each monthly contest closed, and have announced the names of all the prize-winners in COMFORT, except the winners of the Grand Prize and the April monthly prizes, which are printed below.

As many of the April prize-winners also won a Grand Prize, to save repeating, we print the names of those who won both prizes in the Grand Prize list only, and in the April monthly list only those of the April Prize-winners who did not win a Grand Prize also.

#### LIST OF GRAND PRIZE-WINNERS

Showing also the April and other monthly prizes won by them.

Name	Grand Prize	April Prize	Other Monthly Prizes	Total Won in Six Months
E. Wagoner, Ill.	\$250.00	\$50.00	\$750.00	\$1050.00
Jas. E. McCready, Pa.	125.00	100.00	125.00	350.00
Ada Humphrey, Ky.	65.00	—	245.00	310.00
Anna Moellers, Ill.	40.00	20.00	17.00	77.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga.	20.00	10.00	25.00	55.00
Louis Asenbaur, Wis.	10.00	—	26.00	36.00
S. R. Harkness, Mo.	5.00	4.00	14.00	23.00
Fairlena Riley, Ky.	5.00	3.00	12.00	20.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn.	5.00	—	12.00	17.00
Mary Berry, W. Va.	5.00	1.00	9.00	15.00
C. A. Brown, Mich.	5.00	6.00	2.00	13.00
Laura Lindsay, Va.	5.00	—	8.00	13.00
Anna Jacobson, Calif.	5.00	—	7.00	12.00
Jas. McHirde, Tex.	5.00	—	5.00	10.00
Mrs. M. L. Cook, Ark.	5.00	—	5.00	10.00
Mrs. W. E. Cabines, Va.	5.00	—	4.00	9.00
Mrs. J. P. Sykes, Ga.	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Mrs. M. Barney, N. Y.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Mrs. Hugh Noland, Ohio	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Myrtle Pethoud, Neb.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Myrtle Council, Ind.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Mrs. H. Bonfield, Canada	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Mrs. S. W. Smith, Tex.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Emma Fosburgh, Ohio	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Mrs. F. Robbins, Ala.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Reed Benham, Wash.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Mrs. J. B. Christman, Ga.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Julia Ahlstedt, Kans.	5.00	—	2.00	7.00
Mrs. Babcock, Wis.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00
Jas. C. Porter, Md.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00
Mrs. J. A. Dostal, Neb.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00
Minnie Trout, N. C.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00
Mrs. R. J. Bishop, Conn.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00
Mrs. W. S. Graves, Minn.	5.00	—	1.00	6.00

THE FOLLOWING ARE NAMES OF SUCH OF THE APRIL PRIZE-WINNERS AS ARE NOT INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF GRAND PRIZE-WINNERS; each of these won One Dollar April Prize. Mrs. D. Burnham, Ga.; Mrs. Angas Gness, Tenn.; Mrs. J. D. Doll, Mo.; Mrs. Geo. Flicke, Ill.; Mrs. Sarah J. Richardson, Idaho; Mrs. D. P. Cook, N. C.; Nettie Tabor, Ky.; Mrs. T. R. Clancy, Ohio; Mrs. Henry Lake, Wis.; A. J. White, N. Y.; Miss Elmira Hinson, N. C.; Margarette Bellamy, Mo.; Hazel L. Harris, Mich.; Mrs. E. M. Reed, Ala.; Pearl McMullen, Ark.; Mabel Hartwick, Ariz.; Mrs. B. E. Carlin, Colo.; Mrs. John Rich, Conn.; Mrs. T. Schmalbeck, Ind.; Max Denham, Mo.; Mrs. A. E. Whittington, La.; D. Snyder, Mich.; Theo. J. Simmet, Minn.; Eddie Denham, Mo.; Mrs. Beattie Ownbery, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Stockstill, Ohio; Miss Mamie Yagel, Ohio; Mrs. Francis Willman, Pa.; Miss Annie Kling, Pa.; Ella Day, Pa.; Mrs. W. L. Fagala, Texas; Mrs. G. A. Marshall, W. Va.; Margaret Gallagher, W. Va.

Hundreds of others not named in either of the above lists won and were paid cash prizes for one or more months during the contest, as you will see by looking at the announcements in the Winter and Spring numbers of COMFORT. It has proved very profitable to our subscription canvassers, to whom we have distributed thousands of dollars during the past six months in cash prizes besides all their regular club premiums. They made big money with small effort.

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## Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM MAY NUMBER.

PRUE kept the big hickory nut in her apron pocket for she did not intend to give it to the squirrel until she was sure that the fellow was leading her in the right direction. They had walked for miles and miles, when suddenly Paul gave a scream of delight for sure enough in the distance, he saw the very oak tree that they both knew was right near their home.

"Don't be too gay yet," warned the squirrel, "that tree is many miles away and there is a deep hole in the ground to be passed before we get there."

After many hours of weary tramping they came so close to the tree that they felt as if they could grab it but suddenly at their very feet they saw a ravine that no human being could ever cross. Paul dropped a stone into it to see if he could tell by the sound how deep it was, but it took so long before he heard the splash at the bottom that it chilled his blood and scared him worse than he had ever been.

"It is the same, tree that we played under many a time, Prue," he said, "but it is on the other side of this hole, and no one can ever get to it."

"Let us walk along until we come to the end of it," she advised, but the squirrel told them it would take a year to do it.

"Kind providence, help us," prayed Paul, and just then a thunderbolt came out of the heavens and knocked the tall oak over. It fell in such a way that it formed a bridge over the chasm and without more ado Prue handed the big hickory nut to the squirrel and they ran home in safety. Their parents were watching out the door and soon they were enfolded in eager, outstretched arms.

THE END.

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## VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

**HEAVES.**—Have a mare that coughs. She eats good and is fat and nice. Feed her clover hay and oats. She seems very healthy every way but the cough. Is there anything that will cure or help it? Mrs. P. P. A.—It may be that she has heaves. Wet all feed. Feed wet oat straw in preference to hay and in summer let her live on grass. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic. If it is heaves there will be a double hollow like action of the muscles of the abdomen.

**FITS.**—Cow had twin calves born Feb. 7. Both seemed to be doing fine on calf meal, and skimmed-milk until a month old. On going to feed that morning found one did not want to get upraised it and she ate as good as ever but laid down at once—seemed to have no strength in her legs. Laid all day but would eat anything put in front of her. The next day was worse as she could not hold her head up, but still tried to eat and bowels seemed in good condition. The third day she seemed to have several fits or spasms of pain as at times would struggle and bellow and after that the muscles all over the body twitched continually until she died in the evening.

**A.**—The calves were overfed and underexercised. Calf should have had a full dose of physic as soon as trouble was noticed, but fits usually prove fatal. Make the calves run out daily and see to it that their bowels are kept active. Linseed oil fed in the milk tends to prevent indigestion and fits.

**RICKETS.**—I have a Duroc Jersey sow that had her first litter of pigs when she was thirteen months of age. She had three pigs just before weaning pigs at six weeks of age. She got lame; it was first in her hind parts, but now it seems to be in her front legs. Have given her hog sows also epsom salts. She has good, dry sleeping quarters and plenty of range. I feed her corn and corn meal. She shows no sign of being useful for breeding purposes any more.

**A.**—Do not make corn the exclusive feed for a nursing, or pregnant sow and such troubles will be unknown. Feed mixed rations and if possible add roots and Alfalfa hay. A little corn meal, mixed with middlings, ground oats and flaxseed meal, or ten per cent. of digester (tankage) will be suitable feeding. It also is absolutely necessary to make the sow take exercise every day.

**FOAMING MILK.**—I have a cow seven years old. She seems to eat all right. I feed her corn fodder and bran twice a day, and she gets plenty of good water. She is part Jersey. She was fresh a year ago last March and I expect her fresh again the first of June. She gives about three quarts of milk a day, and has done as well as any cow could until about three weeks ago I noticed the milk won't get thick. It seems to have an acid taste after it has stood long enough to get sour, but I save enough cream to churn the third time, and did not get any butter, it just foams but will not get to butter. I am experienced with taking care of milk, having had cows all my life. The milk seems a little strong after it stands two or three milkings. She runs in the field in good weather, and a part of every day, has a good stable at night.

**A.**—Do not blame the cow. The trouble is due to bacteria in the milk utensils and you will have to be more particular to scald and sun dry the vessels and see to it that the washing water is pure. The cream will also have to be properly ripened and soured before churning. Consult a nearby creamery man or butter maker and he may be able to help you out.

**RINGBONE.**—I have a horse ten years old, that has had a ringbone on one of his front feet about one year. Can you give any good recipe for this trouble, that works quickly?

**A.**—If lameness is present it will be best to have the horse unshod by a qualified veterinarian; if lameness is absent do not shoe. Ringbone is a debilitating disease, but that of a forepastern is practically incurable.

**SKIN DISEASE.**—I have a cow that has the piles and also skin disease. Her hair comes off in great spots all over her, some of the places crack open and make sores.

**A.**—She may prove worth treating. Wash the affected parts of skin with a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip and then rub in a mixture of four parts sulphur half part of the dip and a pint of sweet oil. To piles apply sulphur ointment freely. Feed lightly. Piles may have to be sacrificed and bathed with extract of witch hazel.

**LAMENESS.**—What is the matter with our mare? I drove her eighteen miles one day. Before I got home she got a little lame in her left hind leg, and in the morning she was awful lame, and we examined her foot for a nail, but found nothing. There is no swelling nor fever about her leg, now she is better, but she lost her coat. She seems to be well every way, but lame. She does no heavy work? Mrs. N. S. A.—Unfortunately we are unable to locate lameness without making an examination, so it will be necessary to employ a local expert.

**CANCER.**—I have a cow that has a growth over her eye. It looks like gristle. It grows very slow. I had a cow four years ago that had a similar thing on her eye. I think I cut it out that I could several times, and burnt with caustic, but it got so bad finally had to kill the cow. The one is no kin to her. I. C. A.—The growth is known as "fungus hematomas" and is cancerous and incurable.

**WORMS.**—I have a two-year-old dog, rather small. Some call him Rat Terrier, but he is some larger than a Rat Terrier. About once in every one or two months he passes large flat white worms in clusters or matted layers. At such times has a cough. Gags as if he wanted to vomit. Sometimes a white frothy substance comes from his mouth. Breath is very hot and offensive, and grows low with difficulty. Sometimes is very hungry, and at other times will scarcely eat anything. Eyes look rather watery at such times. He is very active and bright. Could you tell me something that would cure or relieve him?

**A.**—Worm medicine for dogs may be bought ready for use at any drug-store. Starve the dog for twenty-four hours and then give freely powdered kamala in soup or milk. The dose for a large dog is two drams; small dogs take less in proportion. Repeat the dose as found necessary.

**GABRET.**—I have a young heifer with her first calf, and since she calved she gives thick milk out of one teat. Tonight and tomorrow it will be out of a different one, sometimes her milk will be all right for a day or two. Her calf is three months old. We have fed her condition powders and flaxseed, but it does not help her any.

**A.**—Three times a day thoroughly massage the udder, using a little sweet oil on the hands and at night rub in warm melted lard. Protect udder against chill and bruising in stall. At time of attack give a tablespoonful of saltwater once daily in the drinking water and milk out six times a day.

**SHOE-BOLL.**—I have a valuable colt seven months old. He was born with a lump or sack at the upper part of right forearm near the body. It is as large as a fair-sized turnip, and seems to be attached to the skin; when he walks or runs it flops up and down. You can press it, it isn't sore, it is soft and fleshy. Only for the looks of it, it doesn't seem to do him any harm. He is full of life, fat and nice. W. M. E. A.—The tumor seems to be a shoe-boll; but that is due to bruising and would not be there at birth. It is unlikely that anything short of an operation will remove the tumor.

**FITS.**—We have a cow fourteen years of age. She has a calf two months old, about a week ago she came up acting queer. She would turn her head to one side, close her eyes and her ears would back.

She would draw her fore legs up on the side affecting her neck, then she would fall as if with a fit and lie there for a few minutes, then get up and walk around, stepping high. She seemed all right every other way. Eats heartily and has better since, but she is looking gaunt now. She was the next morning. Hasn't had any more spells. She has been doing well all winter. We feed her corn, shucks, and straw, and she has plenty of fresh water. Runs outside part of the time. There is no green grass put out yet that she could have got to poison her. I. H. A.—She had a fit which may have come from indigestion due to constipation, or inadequate feeding. A ration of corn shucks and straw is pretty thin living for a dairy cow. It would be well to feed her more generously.

**SUSPICIOUS CASE.**—I have a mare five years old that has something like rheumatism. It moves from one leg to the other. Sometimes it is two or three weeks that she is all right, and then one of her knees will swell, sometimes just above the knee. Swelling is soft at first and is very sore, and leg very stiff but not very lame if she walks, but if she trots she is very lame. I have been giving her saltpeter in her drinking water once a day, and rubbing with liniment. She has been on this past winter. She has something like chills. When she starts to trot she begins to coughing, but will stop in a few minutes, and something will run out of her nostrils that looks white. Sometimes she coughs when she is eating. She is in good condition, and eats heartily. Her weight is about eleven hundred.

**A.**—There is so much in your account of the case to suggest glanders that we would not feel justified in prescribing treatment. If that disease is present she will have to be destroyed according to state law and the premises disinfected. Have her examined by a graduate veterinarian. Meanwhile keep her isolated.

**POLL-EVIL.**—I have a mare that has a poll-evil, at least I think it is. She got kicked in the neck last fall, which left her with a stiff neck until a month ago, then a running sore broke on her head. It does not bother her much, only it runs all the time. What can I do for her? E. R. P.

**A.**—It is unlikely that you can successfully treat the case yourself as an operation will be necessary to provide drainage from each pipe and pocket in the abscess. It is a dangerous place at which to cut. If possible employ a graduate veterinarian. If you cannot do so, clip off the hair, inject tincture of iodine each other day and twice a month blister with cerate of cantharides.

**RICKETS.**—I wish you could tell me what to do for our pigs. They can't walk or stand on their feet, and have been that way for a week, and some a month. Send me a remedy if you can. Mrs. C. H. A.—Lack of exercise and stuffing pigs on corn or other rich feed brings on rickets and consequent paralysis; worms may help to cause malnutrition present in such conditions. Slaughter for meat any pig that is in good flesh and health apart from inability to walk. Turn rest out for free range and feed mixed rations, with alfalfa, clover hay, green stuff or alfalfa or clover hay. Mix liniment, at rate of one ounce per quart, with any milk or slop you feed.

**CONTAGIOUS OPHTHALMIA.**—I have some Duroc hogs that have sore eyes. Every morning their under eyelids are turned wrong side out, and are as red as fire and go this way for a while, and then go blind, and their eyes look like they have got a bunch of white cotton in them and then it bursts and runs white corruption. I have three that have been this way for a month, and would like to know what to do for them.

**A.**—Isolate affected hogs and clean up, disinfect and whitewash pens they have occupied. Bathe eyes once daily with a saturated solution of boric acid and each other day wet eyeballs with a twenty per cent. solution of Argol.

**SUMMER ITCH.**—I have a mare mule five years old. She has skin trouble. Two years ago last spring she came out on her chest, and front legs, and she bit and rubbed them. She had sores on her all summer till cold weather set in. Last year she was just the same only a little worse. I feed her prairie hay, corn and oats.

**A.**—Clip the mule and do not feed corn, or green grass in summer. Wash affected parts of skin daily with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip.

**SORES.**—My horse has been troubled with sores all over body since last fall. They commence with a slight swelling then break open and run. Afterwards form a hard scab. Otherwise horse is in good condition, and feels good. Feed corn, oats and good hay, and often a little linseed and condition powder. P. L. A.—As the horse may have fary, the skin form of glanders, we do not feel justified in prescribing treatment. Have an examination made by a graduate veterinarian and if fary is present the horse will have to be destroyed and the premises disinfected as required by law. It may be some form of eczema, but that remains to be seen.

**THIN CALF.**—I have a calf eleven months old. It is not a fat livel. It always coughs and is getting very thin. I feed her Timothy hay and bran with warm water, and she eats well. She has long hair, but it isn't smooth as the others. I give her stock tonic too.

**A.**—A calf cannot be skimmed to thrive on Timothy hay and bran. It needs skim-milk, cornmeal and a little flaxseed meal would be a great help. Give sized clover hay. Cough is a symptom and may be due to lung worms; or the calf may have tuberculosis. Without an examination we cannot say just what is the matter.

**LOSS OF FOAL.**—I have a bad brood mare, ten or twelve years old. She has had luck with her colts. She carries them up to full time, and everything seems to be all right until she foals, then colts comes dead. She loses about three out of five, colts are large and well developed, and I can see no reason for them coming dead. The last colt she saved, she was bred late, colt came in June. We work the mare moderately in the farm, and she has good milk. She does not feed on corn and millet hay. The mare doesn't take much exercise, only at work. She also has something like a side-bone on the side of her right fore foot, at the hair of the hoof, it makes her very lame. Any information through COMFORT would be highly appreciated regarding case. M. L. L.

**A.**—Stop feeding millet hay to a pregnant mare and probably have no more trouble of the sort mentioned. Feed mixed clover hay, oats and bran. Work or abundantly exercise the mare every day during pregnancy. (2) Clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides. Put on a bar shoe.

**GOUTER.**—I have a black-and-tan Rat Terrier about seven months old that has a gouter. We noticed it the first time when he was about three months old. We took him to a veterinary surgeon who gave us two kinds of tablets to give to the dog, but which did not have any effect. Have also used iodine without it doing any good. Can you please tell me if anything can be done for it, or if it is incurable? Mrs. B. E. A.—The gouter may prove curable, but one cannot tell about that. Clip off the hair and paint lump with tincture of iodine each other night. Once daily give half a grain of iodide of potash in capsule or water; but stop the medicine for a few days each time it causes derangement. It may be necessary to increase the dose, but that should be done under direction of veterinarian as it is a powerful medicine and often badly affects a weak dog.

**WHEEZING.**—I have a black mare six years old, that had the distemper, and was cured of it, and now has swollen glands. When she is exercised a little while she wheezes. Is there anything that can be done for her? In the summer time when I work her every day she does not do it. C. F. M.

**A.**—She may improve if you clip the hair from throat, from ear to ear, and blister with cerate of cantharides. Wet all food. Repeat the blistering in a month, if the first one helped but did not cure.

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To obtain this book free, it is only necessary to write to Dr. George E. Coutant, 7-P, Station E, New York, N. Y. The treatise will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, free of cost. Those who are deaf (or becoming so) as well as those who are interested in others thus afflicted should take this opportunity, as it may not be given again. We know the Doctor to be an honorable, reliable deafness expert whose greatest pleasure in life is in enabling deaf people to regain perfect hearing. A letter addressed to him as above, asking for his treatise, will bring it promptly and he will cheerfully give his opinion upon any case, free.

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## Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

### REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

You ought not to wait another day before trying Rodi-Tone, which many of your neighbors have used to the great and lasting improvement of their health. You ought to test it, because you can get it on trial and need not pay a penny unless it greatly benefits you. Read the liberal Rodi-Tone trial offer on page 23 of this paper and send for a box.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

**S**O this is June and it came very soon after January, didn't it, my dears? It doesn't seem any time at all since I was talking to you about resolutions for the new year, and now I am ready to talk about Summer Girls. Heigho, how time flies. Anyway, this is June the fairest month of the year and I do hope that all the year and every year will be June to you. That would be lovely, wouldn't it? But don't worry. It won't be, for before long I'll be talking about the drear November. Still there is Thanksgiving in November and that is cheerful to think about. However, there is work now, June or no June, and I must get at it.

The first letter I take up is from Waiting Hope of Morrill, Iowa, and she doesn't want to marry a man who drinks, and the only one in her neighborhood who doesn't is so bashful and slow he won't make love to her and even doesn't take her to places she wishes he would, and she wants to know what to do. I think if I were in her place I would declare my independence of the men and make my own way. Then she will be certain not to get a drinking man or a stupid one for a husband. These are the days of independent women.

Blue Eyes, Callaway, Va.—Drop him by all means. I'm sure he loves you, but that shouldn't make any difference to a girl who has to ask outside people what she should do in a matter which interests her more than anyone else.

Q. T. Bunch, Tempe, Ariz.—I certainly would advise you or any girl to throw over any young man who thinks a girl cannot care for a young man unless she lets him hug and kiss her. That kind of a young man is not the kind any girl should have for a beau and much less a husband. There are too many men of that kind already making women unhappy.

Betty, Terre Haute, Ind.—A girl surely has a right to change her mind in a year, and if you don't want to take the young man to the high school banquet, you asked a year ago, be honest enough with him to tell him so, and take your sister. That won't hurt him as much as if you took another young man.

Georgia May, Elwood, Ind.—Don't be too anxious to disobey your father, however much you like the young man he doesn't like. As you have only about a year to wait until you are of age, why not test the young man by asking him to wait until you own yourself? If he has really lived down his past, and is the man you should marry, he will be willing enough to wait.

Cousin, Lorenzo, Ida.—Don't waste any time on a young man you have to plead with not to get drunk. Drop him and drop him hard, before you get tied up so you can't drop him.

Art Girl, Frankfort, Ill.—I am sorry, very sorry for the girl whose mother will not listen to what she has to say about the young men she goes with. That is the most important subject that a good mother should be interested in. Show this to your mother, and introduce to her and to your father the young man who wants to make a date with you.

Ina Fix, Bladell, N. Y.—Let this young man and all the others alone until you are twenty-one, and in the meantime study your spelling book and grammar. Your letter is a reflection upon the public school system of York state.

Blonde, St. Louis, Mo.—I don't just know about a young man who prefers to sit in the kitchen with your father and mother and you, to sitting in the parlor with you alone. Suppose you tell him if he won't sit in the parlor with you, he needn't come around. He shouldn't be too much afraid of hurting your parents' feelings by not sitting with them, even if your father did scold him for staying till eleven o'clock. Five years isn't too much difference in ages.

Blue Eyes, Joliet, Ill.—Most poor parents think their daughters are marrying happily if they marry men of means, but, my dear, if you are marrying for your own happiness and that of a good husband and the children that may come to you, don't marry any man unless you love him as you should. You may make a mistake in marrying this man you love though your religions differ, but it will be a mistake and not a crime as it would be if you married a man for his money.

Troubled, Wilber, Neb.—If you don't know your mind and have to ask your father and your older sister and your younger sister and me what to do about your various beaus, I think you should give them all up until you have some mind of your own.

Alma, Conway, Ark.—You are too snicky and exacting to ever live very happily with any kind of a man, my dear, and really if I were you, I wouldn't marry at all. Can't you live independently of the men? Try being a suffragette.

Worried, Curlew, Va.—If the man was compelled to get a divorce from his wife by her conduct, he is not to be blamed and if you love him you should not wreck your happiness and his by refusing to marry him, even if your parents don't want you to marry a divorced man. Love takes no thought of difference in ages.

Anxious, Kingston, N. Y.—Three years is too long for a young man to be telling a girl he loves her and saying nothing about marriage. Suppose you bring him to his senses by going with other young men.

Curlew, Honey Grove, Texas.—If the young man's friendship is worth having you will not lose it because you did as your father wanted you to do, instead of doing what he wanted you to do. Do what you can to make him see that you are right, and if he will not, then don't bother about him. Your father is quite right about boys and books not going hand in hand.

Babe, Kansas City, Mo.—As you have wisely concluded not to marry until the young man is better fixed financially, I think it would be just as well not to get the engagement ring until everything else is ready. The ring is of the least importance. Besides if you don't have it, the gossips won't know whether you are engaged or not.

Blue Eyes, Haviland, Kans.—Marrying an only son doesn't always turn out as happily as it might, unless the girl is very unselfish and is very much in love. Such men are often so spoiled by their mothers that they never get over it, but some do. If they have no other bad habits, the girl who gets one can get along quite comfortably if she knows how to handle him and is willing to use her knowledge. If you are an only daughter, used to being spoiled yourself, don't marry that kind.

Patient Polly, Rockland, Maine.—Why should you want to break with a decent young man because a supposed friend of his has been lying about him? If you have no more confidence than that in him he should want you to break with him.

Silver Bell, Bachelor, N. Dak.—As you like him very much, and he seems to be a nice young man, suppose you continue keeping company with him and by and by you may really love him. It often happens that way.

Ellnor, West Branch, N. Y.—I am very glad you had the courage to break an engagement you were persuaded into, even though with a good man who loved you. As you say, too many unhappy marriages are the result of such engagements. Yet many girls are eager to marry men who don't love them, and many men are eager to marry girls who don't love them—all with the hope that they will learn to love them after marriage. And they never learn.

Brown Eyes, Mason, Ill.—Go ahead, disobey your parents and marry the drunkard and gambler because you love him so and cannot live without him. You will find it much harder to live with him.

Perplexed, Herrick, Ill.—As you don't seem to be able to harmonize with the young men and don't like to keep house for your father, why not prepare yourself to make your own living and become independent? A bright and sensible girl can always make her own living and ask favors of nobody.

Sweet Sixteen, Vancouver, Wash.—Eighteen is too young to marry under any circumstances, and with a sick mother and you the mainstay of the father and family, I think it is your duty to wait until you are twenty-one, at least. You will be plenty young enough then, and the man who will not wait for you is not worth having. It is quite right to have him come every Sunday and you should be frank with him and when you are sick or troubled let him know. It will prepare him for such information when you are his wife. If sweethearts knew more about each other's ailments, they would be more careful about marrying.

Red Wing, Carlbad, N. M.—As you told the young man you would dismiss him if he went with your enemy and he promised he would not, but did, you owed it to yourself to keep your word as he did not.

Now why do you ask if you should take him back again? Are you so weak that you don't care what that kind of a man does, if only you can have a share in him?

### WOMEN WHO SUFFER

We want to show you free of cost what MAGNOLIA Blossom will do. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb or Ovarian Troubles, or any form of female complaint, write at once for our free box of MAGNOLIA Blossom. We know what it has done for others and we know what it will do for you. Write today for this simple home treatment, FREE. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box 4, South Bend, Ind.

Earn Good Pay copying addresses; particulars six stamps. Hinchey, 171, Middleport, N.Y.

10 Beautiful Post Cards for a dime. Offer closes Sept. 1, 1912. Address, T. F. P. G. A. Fairbury, Ill.

Song-Poems WANTED. Cash or royalty to you. Needham Music House, 91-S, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. ENNEKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

\$2 A DAY easily earned addressing envelopes at home in spare time. Send 10c for samples, instructions, etc. SEN PUS. CO., Dept. 2119, WINDSOR, MD.

\$80 In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

**WATCH, RING FREE AND CHAIN**

Our American made, stem wind watch, beautifully designed case, factory tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart shaped ring are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you at once the watch, ring and chain.

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## Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crestolis" Grows Hair in 30 Days.

\$1000 Reward if We Cannot Prove Our Claims. Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon To-day.



Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crestolis

Some of the most eminent Scientists in Europe consider "Crestolis," the New English Hair Grower the most wonderful discovery of the century.

The judges of the Brussels and Paris Expositions enthusiastically awarded Gold Medals to this marvelous hair grower.

Since we secured the American rights, thousands of men and women from all parts of the world write telling of the phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for 30 years now glory in beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives have got a clean, healthy scalp after a few applications of this wonderful drug.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair, brittle hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRESTOLIS," at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any

"strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crestolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Cresto Laboratories, 12 F St., Binghamton, N. Y.

### FREE COUPON

The Cresto Laboratories,  
12 F St., Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of COMFORT. Prove to me without cost how Crestolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalp and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

## Here Is Something You Want This Summer

### A Beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag

FOUR INCHES WIDE, OVER THREE INCHES DEEP, SIXTEEN INCHES LONG LINKED CHAIN, ENGRAVED FRAME AND LINED WITH SOFT WHITE KID.



You have seen and admired these fashionable SILVER MESH BAGS. So extremely popular are they that you see them everywhere you go. In the shop windows, in every catalogue, and carried by all the ladies and misses. Such a bag as we show above actually retails for \$2.50, and is an extreme bargain at that price. Only by purchasing in quantities are we enabled to offer them for so few subscriptions to COMFORT, for only a limited quantity and limited time. Each bag is made of best German Silver, solid, heavy frame. No sham or imitation about it, tastily engraved, the illustration does not half convey to you the excellent appearance of the bag.

We are so confident this Bag is such a real value, so first class in all respects, that we guarantee them in every way, and you are at liberty to return any bag not meeting with your approval, and we will refund money without asking a question. What could be more fair? Until the quantity we obtained is gone we shall accept orders on following liberal

**CLUB OFFER:** Send us only eight subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one bag free. Any lady unable to solicit a club of subscribers may send \$2.00 for a bag providing ONE NEW 25c. fifteen month subscription to COMFORT is sent in addition.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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And a Magnificent Motorcycle

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Write today! Betheone in your town to get this astounding tailoring offer. An offer to give you the finest suit you ever saw and a magnificent motorcycle FREE! Other valuable gifts in the lot. But you must act quickly. Write today! Write to ONCE! No money needed. We will send you a new suit and a motorcycle free to you. We will also send you a new suit and a motorcycle free to you. We will also send you a new suit and a motorcycle free to you.

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**PARAGON TAILORING CO.** Dept. 304x Chicago, Ill.

## The Idea Of a Woman

Having Pimples, Blackheads, Superfluous Hair, and Other Facial Blemishes and Appearing in Public is Positively Repulsive.

Why Should any Woman be Thin, Scrawny, and Homely When She has it in Her Power to be as Beautiful as Her More Fortunate Sister? A Well Known Beauty Reveals Secrets of Beautifying That Every Woman Should Know; Also tells How to Remove Wrinkles and Develop the Bust to Beautiful Proportions, by New Discovery. Let this Woman Send You FREE Everything She Agrees and Beautiful Your Face and Form Quickly.

This clever woman by her marvelous and simple methods has brought about a wonderful change in her face in a night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a short and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyebrows and eyes, which could scarcely be seen. She made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.



You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, but a common sense method.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment. It is beautifying their faces and forms after beauty doctors and other methods have failed. No woman need be unattractive any longer. She has it in her power now to be beautiful, attractive and fascinating.

Ethel Baker of N. Y., writes: "My bust, which was once flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

E. Walder, of N. J., writes: "I was always troubled with hair on my neck, but now they are as clear of it as the palm of my hand."

Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes: "Your beauty treatment causes the wrinkles to quickly disappear."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending FREE to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to all women who are known for their beauty and simple methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles; How to develop the figure quickly; How to make long, thick eyebrows; How to remove superfluous hair instantly; How to clear the skin of blackheads, pimples and freckles; How to remove dark circles under the eyes; How to quickly remove double chin; How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; How to stop ferret perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite A961, 2637 Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, and this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

**RUBY GORDON OF BACK FROM THE GRAVE** By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS.

**SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a 3 months subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 10 CENTS.**



This book contains about 60,000 words. Printed from good, clear type. About 25,000 of them have already been published in 15c. each but we have decided to offer it for a limited time at 7c. or with a three months subscription to The Illustrated Companion for 10c. postpaid. The story is one of Mrs. Phillips' masterpieces.

**RUBY GORDON**, a poor orphan girl, becomes engaged to a young man in the town, who is the adopted son and heir of a wealthy recluse. The old gentleman took a great dislike to Ruby Gordon because she reminded him of his wife who had left him years before and had been lost at sea in crossing the ocean; he felt that she was his wife's spirit reincarnated, and forbade Lawrence, his adopted son to marry her, and made so much trouble that the young man finally broke his engagement and married another, but it is not his fate to be so easily evaded Ruby Gordon, as all who are sufficiently interested to send 10c. for the Book and paper may read for themselves.

**THE OBJECT OF THIS OFFER** is to induce new readers to try The Illustrated Companion 3 months. It is one of the best Home papers published. CONTENTS: Stories for Old and Young, (many of which are written by Mrs. Phillips, author of Ruby Gordon), a Sermon, Household Notes, Editorials and other instructive departments too numerous to mention. Book without Paper, 7 Cents; Book and Paper, 3 months, 10 Cents. Address F. B. WARNER CO., DEPT. C. T., 77 READE ST., NEW YORK.

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**Uncle Charlie's Poems** Cloth bound, 50c. Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

### Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

(Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto Me.)

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

D. M. Watts, Taylorsville, N. C. Has spinal paralysis. The postmaster, speaking of Mr. Watts says: "I have known him for several years. He is physically unable to earn his support. He is in every way worthy and any assistance rendered him will be bestowed on a worthy person." The doctor also speaks of him in the highest terms. Send him the sympathy that buys bread. Mary Latterell, Oriskany, N. Y. This dear woman has been an invalid for many years and is one of our wheel-chair invalids. Is trying to raise money to get a loom so she can be self supporting, as the needlework she does is not very remunerative. Help her to help herself. Martin Hicks, Bridgeport, Newaygo Co., Mich. This poor man is a helpless cripple, the son of an old soldier who has passed away. He is needy and very worthy. Highly recommended. Any help sent him will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. Lillie M. Kelsick, Sison, Ark. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kelsick are invalids. Three years since the latter was able to work. Any help sent them will be greatly appreciated. Highly recommended. Rebecca Whitfield, Finleyson, Ga. Has been an invalid for many years. I told you of her sad case over a year ago. Any help sent her will be worthily bestowed. Mrs. Maggie Cook, Jacktown, Ky. This poor young woman is a helpless invalid and is blind. Has a little boy and no father to support him. It is over a year since she was able to do anything for her. Any help will be gratefully received. She is very worthy. Mrs. Geo. T. Rousseau, Fairfield, Mo. This poor old soul has an invalid husband unable to work. Mrs. Rousseau though herself afflicted with rheumatism, does washing for their support when physically able. Hers is a hard life. It's a long time since we did anything for these poor souls. H. Stanley Bent, 6714 Chew St., Philadelphia, Pa. This poor crippled young man (a brave spirit in spite of his infirmities), has been offered a home in the West. Will some of you help him to get there? He is very worthy. Write and take an interest in him. You will be well repaid by so doing. James D. Lively, Washburn, R. 2, Tenn. This poor fellow has been confined to bed for many years, and is a helpless invalid. His case is a sad one. Though a great sufferer he is a splendid character and you should get acquainted with him. Send him the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. D. S. Grogan, Spencer, Va. Is an invalid and a great sufferer. She has been sick for years, and is confined to bed. In speaking of her Dr. Hundley says: "She is a worthy woman, and I hope you may be able to render her some assistance." Do your very best for her. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Poor Tinsley has a broken back, the most terrible of all afflictions. Life is a hard struggle for his wife, daughter, little son and self. They are a lovely little family. Get to know them and help them. Mrs. James T. Carr, Mo. Comb. Miss. This poor woman is suffering from an incurable disease. There are many things you could send her that would add to her happiness. Send some sunshine into her hard, dreary life.

### Requests for Cheery Letters, etc., Only

Mrs. Ella S. Whitcomb, Hyde Park, Vt. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces, dress pieces and print silk. Send her as many as you can, as she is using them to earn money for her support. Miss Belle Reynolds, Hagerville, Ark. Miss Reynolds is blind and would like cheery letters. Miss Annie Peavy, Roanoke, Ala. Has been an invalid for many years. Writes charmingly. Send her some cheery letters. Miss Fern Jenks, North Manchester, Ind. Is blind. Would like cheery letters.

Invalids suffer in the winter and suffer in the summer. The cold freezes them, and the heat tortures them. It cost me a small fortune last summer for alcohol and talcum powder, and even with all the care of a good trained nurse, I looked more like an animated hamburger steak than a human being. If your pocketbook is lean you can at least send the price of a pint of alcohol and a box of talcum powder or stearate of zinc (absolute necessities in the summer time) to these poor suffering unfortunates! Be helpful and be merciful even as you hope to obtain mercy.

Lovingly yours,

**Uncle Charlie**

### Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immediate circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "G. L. C. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

#### How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 18 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a 18-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and COMFORT to your friend for 18 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 18 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

#### Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head department for which they are intended.

## Enthusiastic Man Pays Five Dollars for a Copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems!

Miss J. Romeo, Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa. writes: "I attended an entertainment last night where one of Uncle Charlie's books was much in evidence. A recitation from the book brought down the house, and it ended up by a big, fat man buying the book for which he paid five dollars. I own three of Uncle Charlie's books and five dollars would not buy them." Uncle Charlie's book of poems is the greatest book of funny verse ever published. 160 pages of riotous fun with fine pictures of the author and a stirring sketch of his life, beautifully bound in lilac ribbed, silk cloth. This superb book will be mailed free to you on receipt of one dollar for a club of four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT, at twenty-five cents each. Work for it today.

## Uncle Charlie's Song Book is Worth its Weight in Gold!

Yes, worth its weight in gold to all those who love beautiful songs. There are songs to suit every taste in this magnificent folio. Love songs, sacred songs, comic songs, moon songs and story ballads, 28 of the most exquisite musical gems ever written gathered together in a beautifully bound book as big as a copy of COMFORT, with full music for voice and piano. Send fifty cents for two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT, at twenty-five cents each, and this magnificent volume will be sent you free of charge. Both books free for a club of six. Greatest bargains ever offered as premiums. Work for them today!

## A CURE FOR RUPTURE

Success Attained At Last—How Trusses May Be Thrown Aside.

Those who are afflicted with hernia and who have been compelled to wear torturing trusses, will be pleased to learn that a valuable and interesting book has been issued, of which a copy will be sent free to any rupture sufferer who writes to its author, Dr. Rice, 1033-N Main Street, Adams, N. Y. It tells you how a person may be speedily and lastingly rid of rupture in any form and gives much other important advice of true worth.

Family Pictures Entirely New. Beautiful and cheap. Crescent Portrait Studio, 916 Madison St., Chicago.

26 PRESIDENTS, 25 Comic Postals, 25 Lovers Cards. 10c just out. Magnus A. Heas, 837 Ashland Bldg., CHICAGO.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED PERMITS. A. SCOTT, COHEN, N. Y.

\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing; send stamp. Address Art College, LAPORE, IND.

10 PERFUMED POSTCARDS your name in gold. C. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. 10c

32 PHOTOS Art. Actress, Bathing Girl, etc., 10c. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

24 HOT AIR CARDS. "Lots of Fun." 10c. Sun Book Co., Dept. 92, HARRISON, MICH.

STOP SNORING, CHECK CATARRH, SIMPLE DEVICE easily worn. Antiseptically treated; in Satisfactory Package. See Dr. C. S. Page, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

\$25 made weekly by selling our Spectacles and Eye Remedy. Agents wanted everywhere. ROYAL OPTICAL CO., Findlay, O.

\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Inc., N. Y., CHICAGO.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain. Knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—ABLE MAN IN EACH LOCALITY. To join this Society. Sick, accident, death benefits. And introduce our Memberships. All or spare time. \$50 to \$300 a month. Write for plans. Box NK-393, Covington, Ky.

DR. KEELER'S VITALITY BISCUIT overcomes Constipation and Indigestion. Samples 10c. VITALITY, 3457 H Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. FIDMONT TOBACCO CO., Box 20, Danville, Va.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 453 SCARBITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

IDEAS Have Made Fortunes. If your invention has merit protect it—turn it into money. My FREE Book tells how. Wm. N. Roach, Jr., 510 METZGER BLDG., Wash., D. C.

I WILL START YOU earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silencing alarms; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila firm; good money, steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for price paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

FUN FOR ALL. 20 New Songs; 25 Actress Pictures; 100 Magic Tricks; 100 Parlor Games; 100 Money Secrets; Lovers' Telegraph; 324 Jolly Jokes; About 100 cents. Boston Post Co., Box 51, Dept. 1, Melrose, Mass.

AGENTS TITANIC DISASTER 1651 human lives and \$31,000,000 lost. True story and best book. Make \$5. to \$20. daily. Outfit free. VICTOR PUB. HOUSE, Ottawa, Ill.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

FIT CURED NO CURE NO PAY—IN other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German. MY PROPOSITION is the WONDERFUL N.W. CAMERA with which you can take and instantly develop six entirely different kinds of pictures, including Postcards, and four styles of Dime Type Pictures. This remarkable invention takes fifty pictures an hour and requires no experience whatever. Every man, woman and child in the world wants pictures, and each one that you make advertises your Camera and makes more sales for you.

special proposition on this Camera together with a tripod and a complete outfit, ready to take 100 beautiful, sharp to please pictures, and if you will write me today, I will send you by return mail the information regarding this wonderful money-maker, and make you a successful camera operator. Don't delay, but write me today. L. LASCELLE, Mgr., 827 W. 43d St., Dept. 395 New York

MAKE \$200.00 A MONTH Be Your Own Boss

If you are making less than fifty dollars a week you should write us to-day. We can help you to wealth and independence by our plan. You can work when you please, where you please, always have money and the means of making barrels more of it.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to be able to start out from home on a combined business and pleasure trip, stay at the best hotels and live like a lord, and clean up \$10.00 every day? Work at fairs, amusement places, crowded street corners, manufacturing institutions, anywhere and everywhere, ten minutes' walk from home or on the other side of the globe. Just set a machine up any place you happen to select, and clean up \$10.00 above operating expenses.

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## Five Wheel Chairs in May

148 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

That's good. Five wheel chairs in May is one better than we did the month before and it is one better than we did in May a year ago. But that is not all we have to be proud of; that is not the best of it. The Club is steadily gaining year by year and has made a substantial gain the past year.

This month closes the fourth year of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club, and in those four years we have given 148 wheel chairs to relieve the distress of that number of destitute shut-ins. That is a fine record and a splendid result for our four years of effort, but the best of it is that we sent out 53 of these chairs in the year just closed, which is a gain of nine over the previous year,—nine more chairs have we given this last year than we gave the year before.

Now, as the hot weather comes on, is the season that the poor shut-ins suffer most for the need of wheel chairs, and this is the time when their friends in particular and the Club in general ought to get out and put in their best work in getting subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club. Don't quit just because it is warm weather, but just try your best, my good friends, and see if we can make it five wheel chairs or more for June.

The following are the names of the recipients of the five May chairs, and after each name is the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent to aid the Club.

Catherine Degen, Sheboygan, Wis., 207; David Wilson, Choice, Texas, 85; Cleve Wingate, Camp, Va., 80; Loretta Hasey, Select, Ky., 73; Dora Camp, Albertville, Ala., 67.

Catherine Degen sent 207 subscriptions all at once; they reached me on May 2nd, and I ordered her chair shipped the same day. She earned her own chair and had seven subscriptions to spare which go to help some other shut-in to get a chair. The other four helped more or less toward their own chairs and the Club did the rest for them.

Each month I award the chairs to the applicants that have sent in the most subscriptions personally or through their friends and the Club does the rest. Of course this is the only fair way to do. You see how quickly and easily those shut-ins that make an effort in their own behalf and get their friends to work for them get a wheel chair with the help of the Club.

Now you that have applied for wheel chairs, don't just wait and expect the Club to do it all for you. That is not reasonable, and it would not be fair to those applicants that do help. Every applicant can help some and ought to help what he can, so all you shut-ins that want a wheel chair get your friends to work for you, and if you and they take hold in good earnest you will get your chairs very soon, as others have. Write us at once for the subscription blanks and instructions. We will help you all we can.

This month's Roll of Honor and the following letters of thanks are interesting.

I thank you from my heart, you good people who have helped me in making COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club such an effective instrument of mercy, and I appeal to you, one and all, to do your utmost to make it even more successful through the year that we are just beginning.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair So Much Better Than She Expected

GAINESVILLE, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: COMFORT'S beautiful wheel chair arrived safely and I am delighted with it. I hardly know how to express my thanks to you all for your kindness to me. The chair is so much better than I expected it would be. I shall take so much comfort in it. God bless you all. Sincerely yours, MISS MARY HARVEY.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Will Enable This Girl to Go to School

FORT SCOTT, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My wheel chair has arrived safely. I was so glad to get it. I think it is just simply fine. It is just what I have been longing for for so many years. I could never find words to express my gratitude to you all for such a beautiful gift. May the Lord bless everyone of you dear friends who have helped me to get my chair. Now I can go to school and get out and see a little bit of the world. Your grateful friend, ETHEL PARK.

More than Delighted with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

DUNKIRK, MONT.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my COMFORT wheel-chair a few days ago, and to say that I am delighted with it is putting it mildly. It has been such a help to me in the few days I have had it, and I will enjoy it even more when summer comes, and I can get out of doors in it. Thanking you, Mr. Gannett, and all the kind friends who helped me get my chair, I am, EDNA KEPPER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit to the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

## COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Catherine Degen, Wis., for herself, 207; Mrs. Lula Mitchell, Tenn., for Dolcie Mitchell, 87; Mrs. R. T. Wooden, Va., for E. Pauline Ogden, 42; John Kerna, W. Va., for himself, 40; Mrs. J. W. Driggers, S. C., for J. W. Driggers, 37; Bettie Haywood, Va., for C. L. Wingate, 34; Della A. Mitchell, S. C., for herself, 28; Mrs. H. S. Knowles, Ala., for Mrs. J. Cooley, 25; Mrs. W. A. Jordan, Colo., for Mrs. S. M. Earle, 20; Mrs. Mary Beon, Texas, for her baby, 20; Mrs. Lillie Wilson, Texas, for David Wilson, 20; Earl Harsh, W. Va., for himself, 20; Mrs. Mary Brown, Colo., for Mrs. S. M. Earle, 20; Lucy Reed, Texas, for Travis Reed,



# Old Folks

## Young or Old

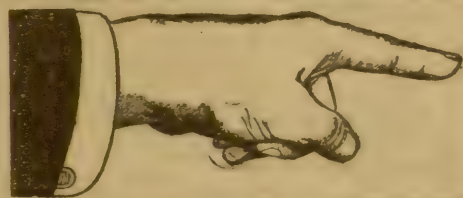
No matter whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, all you need do is send the coupon with your full name and address and it will be sent to you, without a penny from you. *Age is no barrier to health*, and this offer is open to all *Old People*, as well as middle-aged and young men and women. We want to send every elderly person a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days trial, the same as we send it to the young and middle-aged, all at our own risk and expense, to prove what Bodi-Tone does in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. *This trial offer is open to all men and women*, freely, generously, without any age limit. Thousands of persons, old and young, have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function, and we want you to try it, to see if Bodi-Tone will not do as much for you.

**All you need do is tell us you will try it  
and a dollar box will be handed to you.**

It makes no difference who, where or what you are, Bodi-Tone takes all the risks, and asks no pay if it does not benefit. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send any money or stamps. We don't ask to know your ailment and you need not write a word about it. All troubles originate in the body, and Bodi-Tone sets the body right. All you need do is clip out the coupon, which tells us you want to try Bodi-Tone, fill in your name and address, and we will send Bodi-Tone to you. This is how Bodi-Tone wants to be tried by old and young, this is how it wants to prove its curative powers. We are glad to send it to you without a penny, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn about this medicine which has brought new health and vigor to so many sick, suffering and feeble persons, old and young, glad to show you how health can be created at all ages with the right medicine, made from the right ingredients. If Bodi-Tone benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a penny. We won't ask for pay or dun you, for we leave it all to you. *Clip the coupon and send for it today.*

## Bodi-Tone Does Just As Its Name Means

*It cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want to show you what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days use, and we send you the full box on trial, so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.



## Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. *A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for the body's health.* Each one of its ingredients adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether a natural remedy. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well-deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have selected, proportioned and combined these great

natural curatives, and for the health-making work Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The exact combination used in Bodi-Tone is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

## You Need Bodi-Tone To Set Your Body Right

If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*, and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which are draining your vitality, to make your organs capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If there is anything wrong in your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for twenty-five days. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along, straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and tone, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctoring with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

## Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humors, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days treatment of this great remedy which people everywhere are praising and talking about? It just costs a two-cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by trying Bodi-Tone on this liberal offer. Thousands of strong, virile, rich-blooded men and women in all parts of the country are living, breathing, walking and talking examples of the power of Bodi-Tone in the diseased, debilitated and run-down body. When you read how it acts, when you see what it does for others, when you see how it destroys the roots of disease, how it builds up, repairs, renews, cures and restores for persons like these whose likenesses are seen on this page, it tells you what to do to get the health you seek.

## Not a Secret

**Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such valuable ingredients guarantee its curative merit and restorative power in the body.**

## Thousands of Cures

*of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, as we offer you in the coupon.*

Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Bodi-Tone makes the body right, with its maximum strength, vigor and vitality, which it may not have possessed for years previous, even when in fair health. Bodi-Tone works what seems a miracle by *putting tone where tone was needed*. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the *right thing* for you. All we ask of the sick, all we ask of you, is to test it, to use it for twenty-five days, to give it a chance to prove what it can do, for a trial proves it.

## Your Opinion Decides It!

When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. **ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.**

## Permanently Cured a Year Ago

NORTH EASTHAM, MASS.—It is now over a year since I took Bodi-Tone, and I have waited to see if my troubles would return, but as they have not, I feel it my duty to the public to testify what the medicine has done for me. I had Palpitation of the Heart so bad that I could hardly walk, and could never lie on my left side. I had Indigestion so serious that the doctors thought I must die, but since taking Bodi-Tone I am a well man. I can eat anything I want at any time and nothing hurts me. I have had no trouble during the year with either my Heart or my Stomach and sleep well at night, lying on either side. I am seventy-seven years old, and can now do a very good day's work alongside men of forty, and Bodi-Tone made it all possible. **WARREN K. SNOW.**



## Rheumatism and Heart Trouble

MOUND CITY, KANSAS.—I suffered for over thirty years with Rheumatism and what the doctors pronounced Lumbago in my hips. The weakness was such that I could stand on my feet but a few minutes at a time. My Heart, too, was irregular and sometimes would skip beats. I was so nervous that I could hardly hold a cup of coffee without spilling it. I had no appetite and was all run down. My Kidneys were bad, for I had to get up several times during the night and could not sleep much. Sometimes the urine was scant and high-colored, with brick-dust. My feet and ankles were badly swollen. Life seemed almost a burden, for I was past doing my housework all summer. I sent for Bodi-Tone and could see a change after I had used it a week. It is wonderful. I have gained fifteen pounds in weight and do all my work now. I don't know what I would have done without it. **MRS. CARRIE D. PRITCHETT.**



## Doctor Said Nothing Would Help

OSWEGO, OREGON.—I am seventy-three years old, and had Catarrh of the Stomach and Bladder, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble for many years. I had such sharp, shooting pains that I thought they would kill me. I doctored for years, having had three of the best doctors in California and Oregon, but they did me no real good. When I got Bodi-Tone I was down in bed. My doctor said it would make no difference what I took, for I could not get any better. Well, that was over a year ago, and I am still alive and can split and saw wood and do a pretty fair day's work. The doctors said I had a slow heart, and for years I could not sleep on my left side, but now I lie down any way I happen to get into the bed and sleep until day-break. The doctors used to inject morphine into me to kill the pain, but since I have used Bodi-Tone I have no pain. My feet and limbs used to swell clear to my knees, and my hands also, and now all is gone, along with the Rheumatism which I had for forty years. My Kidneys, Liver and Stomach do not bother me, and I can eat a good meal. Bodi-Tone was a blessing to me in my old age. **G. M. SIMMONS.**



## A Girl's Case of Extreme Nervousness

LASCASSAS, TENN.—Bodi-Tone has helped me more than anything I have taken. Since using it I seem like a different girl entirely. So many people say "What have you been doing for yourself, you look so much better!" I couldn't do hardly anything before taking Bodi-Tone. Life was a worry and a dread, now it is worth living. I was so nervous I could hardly sleep at night. My head and back would jerk so we feared I had St. Vitus dance. I had our family Doctor, and I took a lot of medicine. Mother saw the Bodi-Tone advertisement and the offer seemed so fair we could not help having faith in it, so sent for a box. Bodi-Tone has done the work for me as all here know. I shall always praise it. **EULA DILLON.**



## Trial Coupon

Clipped from Comfort

**Bodi-Tone Company,  
Hoyne & North Aves., Chicago**

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

**Husband and Wife Trial Offer** When this trial home where husband and wife are both ailing and need Bodi-Tone, we will send TWO BOXES on trial, with the understanding that each will use a box, and pay us \$1.00 each if benefited. In such cases this Coupon should be signed with the husband's name, followed by the words "and wife." Write name in this way and we will know two boxes are wanted for husband and wife, the only way we ever send two boxes on trial.



## A Message of Love and Help

### To All My Suffering Sisters

**A FULL 50c Box of Balm of Figs Compound FREE**

I speak from the heart when I say to every woman suffering from any form of der. ription of female weakness, that I believe no other woman has been able to relieve so much physical anguish, and to restore health and strength to so many disheartened, discouraged and well-nigh hopeless sisters as I have. In the past ten years—letters of thanks, letters of praise and appreciation have poured in upon me by the thousands. They have helped and encouraged me. They have been a great satisfaction to me and have prompted me to set aside another 10,000 50c boxes of Balm of Figs Compound to send out absolutely free to my suffering sisters—to you, your daughter, your sister, your mother or any ailing friend. All you have to do is to write for one of these 50c boxes and I will send it to you without cost, all charges prepaid, no obligation on your part whatever.

Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong—and I can prove it. Let me prove it to you by sending you this 50c box free.

I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials on hand, so quickly and surely cured women a ailments. No internal dosing necessary. It is a local treatment and has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record.

If you are suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian and Uterine Tumors, Growths or any of the weaknesses so common to women, write me at once for the free 50c box as I want you to become well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days every year.

The very best test of anything is a personal trial of it and I know this 50c Box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits—then if you are satisfied and wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. Either fill in the coupon today or write me a letter in strictest confidence.

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards, Box E125, Joliet, Ill.

FREE COUPON FOR 50c BOX

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards, Box E125, Joliet, Ill.  
Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, please send me free of cost one fifty cent box by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

## To Develop the Bust

TO BEAUTY EDITOR:—I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development.

MARY S.  
The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300 F. B., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without cost. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development and particularly free will give full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or band forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

## DRUNKENNESS

The steady or periodical opium drinker can be cured in 3 days with this treatment. It is perfectly safe, non-toxic, and does not matter how many years it has been a genuine home treatment. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of opium addiction. Send 10c to Dr. E. J. Woods, 634 Sixth Ave., T 350, New York, N. Y.

## STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery.

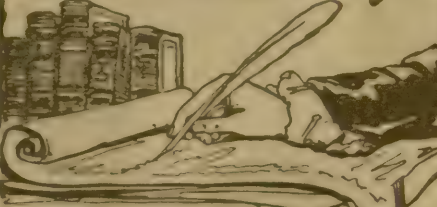
A Remarkable Offer—THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. Besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x24 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a full stamping pad, and a tablet of French sampling preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. J. C. T., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that such portion of the estate of a married man who dies intestate, as would go absolutely to his widow, would in turn, upon her death, leaving no will, go to her heirs at law and next of kin, and we do not think that remarriage on her part would affect this disposition of this property, unless the property should be homestead property. We think that under the law of your state, the estates of dower and by curtesy are abolished.

Innocent Girl, North Dakota.—We are of the opinion that a serious crime, and upon a conviction would be punishable in your state with a term of imprisonment either in state prison or a reformatory, depending upon circumstances and the age of the offender, we think, however, that in a case where there were no bad effects experienced by the victim, and where there was no notoriety acquired, the victim should, before taking any steps in regard to punishing the culprit, consider the very unpleasant notoriety she would be sure to acquire immediately upon the matter becoming public; we think her parents are the best ones to advise her in the matter. We do not think the parents of the minor boy, who committed the assault, are liable for any money damages for his act.

E. H. R., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a homestead and some personal property, such property would go, one half to the widow and one half in equal shares to his children; and that upon the death of his widow the portion of such property as came to her absolutely would go in equal shares to her children, and the fact that some of such children were her children by a former marriage would not bar them from a share in her estate; we do not think homestead property can be divided until the youngest child becomes twenty-one years of age, unless the widow remarries, of course. If she remarries her husband would upon her death have an interest in her estate; or if she should leave a will the property would go in the manner provided for in such will, and not as above set forth.

Inquirer, Nebraska.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, but leaving a surviving widow and children, his estate would go dower of a one third interest for life in the real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely to the widow, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parents' share. We do not think the widow of a deceased child would have any interest in such estate.

I. L. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the widow of a deceased son, has any interest in the estate of her husband's parents, unless some provision is made for her by will, or unless such son survived his parent; we think this rule holds good regardless of whether such widow has remained a widow or not.

Mrs. H. J. B., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the owner and holder of a second mortgage, can, upon a default in the payment of same, foreclose and enforce payment of same through the sale of the property, but that such sale would have to be subject and subordinate to the first mortgage lien upon the property.

Mrs. C. A. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants of children, his whole estate, after the payment of his debts, would go to his widow.

J. O. E., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving no children or descendants, but leaving a separate estate, the husband is entitled to one half of the personality of such estate absolutely, and to the use of the realty during life, unless he has been deprived of the control of it by decree of the chancery court; (2) that upon the death of a woman, leaving no will, no children or descendant, and no husband, her estate would descend in equal shares to her parents, if only one parent survives, one half to such parent and the balance in equal shares to her brothers and sisters or their descendants, if no parent, to the brothers and sisters and their descendants.

Mrs. E. V. T., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that in a case where a person died leaving property, and leaving a legally executed will which disposes of his property according to law, such will would govern and the property would go as provided in such will, even though such will was not probated and acted upon immediately upon the death of such testator, that if the will gives the executor a power of sale of the real estate, then such executor can sell same, and the signature of the persons entitled to the property would not be necessary.

Mrs. C. E., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that the payment of a civil debt upon a note can be enforced against a minor, in the event of the minor's setting up the defense of minority in an action brought to enforce such claim.

E. L., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive dower of one third

for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children, and that upon the death of the widow the real estate held by her as dower would be divided among all the children of the man, regardless of whether some of these children were by a former marriage or not.

Mrs. A. G., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that neither husband nor wife has any interest in the property of the other except that the husband must support his wife, and they have dower in the real estate of each other; we think that in case the husband refuses to support his wife she should bring a legal proceeding against him to compel him to do so. We think that such property as the wife voluntarily turns over to her husband would become his property, and would thereafter be treated as such.

W. D., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion (1) that all actions for the recovery of real property or the possession thereof are limited to twenty years, except in the case of an action by the state or its grantee in which case the limit is forty years; (2) that in the case of a conveyance of property for the support and maintenance of the grantor, we think that unless the deed, or some accompanying agreement reserved to the grantor the annual income of the property the same would go to the grantee; we think such a deed might be attacked on the grounds of lack of sufficient consideration, undue influence exercised upon the grantor, fraud or lack of capacity on the part of the grantor, in such a case as any of the above grounds would apply.

A. A., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a man's children have no interest in the estate of their father's wife unless such wife is also their mother, nor would they have any standing in court in an action to set aside the transfer by her of such property as she received by an absolute title in fee as widow or otherwise from their father's estate, and even though such transfer by her to someone else was procured by fraud, unless some provision was made for such children in the will of this woman. We think that in case this woman died intestate the proper persons to attack the validity of a transfer by her of her property, would be some of her own heirs at law or next of kin; of course such of these children as still retain a remainder interest in their father's property, in which the second wife had only a dower interest for life would upon her death come into and be entitled to their remainder interest in the property.

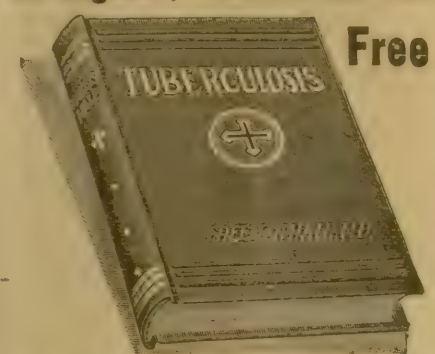
### SENT ON TRIAL

If you are sick, you can get a full-size one dollar box of Bod-Tone on twenty-five days' trial. If it benefits you, you pay \$1.00 for same. If it does not help, pay nothing for it. This is the way Bod-Tone is being offered to the sick in the large announcement on another page of this paper and the way thousands have already been cured by it.

## Tuberculosis

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure

Free



### NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 5455 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

## PILES

Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. W. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

## BEDBUGS

25c. buys recipe for liquid to kill bugs and eggs. Stainless guaranteed. Hogg, Dept. 3, 2148 Th Ave., N. Y. City.

## Quick Growth of Hair

ONE DOLLAR BOX FREE



### ATTAINED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is a genuine and scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Treatment FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause, the *dermatofolliculorum*—living micro-organisms—"germs"—and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant, like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle are given fertility and a chance to grow. Dura is the Treatment that MAKES GOOD! We give you a TEN DOLLAR GUARANTEE. Koskott is for men's, women's and children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this adv. If you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplished nothing. We want to surprise and delight you. Send only 10 cents (silver or stamps) to help cover actual mailing & address. We will send the \$1.00 Box absolutely free, with book and letters of sworn proof, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Only one box sent to a person free.

## GROW HAIR \$1. BOX FREE

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, B 359, New York, N.Y.

## FREE TO YOU

25 Superior Greeting-Cards



This selected set of beautifully designed, rich and naturally colored flower-cards contains twenty-five high-grade cards that are suitable for every occasion, be it Birthday, Anniversary, Wedding, Easter, or any reasonable day. As simple message-cards they cannot be surpassed. Each card is entirely different from any other in the set and is finely printed on a selected stock of cardboard, and heavily embossed.

To introduce The American Woman to new readers we will send it three months on trial for only 10 cents. THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful stories we can buy. There are thrilling serials by the best authors; there are exciting short stories, some written expressly for us by the popular writers. There are pages of fancy work, receipts, household hints, etc., for the housewife. There are selections from the latest fashions, with all patterns at small cost, for the home dressmaker. All the illustrations and descriptions are the very best and clear. In short, THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a paper that, once taken, you will never be without. That's why we can make this introductory offer. We know that later you will want to subscribe for a full year.

Send Us 10 Cents and we will send THE AMERICAN WOMAN for three months, on trial, and will also send you, free and postpaid, the 25 Postcards described above.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Dept. C, Augusta, Maine.





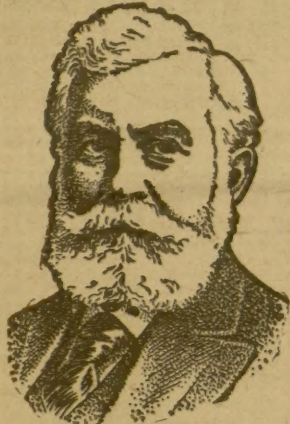
**\$1 COUPON FREE**  
To every sufferer from

## RHEUMATISM

Name.....  
Address.....

This coupon, when mailed to Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. 656, Jackson, Mich., will bring you a \$1 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts, prepaid, TO TRY FREE, as explained below.

**If You Have Rheumatism Sign and Mail This Coupon Today**



FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

My unbounded faith in Magic Foot Drafts is built on my record of results. If you could see the thousands of letters I get, telling of cures at every stage in the progress of this cruel torture called Rheumatism, cures of old chronic who have suffered 20, 30 and even 40 years, as well as all the milder stages, you would lay aside your doubts. But I do not ask you to believe. I send you my Drafts to speak for themselves. Send my coupon today. You will get a \$1 pair of Drafts by return mail to try FREE. Then, after trying, if you are a little satisfied with the comfort they bring you, send me \$1. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide. Can't you see that I couldn't do this if my Drafts didn't satisfy? Would you mail a coupon to know for yourself, when I, knowing as I do, risk my dollar treatment on your verdict? Address Magic Foot Draft Co., 656 Oliver Bldg. Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only coupon. Do it now.



## MARVELOUS, PERMANENT CURE OF DOUBLE RUPTURE

An old sea captain cured himself of a bad case and a multitude of other men's sufferings have been cured completely by the same method. Successful in many cases of all kinds—single, double, navel, scrotal, also rupture after operation; young or old. Not merely relief but complete cures often reported. Free package mailed FREE by Capt. Collings, Inc., Box 44, Watertown, N. Y. Better write today!

## ICURED MY DAUGHTER

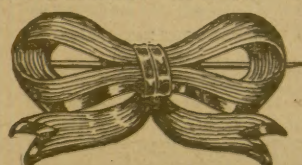
Doctors gave her up.  
WILL SEND FREE  
Give express office, T. Lepso  
Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## FITS

## OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. By mail 50c. Booklet free. J. E. ALLEN, Dept. 25 St. Paul, Minn.

## ENAMEL BOW KNOT PIN



Violet Enamel and Bright Flaming Gold inlay makes this a dainty, dressy Pin. Ladies who choose with taste their clothes or jewelry, will appreciate this modest Bow Knot Pin. Although very fashionable, it is a choice Pin and not loud or conspicuous in any way. Illustration is exact size of Pin, but does not convey the delicate, artistic coloring, nor the contrast of the Violet Enamel and Gold which is very effective. Hard Enamel wears indefinitely, so we guarantee the Pin, and for young or old have nothing in our catalogue more desirable. We give one for a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Present subscribers may send 25 cents for 15 months' extension of their own subscription and one Pin. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Embroidery Outfit FREE.



Cross-stitch and other canvas embroidery has become very popular and we have got out a large Crochet and Embroidery Outfit which we here illustrate. The assortment includes three spools of Silkateen, 100 yards each, different colored, a complete set of Crochet Needles, steel and bone, in round wooden box; 1 Spool Knitting Silk, 1 Yard, two shades, Eder and White Seric 36 x 40 inches, just the kind for working all kinds of cross-stitching, 2 large blunt Darning Needles for doing the work. Our New Book of Patterns in Cross-stitch gives directions and many beautiful designs in cross-stitch. This book gives simple diagram sketches showing the easy way to do this work so that even a child can master it in a few minutes. The large number of different illustrations and designs in the book make it easy to turn out pretty Tidies, Watch Cases, Slippers and Slipper Cases, Collar and Cuff Sets, Belts, Shirt Waist Fronts, Alphabet Neckties, etc., etc. and there is nothing more pretty than this beautiful colored work at this time. It is a very profitable and entertaining fancy work to enter into such a ready sale can be found for the articles and the first cost is very low. You can get good big full pay for your time in working the different patterns. Be the first to get these things started in your neighborhood.

We will send the entire outfit in a nice box, postage or express paid, for a club of only 3 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

### Requests

Mrs. M. C. Scott, Nevada, R. R. 1, Mo., song, "A Little Child Shall Lead them."

Mrs. B. T. Sprague, Milos, R. R. 3, Maine, song, "The Young Girl's Decision."

Will the sister who sent in directions for making the egg rupture cure in 1910 please repeat it. Also directions for making bandage for a ruptured child?—Ed.

Mrs. Harriet Bickes, North Topeka, R. R. 3, Kans., hymn, "I'm Praying Blessed Savior to be More and More Like Thee."

Mrs. W. L. Shield, Summitville, Tenn., how to bleach faded lawn to white; also the hymn, "Tarry with Me O My Savior."

How to curl French plumes? How can one raise a small crop of tobacco leaves? Recipe for corn syrup.—Ed.

Mrs. J. I. Miller, Shady, N. Y., poem by May Riley Smith; "God Does Not Afflict Us Willingly."

Mrs. Nellie Haskins, Leavenworth, Box 338, Wash., remedy for catarrhal deafness; letters regarding climate of St. Augustine, Florida.

Mrs. Isaac Franklin, Markleville, R. R. 46, Ind., letters from West Virginia.

Mrs. Cecelia Prather, Church Point, R. R. 1, La., wheel chair shut-in; birthday shower in June.

Mrs. Helen C. Wellington, South Dansville, Box 85, N. Y., remedy for varicose ulcer of long standing sent direct.

Mrs. Alice M. Jaques, Sequim, Wash., hymn, "No Sorrow There."

Miss Josie Belle Anderson, Faircloth, R. R. 1, Box 61, Ga., fourteen years old, could be helped with Sunday school books; also any books of instruction, letters, etc.—Ed.

### Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of five fifteen-cent 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James C. Green, Lintner, R. R. 1, Ill. Miss Louis Bedard, St. Louis, Texas. Miss Daisy Sawyer, 418 Bedford St., Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Bertha A. Spalding, 418 Crocker St., Los Angeles, Cal. Views of Cal. Miss Charlotte Rider, Red Hook, Box 105, N. Y. Sylvia Struyve, Medicine Hat, Alta, Canada. Views of scenery. Mrs. B. H. Yopp, Pisano, Va. Otto Louis Koenitz, U. S. A. Wisconsin, New York City, vice postmaster. N. Y. A. L. Dickie, Paducah, R. R. 3, Box 155, Ky.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request relative; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-up subscriber, send us a very fine 15-month 25-cent subscription. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-month subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information concerning my husband, Major Younce, who left home May 2, 1911, in company with Will Morgan. Has light brown hair, blue eyes, weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is six feet and one inch in height, and twenty-eight years old. He was heard from in Ogden, Utah, and lastly from San Francisco, Cal. News of him will be most gratefully received, and will repay all necessary postage. Write to Mrs. Major Younce, 815 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wanted information of my three brothers, John, Jim and Columbus Durnal. Last heard of in California, Mexico and Arizona. Arthur Durnal, Ginitie, Texas.

Anyone knowing address of Thomas, Peter or Michael Brodigan, emigrated from Ireland, settled in New Jersey. Please write Thomas Boyd, Sumner, Neb.

Wanted, news of George D. Backer, last heard from Oct., 1910, in Northern Louisiana. Lillie Van Denburg, Hastings, Mich.

Information of Betsy Ann Nichols, last heard from at Terrell, Texas, fourteen years ago. About starting North, Texas, Marianne Lasater, Menawash Springs, Mo.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of E. D. Fouts, last heard of in East Las Vegas, New Mexico. Please write his sister, Lillie B. Dossey, Neal, Kans.

## 6 Hardy, Ever-Blooming Roses

Where They Go, They Grow

The roses listed below comprise the best and most beautiful productions of the famous Rosarians of the world and all lands have contributed to this collection. By reason of the past favorable producing season, our grower is enabled to give us the largest, finest, well-rooted plants we have ever been able to procure and this collection is six of the finest varieties in cultivation the kind that grow rapidly and vigorously, and bloom most lavishly, producing innumerable chaste beautiful flowers the entire growing season. They are noted for rare beauty of color and delicious fragrance; everyone can grow them as they succeed in any ordinary garden soil and amply repay any little care and attention given. Not only has careful selection been used in the choosing of these varieties, but equal care is exercised in packing them for shipment and we guarantee all collections to reach you in good healthy condition. With each package we send complete directions for planting, care and culture.

### Description of the SIX ROSES:

#### MY MARYLAND

A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long stiff stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large perfectly double magnificent flowers are borne, flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick, heavy petals unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

#### RHEA REID

A wonderful new introduction, possessing every quality a perfect rose should have. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after having seen it bloom, we can appreciate their enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches, which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The buds develop into large, double flowers, formed of thick petals of excellent substance which retain their freshness and beauty for an extensive time. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson, and the flowers are marvels of beauty, large and bold.

#### WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY

This brilliant white rose has become renowned as the very highest type of its class and the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety sent out in years, well deserving to be called the white champion of our national red roses. It is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching freely and has the vigor and hardiness of an oak. The foliage is large, of very heavy texture, but the glory of this plant, however, is its magnificent flowers, immense in size and produced with great freedom on long, stiff stems. Indeed a single plant will produce hundreds of massive flowers, which are full, very deep and double and composed of broad, long charmingly veined petals of splendid substance. The color is marvellously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. It is absolutely hardy everywhere and its regal beauty is not excelled by any other rose known.

#### YELLOW KAISERIN

This charming rose created quite a sensation when introduced, surpassing all others of its color. A description is inadequate to portray the exquisite beauty of the buds and flowers of this variety which are the glory of the plant. It is a robust, rapid grower, very hardy, quickly making a well formed symmetrical bush, which produces most liberally great quantities of exquisite roses. They are handsomely made, extra large and perfectly double of a rich canary yellow, celebrated for their delicious fragrance and elegance of form and contour.

#### DOROTHY PERKINS

This rose is a most valuable addition to the list of hardy climbing varieties and without question one which should be extensively planted. It is perfectly hardy, standing very severe winters unprotected, and without an exception is the most rapid, vigorous grower of all climbing roses. The beauty of the foliage produced by this rose is deserving of special mention and is one of its valuable and charming assets. The leaves are thickly and evenly distributed over all branches from the ground to tip. In habit of bloom it is extremely liberal, producing flowers in immense clusters, each rose being perfect in form and of good size. The color is an exquisite shade of clear, shell pink, deepening to a darker shade near the center.

#### BLACK ROSE

The production of a rose of this rare color has long been sought after and the rose-loving public is to be congratulated upon its introduction. It marks the highest attainment of the hybridizers' skill and for grace, form and magnificent color, it is supreme in its chaste beauty. The plant grows shapely and vigorously, covering itself with a coat of elegant foliage, which is absolutely immune to black spots and mildew. The color and texture are the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, each petal appearing as though cut from the heaviest rich velvet, shading from deepest maroon-red to blackish crimson. It blooms constantly in great successive crops of large, double flowers, which possess a most delightful fragrance.

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of SIX Choice Roses. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain SIX Roses, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 13 months and receive Roses Free. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures One Dozen Roses, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## PILES, CONSTIPATION, OTHER RECTAL TROUBLES AND NERVOUS DISORDERS POSITIVELY CURED.

Thousands of people are suffering from the above diseases and thousands have been cured by The Nature Company's Automatic Medicating Disasters and Ointments. We guarantee a cure at nominal cost. Safe—Permanent—Convenient—Indispensable. Write Dr. R. H. NOBLE, CHIEF MEDICAL DIRECTOR, for Free Booklet, 316 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O.

## 98 Cards for 10c

Different sorts, gold Birthdays—Greeting Embossed, etc. Sent postpaid for 10c. stamps or coin. HOPKINS' NOV. CO. Dep. 8, Belleville, Ill.

## TOBACCO-CURE

One box cures Guaranteed or money back. Stops craving for tobacco in any form. Write for special offer Allen Distributing Co., 332 Altman Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

"TITANIC DISASTER"—Big \$1.50 book retelling at \$1.00. Agents' price 50c. Sample postpaid 10c. Send quick—canvassers making \$25.00 daily. Nichols & Co., Box C, Naperville, Ill.

## Ladies

Send 2c stamp for large illustrated catalog of Toilet necessities. Remedies, and special supplies for women. Fairbank Supply House, 432 A, 89 WARREN N. Chicago.

## COINS

I pay from \$1 to \$500 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGER, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C F., Boston, Mass.

## ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

## I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA



TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

## A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are changed, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

### Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID. My treatment is something—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease—quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

### What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc. SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is a coating of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

### Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

### Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

### MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY

936 Park Square  
Sedalia, Mo.

### Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK  
310 ALBANY MO. Jan. 1-1910.

TO THOSE I MAY CONCERN: Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, having a specialty of ECZEMA. We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their OWN NAMES, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FIVE of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing. Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,  
J. J. Johnson

### FREE OFFER—OUT HERE

Name.....  
Address.....  
Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.



## Develop Your Bust In 15 Days

**A Full Firm Bust is Worth More to a Woman Than Beauty**

I don't care how thin you are, how old you are, how fallen and flaccid are the lines of your figure or how flat your chest is. I can give you a full, firm, youthful bust quickly, that will be the envy of your fellow-women and will give you the allurements of a perfect womanhood that will be irresistible.



Develop Bust New Way

They say there is nothing new under the sun, but I have perfected a treatment that I want to share with my sisters. What it did for me it can and will do for you, and I now offer it to you.

Others offer to build up your figure with drugs, greasy skin foods, creams, dieting, massage and expensive instruments and devices. I have done away with all these injurious methods and have given a legion of women a luxuriant natural development by a treatment never before offered the public. No massaging, nothing to take, nothing to wear.

I was skinny, scrawny, flat and unattractive to men. Now I claim to be the highest priced artist's model in the United States, and what I did for myself I can do for you.

I don't care what your age may be, I ask only that you be at least sixteen and not an invalid, and I will undertake to develop your bust in two weeks. All I ask is five or ten minutes of your time every day.

**Write to me Today for my Treatment**

It will only cost you a penny for a post card and I will mail you this wonderful information in a plain cover so that no one will know your secret.

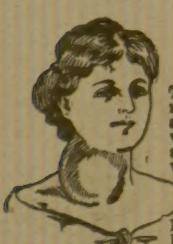
Don't let a false pride and a silly sense of shame keep you from enjoying to the full the charms you should have to be a perfect specimen of womanhood. Let me help you. Your communication shall be held in absolute confidence and secrecy. Write me today.

**ELOISE RAE**

1325 Michigan Avenue, Suite 634, Chicago, Ill.

## GOITRE

**TRIAL TREATMENT  
Free**



To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Address

**Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist,**  
915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.



## I CAN CURE YOU FREE OF RHEUMATISM

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 329 C, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

**NOTICE.** As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

**L. M. A., Sugarloaf, Pa.**—The copyright of music does not cover the design of the title page. (2) Don't know about Cal Stuart, but Dan Patch was alive at last accounts. The record of 1.55 you have given the great pacer should be 1.55 1/2. And that with a running mate and a wind shield.

**The News, Enterprise, W. Va.**—There are numerous editorial associations in the United States, and every state has one or more. Get a handle on and find them. (2) The first cousin of your stepfather is not blood kin and therefore marriageable. (3) Any map of size will show railroad lines, but there is no map showing street car lines except in special city maps, costing a great deal.

**Mrs. N. S., Colquitt, Ga.**—Among women there are thousands of social clubs and sewing circles, no two alike and everyone representative of the ideas of that particular collection of women. Women as a rule like to do their own way and, we therefore leave it to you, and to any other COMFORT women, to organize their clubs without asking any advice of anybody except themselves. Then you'll know you have what you want.

**Mrs. C. E. B., North Powder, Oregon.**—For information about any of the South American countries write to Bureau of S. A. Republics, Washington, D. C.

**M. D., Conway, La.**—To you and all COMFORT readers, we say as we have said, when you find any soil or rock that you are not acquainted with and your neighbors do not know, send a sample to your state geologist or to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and have it examined free.

**C. S., Jackson, O.**—The money in savings banks in every state in the Union is exempt from taxation. If your money in ordinary banks is taxed put it in a savings bank.

**K. T., Hancock, Mich.**—A person born in the U. S. of foreign parents, not naturalized, becomes a citizen if he remains here.

**E. O., Sheldon, N. Dak.**—There is always some demand for good telephone operators, but the demand is not as great as before the telephone took away a great deal of the telegraph's business. The wireless is not demanding more operators than the supply. The best operator has the call whether educated in a school or self taught. A bright boy of sixteen or seventeen can secure a subordinate position, but he must be very steady and reliable.

**Isabelle, Ruskin, Tenn.**—Most authors use their own names. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes did, but Kate Douglas Wiggin is Mrs. G. C. Riggs. They choose any name they want. A short story of two pages is worth anywhere from two dollars to five hundred dollars according to who writes it and what the editor wants to pay. We advise you not to attempt to sell a short story for a long, long time yet.

**G. D., Cleveland, O.**—We hardly think an American could get a position in the Canadian post-office unless he had become a British subject. Government offices don't go to outsiders.

**S. E. McC., Irondale, O.**—Any report of the fraudulent use of the mails should be sent to Fourth Assistant P. M. General, Washington, D. C. (2) Old magazines and newspapers bring so little that it does not pay to ship except in large lots, say, not less than a thousand pounds. COMFORT readers having stock of this sort make a note of this.

**A. L. Z., Rapid City, S. Dak.**—Insanity is a cause for divorce in a very few states, under certain circumstances. Agates are of no particular value.

**U. S., Larrabee, Ia.**—To become a railway station agent one must know in addition to telegraphy, the general handling of train business, receiving and shipping freight, keeping the necessary books and knowing how to look after passengers. It is not an easy job, for a good man, and a poor one can't do it.

**Crunk, Waucoma, Ia.**—The time was when nearly any kind of a marriage contract, whether written or not, between a man and a woman, was sufficient to constitute a marriage if the parties lived together, but nowadays we are more careful and these so-called common law marriages are in disrepute with courts. The safest way to marry is according to the best form of law.

**Mrs. G. M., Lakewood, N. J.**—A pearl the size of a grain of rice is of very small value, unless it is a very rare pearl, and even then its size is against its being worth more than a few dollars.

**Dubious, Hugo, Colo.**—We can tell you in what states a girl and boy each nineteen years of age can get a marriage license without parental consent, but we decline to do so. No boy that age has any business getting married. And the girl shouldn't.

**O. H., Crary, N. Dak.**—The North Pole was discovered by Peary in April, 1909; S. P. by Amundsen in December, 1911. New Mexico was admitted into the Union in 1911. An intermezzo may be a diversion between the acts of an opera, or a short movement connecting the parts of any important musical composition. There is no good reason why a young man of good health and habits should not enlist in the navy, and a great many why he should, at least, for three years as a matter of discipline, education, travel, and general setting up for future work of any kind. We think the navy preferable to either army or marine. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C. for particulars.

**H. F., Philadelphia, Pa.**—You have not looked very closely into American cyclopedias or you would know about the Ku Klux Klan. It was a secret society organized after the Civil War in the Southern states chiefly to oppose the notorious abuses that scandalized the rule of Northern carpetbaggers who got into power by the votes of the newly enfranchised slaves while the native white population was deprived of the right to vote because of their participation in the Confederacy. The Ku Klux had great provocation for its acts of lawlessness.

## Caught in the Act. Can He Ever Forgive Her?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

There was a moment of hushed expectancy. Neither girl had failed to note the telepathic exchange of thought between the men.

Benjamin, junior, drew a sudden deep breath and glanced at his watch.

"It isn't too late yet!" he let fall, turning to Leslie, an impetuous light flashing from his eyes. And it's sure to bring bad luck postponing the day," said Benjamin, senior, taking a quick step toward Loraine. There was no ice-water in his veins, either.

The two girls drew nearer, gazing at each other, startled, shrinking, trembling. An instinct as old as the race was suddenly awakened. The female prompting was for flight, the male for pursuit. But almost before those vague promptings could take form or move the startled beings to action, young Kent had interposed. Without further parance he stepped to Leslie's side and took both her trembling hands in his own with a return of all his old audacity.

She listened to that low-toned, convincing appeal, with drooping head.

Strathmore was not outclassed in ardor, nor was the thought of gaining a reluctant bride any the less distractingly joyous to him than to the junior conspirator, though his natural reserve and dignity prevented like impulsive utterances.

He spoke no word to Loraine; only his eyes entreated her, and behind that clear, calm gaze, tender, yet compelling, the girl saw at that moment, reserves of character, of strength, of feeling, in his nature that she had never before quite fathomed. Her whole heart went out to him. Looking upward into his eyes, smiling a little, shrinking, yielding, Strathmore received his wordless answer.

They were recalled to earth by a soft, tremulous voice very near them.

"I really haven't anyone in the world to care!" orphaned Leslie, who lived in a lonely way at a brother's, was saying.

Then Benjamin, junior's voice, boyishly eager, was telling her that no license was required in Tennessee; and that he knew of a little church not many squares from the Park gate, the Church of the Ascension, which was open at all times, with the rector or his assistant in the study at this hour.

At mention of the little church, Loraine turned quickly.

"No," she said softly; "come home with me, first, all of you, and if mamma is willing," her voice broke a little—"if mamma is willing, we will all go to that little church—and mamma with us!"

But they all knew Loraine's mother, that sweet, widowed mother, who lived but for her one child.

For answer Leslie bent suddenly and caught her little pet to her. Holding him close, and burying her happy face in his silky coat, she cried softly:

"Fete, darling, you shall come with us, too; for if you hadn't run away, doggie, and if Mr. Strathmore hadn't brought you back to me, this day might have had a different, oh, so different an ending!"

## CANCER-FREE TREATISE.

The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

## PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS

SOILS AND ERUPTIONS Spoil your complexion. Send 50c. stamps or coin and OLEAE YOUR SKIN and then be admired by all. J. VASSAR CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

## Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headache, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that stout people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

**M. E. KING, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago,** writes: "By your safe, gentle Method, I reduced 35 lbs. eight years ago this summer; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured."

**ANDREW LOUGHEEY, Randolph, Mo.,** writes: "Three years ago, I reduced 130 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still in the best of health."

**MRS. F. ROARKE, Cato, N. Y.,** writes: "I have lost 52 lbs. and reduced waist measure by 7 inches; health much better."

**MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh,** writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 115 lbs. by your treatment; reduced waist measure from 54 in. to 38 in. and waist from 48 in. to 38 inches. Never felt better in my life. Will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry."

**W. O. NEWBURN, Conant, Nev.,** writes: "I have lost 113 lbs., am wonderfully benefited; can climb mountains easily now."

**MRS. M. P. SARGENT, Lebanon, N. H.,** writes: "Last summer, I reduced over 45 lbs. by your treatment; it is most wonderful."

**EMMA SMITH, Greentown, Pa.,** writes: "I lost 74 lbs. in summer of 1909 by your Method; glad to recommend it."

**MRS. J. H. WOOLDRIDGE, Galena, Mo.,** writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost nearly 100 lbs. Friends amazed." **SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.**

**FREE Treatment**

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercising. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method; double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people (men or women) for the asking. Send anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive

Sent anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive

Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, 738 Bradford Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.



Send for a  
**FREE  
BOX  
of  
OXIEN**  
(One Week's Supply)

## Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

## How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

## Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the wonderful HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedies Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

**THE GIANT OXIE Co., 37 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.**



## How John Quit Drinking



The  
Happy  
Reunion

Golden  
Remedy  
Did It

### Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

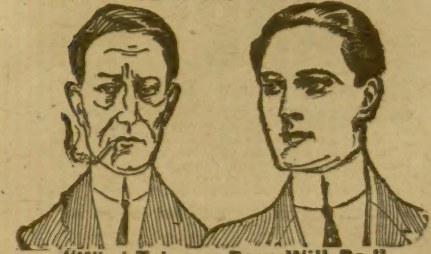
### Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,  
3017 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....  
State.....

## Tobacco Habit Banished

Dr. Elder's Tobacco Boon Banishes All Forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 Hours.



**"What Tobacco Boon Will Do."**  
A positive and quick relief. A Home Treatment easy to take. S. E. Addington, of Bethel, Okla., writes: "Your Tobacco Boon has cured me after using tobacco 24 years." H. S. Evans, of Meridian, Miss., writes: "I had been a heavy chewer for 64 years. After taking your treatment 8 days I was completely cured." Adolph Erlgen, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., writes: "I would not take \$1,000 for what good your Tobacco Boon did me." Hundreds of similar letters from satisfied patients. **REMEMBER—We give a legal binding Guarantee of results in every case or money refunded.** Booklet on the Tobacco Habit and its FREE Remedy, also full information about my Home Treatment will be mailed free in plain package to any one. Do not wait—send name and address TODAY. DR. ELDER'S SANITARIUM, Dept. 302 St. Joseph, Mo.

## Trusses Like These Are A Crime



Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg-strap "appliances" and Spring trusses like shown above CANNOT help you and how the famous Clute Self-Massaging Pad CURES Rupture. **SENT ON 30 DAYS TRIAL** to prove its wonderful holding and curing powers. Remember, we will allow you 90 days to test its durability, waterproof qualities; and your absolute relief from leg-strap and springs or no charge. 5,000 Public Endorsements of this simple Home Cure sent with the FREE Book which explains all. Just use the coupon or say "Send the Book."

Box 68—CLUTE COMPANY  
125 East 23rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Name.....  
Address.....  
Return Mail brings World's Greatest Rupture Book

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

## CANCERS

Removed root and branch before paying out one cent. My cures guaranteed. Printed literature free. Address DR. C. BOYNTON, LAWRENCE, MASS.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the publication, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. C. Hat Creek, Wyo.—Red spots on the skin are common enough and mean usually poor circulation as a result of poor digestion. Diet yourself, eat less, chew the food more and get your digestion to working right and the red spots will disappear. Lard and sulphur is a good local application to relieve the itching. The spots are not catching, any more than indigestion is.

H. P. Athens, O.—Sprains if not looked after properly will cause more trouble than broken bones and you have neglected this one of yours until now you should go to a hospital and have properly done for it whatever may be done.

H. D., Chicago, Ill.—It is not medicine you need, but a change of climate, as your indigestion and other troubles are catarrhal. If you like it cold and dry go to Colorado, if hot and dry go to Arizona or New Mexico. But get to a dry climate. Parts of Idaho are all right, though cold. Your poor blood will become rich in a good climate and if you exercise proper care in your eating you should have very fair health.

E. F. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—Sweaty feet are natural and the odor is due to impurities in the system. Wear cotton socks, wash your feet twice a day in water containing a few drops of ammonia, and shake a little salicylic acid powder into your shoes. (2) Dark circles under the eyes result from congestion of the blood there. They may be relieved by gently massaging under the eyes, rubbing outward and downward, to improve the circulation. Be careful and not rub too hard as the skin is sensitive there and will show red. Be careful of your diet and keep your digestion good.

Subscriber, Millsap, Texas.—The glycerine may be used, but you had better see a doctor one time and get advice to last a long time. For your liver use sodium phosphate, such as you can get at the drug-store with directions on the label. Sleeping with windows open is not good for catarrh if the air is damp. Dry air is the cure for catarrh.

Rose, Emporia, Kans.—We think your trouble is asthmatic and due largely to climatic influences. You would probably have no trouble in the dry air of Arizona or Colorado. Then one hundred and seventy pounds is too much for you to carry. Diet yourself down to one hundred and forty pounds. Don't imagine you have got to begin to treat yourself until you know certainly that you have it. Get a competent physician to examine you. You can get medicine at any drug-store for the temporary relief of asthma, but climate is the only cure, and that not always.

C. B., Suplee, Ore.—We have about come to the conclusion that the only remedy for boils is a thorough course of treatment to clean out and rejuvenate the entire system. Consult a physician and take his treatment.

L. O., Carlisle, Ark.—It is generally believed that goiter is the result of minerals in drinking water and there are districts where goiter is always prevalent. The predisposition is also inherited. It is wise not to live in goitrous districts. There is no "simple home remedy," as the disease is one that requires the attention of a physician to prevent serious results and great disfigurement.

Mrs. M. W., Carnegie, Okla.—The pains in your back and sometimes in your chest are a kind of neuralgic affection of the large nerves. Those in your back are lumbago in a very mild form. You will find much relief by using chloroform liniment. Don't rub it on, but wet a cloth and hold it on until you feel the blister coming, then take it off for a minute or two. Five "rain" tablets of salicylate of soda taken three times a day when the pain is severe will relieve. Better eat no meat at all than pork, though crisp bacon may be eaten. Substitute dry toast, or whole-wheat bread for your greasy biscuits. When you have noises in your stomach, which means poor digestion, take half a teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water. Until you get a new set of nerves you will be troubled more or less with those pains in your back and sides. Better see a doctor every three or four months for advice. It will be worth the dollar a time.

Mrs. J. A. H., Brandon, Texas.—Disordered nerves will bring about indigestion and that will react upon the nerves. Your indigestion is causing the trouble now and you should go upon a simple diet of rice and milk and eggs and fruit and whole-wheat bread, remembering to thoroughly chew every mouthful before swallowing it. Drink no coffee or tea. Use all your will power on your nerves and conquer them. Don't worry.

Inquirer, Vicksburg, Miss.—A great many people are naturally of a nervous or if so, very little. It is the normal condition and if you should force perspiration you would be more uncomfortable than you now are. Let nature alone. If you want to cool off, try a steam bath for fifteen minutes after taking a tablespoonful of whiskey in a wineglass of hot water.

F. W., Arlington, O.—Youth is the plimpy age and you will outgrow them before a great while. In the meantime keep the skin thoroughly clean with hot water and Castile soap after squeezing out the blackheads. Get a pimple lotion from the drug-store if you wish. Don't eat greasy food.

J. E. W., E. Pembroke, Mass.—You ask a cure for rheumatism as though we had one ready for the asking. We haven't. The only cure for that disease lies in the sufferer himself and he can get it by taking care of his food, his exercise, and his general manner of living. Even then he cannot always be sure, and furthermore what may answer for one person may be of no value to another. We suggest the use of the laxatives known to everybody as being as good medicine as you can get. For the rest of it you must work out your own cure.

Subscriber, Burbank, O.—Acne is an inflammation of the hair follicles of the face and a morbid condition of the skin. The treatment is careful attention to diet and habits of life, ordinary tonics, especially arsenic, but you must have a physician prescribe. The best local application is compound hypochloride of lime ointment. Stop the tar soap. You do not mention your age, but if you are young you will outgrow it.

J. S. T., New York, N. Y.—One may be what might be called "poisoned" from putting his hands in lime or Portland cement if the skin is broken and the deleterious matter gets into the blood. We have not met any such cases, and we suggest that your husband be examined at one of your hospitals. We suggest to other COMFORT readers that they keep their hands out of lime and cement.

Mrs. W. H. O., Havre, Mont.—Ulcerated teeth are due to various causes, sometimes local, sometimes constitutional. They are not fatal, but they may indicate diseases that are fatal. They may be treated only by a physician who can make examination.

Mrs. A. P., Ravenden Springs, Ark.—If you have rheumatism with your catarrh the warm dry air of Arizona or New Mexico is what you need. Colorado is too cold. The soda in hot water is harmless and helpful and you must diet yourself and keep your bowels free. Don't eat pork or potatoes, and chew your food thoroughly before swallowing it.

M. C., Jefferson City, Mo.—There is no cure for bashfulness and timidity except the common sense to realize how silly it is and the will power to overcome it.

J. P., Milwaukee, Wis.—Red and shiny nose and cold feet are due to poor circulation, which in turn is due to indigestion, no doubt. Diet yourself and get your digestion to working properly. A sixteen-year-old boy should have at least eight hours of good sleep every night.

# WE INVITE Every Thin Man and Woman Here.

Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Feeble People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We'll tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight, no matter what the cause may be—that makes brain in five hours and blood in four—that puts the red corpuscles in the blood which every thin man or woman so sadly needs.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year old.

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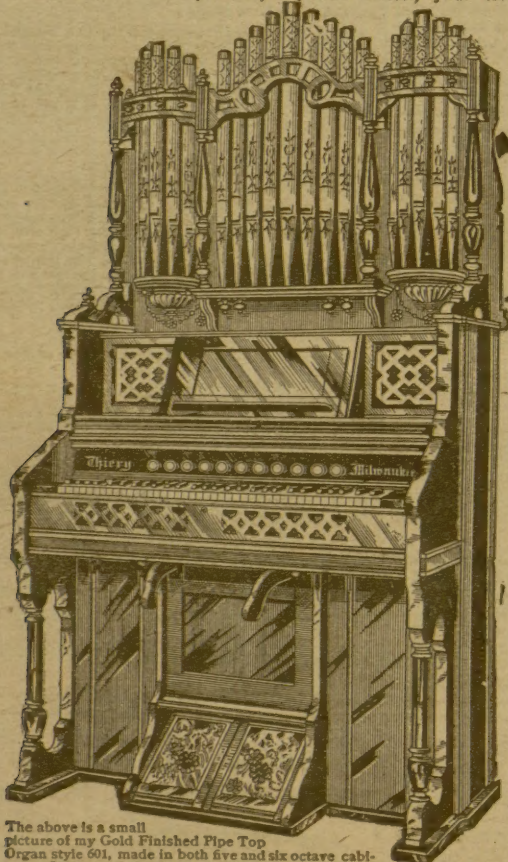
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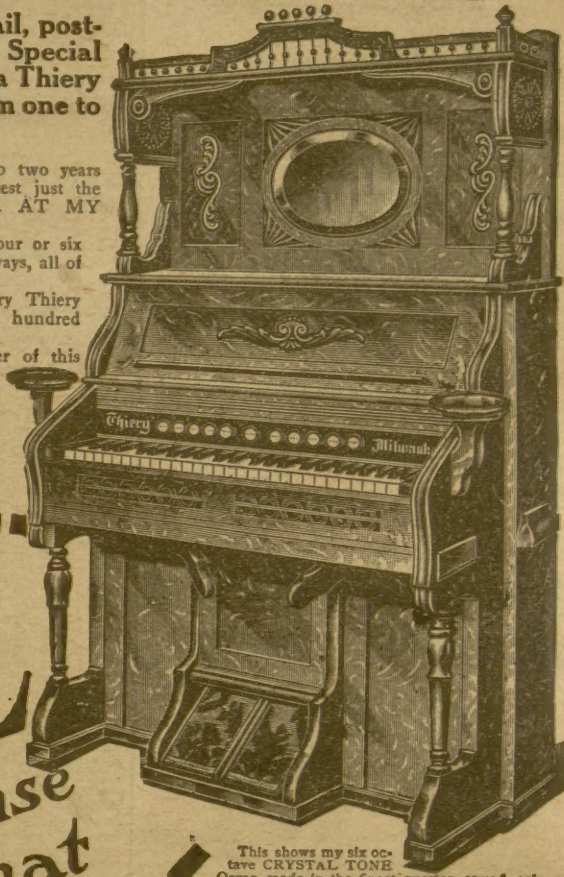
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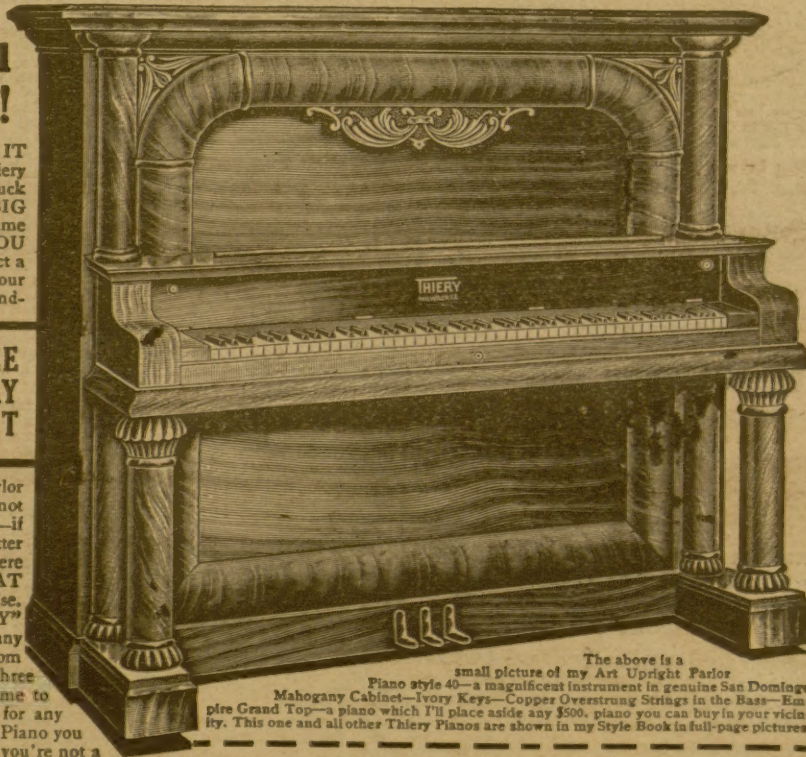
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